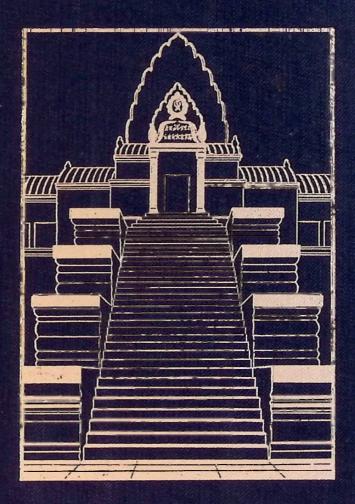
STEPPING STONES



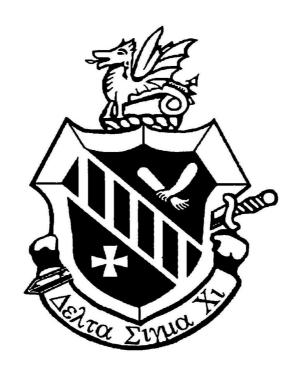
MABEL HEATH PALMER

STEPPING STONES



MAREL HEAT!I PAINSES

Archived and Distributed By Delta Sigma Chi Fraternity of Chiropractic, Continuing the promotion of STRAIGHT Chiropractic



Mrs. Helen D. Trelstad 908 First St. S.E. Rochester, Minn. 55901





STEPPING STONES



MABEL HEATH PALMER Copyright 1942

Ву

Mabel Heath Palmer

Davenport, Iowa

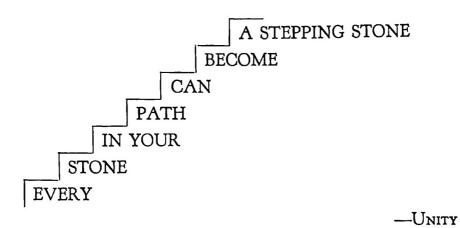
All rights reserved—no part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

PRIVATE EDITION

Printed in the United States of America

The P. S. C. Press





Note:

Some of these stories contain the real names of individuals, and some do not. When permission to do so has been granted by the individuals concerned, real names have been used. For those who preferred not to have their real identity disclosed, fictitious names have been substituted.

Dedication

To B. J. and Dave

Contents

		Page
1.	Ginger	
2.	A Sumatran Interlude	19
2. 3.	On With the Dance	35
3. 4.	I Meet a Missionary	41
4. 5.	Fate Intervenes	
6.	The Honorable Mr. Chen	59
6. 7.	Wings	
• -	The Pyramid, the Sphinx, the Desert	
8. 9.	The Filigree Necklace	
	The Isles of Paradise	
10.	Edna	119
11.	The Little Treasure Box	
12.	The Little Treasure Dox	131
13.	The Eyes That Held a Secret	
14.	Windsor Lad	147
15.	A Reverie	
16.	The Braided Rug	
17.	The Blond Lady from India	
18.	Footprints in the Sands of Time	
19.	Jim and Annie	
20.	Kismet	
21.	Bali	
22.	The Yellow Flag	
23.	Christmas Eve and Far Away	
24.	Repentance	
25.	A Soliloquy	
26.	A Memoir	
27.	Out of the Past	
28.	The Amah	
29.	Strange Bed Fellows	273
30.	The Island of the Blue Horizon	
31.	Jade	
32.	A Desert Night	
33.	The Salt Sea	
34.	Two Satsuma Vases	
35.	Blow, Wind, Blow	
36.	Monkeys	335
37.	"Bikets" for the Lady	345
38.	The Dilemma	
39.	The River of Fire	353
40.	Sack Cloth and Sables	365
41.	A Siamese Story	
42.	Two Wayside Pictures	
43.	A Gem of India	391

Preface

HIS series of stories is compiled from some of my various experiences, covering a period of over thirty-eight years, that I have, from time to time, jotted down in my note book. These notes were collected for the purpose of recalling certain circumstances which, at their time, seemed to absorb my whole life—for I lived with these people and in these places; I have been an intricate part of their lives, and they of mine.

Before our travels to distant parts of the world, we studied at length the geography, history, and legendary lore of each country; we felt it a blessed privilege to travel; we wanted to live with the people we were to visit; and so it was quite natural then to add my own observations to the material already studied.

At no time did I anticipate writing a book. My sole desire during our travels was to bring home to my family and friends some idea of the pleasures we were enjoying, and some of the understanding we had acquired. The other incidents were just jotted down so that I could accurately recall them in the future.

From time to time, I have been requested to put these stories together, but I always felt that, being based on true experiences, they were too personal to be of much import to others; and few people, I thot, would care what impressed me or what may have seemed to me to be anything unusual. However, last winter when B.J. and Dave wanted me to write out these notes, as certain places covered were now in the limelight, it was necessary to type them—my own unreadable shorthand being sort of hieroglyphical in character.

During the long winter evenings, friends dropping in to call would find me working away at my typewriter. I tried to tuck the material out of sight, but they would say, "So at last you are really putting some of your stories together!" And so persuasive were they that soon I would find myself reading those at hand. They, in turn, urged me to have them printed for them.

As you will note, some of these experiences were on sea, some in far distant lands, while others are just homey observations in my daily life.

When contemplating the golden opportunities which I have had, and the marvelous scenes which I have witnessed, I have ever felt an earnest desire to give to others the enjoyments and advantages of my experiences. Thus I have been led to deliver various lectures describing the places I have visited, and the treasures of the ancient and modern world which I have seen, as well as the rather unusual people I have met—those whose lives have touched mine—those whom I have met at the cross-roads of life—and tho many of these were strangers from distant lands, yet no barriers stand on the crossroads, for there we all meet in mutual understanding.

In searching after knowledge, whether in foreign lands or at home, whether the people therein were from the humblest or the highest, I have always found much material worthy of sincere study.

For confirmation of statements, the verification of data, and other necessary items, various encyclopedias, travel books, and well known writers who have traveled the way before me have been consulted. As many as possible of these will be included in the Bibliography, but it will be utterly impossible to give credit to all; for while in our travels, I not only learned much from conversations in each locality, but would often pick up an item—here and there—in a magazine or local publication, or in some particular book in a hotel or boat library.

In addition to my own personal understanding of the faiths and philosophies of the countries mentioned in these stories, I must acknowledge with sincere gratitude much from the authors of many books I have read. However, it is difficult to recall just where I received some of the inspirational thots—they seemed to have been a part of me always.

Thruout this collection of stories you will find B.J. and Dave referred to frequently. To those of you who do not know them, may I introduce them? B.J. is my husband, and Dave is our son. I cannot separate these two dear ones from any of the experiences that are written herein, for with the exception of a few stories, they—one or the other and in most instances both of them—have shared all these with me; in fact, they are such an integral part of my life that I cannot separate them from a single event.

In this changing world, where dogma, self opinion, indiffer-

ence, and intolerance are said to run rife, I must say I find it otherwise. I firmly believe that the world is growing better—spiritually growing better—slowly, perhaps, but certainly true.

We have always had great teachers of religion, philosophy, and Truth, and we shall always have them; and even now, tho the world seems dark, they shine like brilliant beacons. In time, hate and greed will be eliminated, then these great teachers will be justified, for understanding and tolerance between people and nations will exist—this must come—for civilization will endure.

A great disciplinarian is Life, and whether of the so-called pagan or of the more enlightened people—all are a part of the great Divine Plan—all will meet on a common level, for progress in our evolutionary development is measured in terms of soul growth, and not in terms of physical or material perfection.

I have called this series of stories "Stepping Stones", because to me they represent certain steps in life as a means of progress and advancement. In a modest way, I have tried to incorporate in this collection some of the understanding and tolerance I have gained by touching these various people's lives. If they should interest others, and if you, too, should feel a little more of the love and understanding for all mankind, I shall feel more than repaid for setting them before you.

I wish here to express my appreciation for all who have been a part in the publication of this book. Especially do I want to mention:

B.J. and Dave who have been my inspiration.

Mrs. Pearl Smith Maybach who so diligently and joyously edited the manuscript.

Mr. Ralph Evans, for his kindly comments and his untiring effort in achieving the printed form of these stories.

My intimate friends who encouraged me.

Mr. R. M. Hammes, whose clever wood-cuts, found thruout these pages, have given each story its highlight.

Mr. George G. Rinier, of Indianapolis, Indiana, for his assistance in the earlier months.

Mr. Fred G. Edwards, the Manager, and his assistants of the P.S.C. Printery, for their whole hearted cooperation.

And particularly, I wish to mention our secretary, Mrs. Amy Micklewright, for her loyal help, her endless patience, and unceasing interest thruout the whole period of this writing.

To all of these, and many others, I do feel deeply grateful.



Ginger



E met her when our train stopped for a while at a wayside station on our way between Mukden, Manchuria (Manchukuo), and Peking (Peiping), China.

As the trains in the Orient always make a long stop, we went out on the platform for a breathing spell from the stuffy coach. She was far down on the platform, for the train, tho "dinky", was a long one, and as far as we knew when we boarded the train, B.J., Dave, and I—with the exception of two English men—were the only white people on board. So when we heard a voice call, "Hey there, fellow Americans," in our own language, and when we looked down at the far end and saw this young girl running towards us and almost embracing us—it was like finding a long-lost friend.

She had bright red hair, the merriest of deep blue eyes, and a freckled skin. Naturally, questions flew back and forth among us until the first whistle blew as a warning that we were to start—in about half an hour. Thus when she told us that she, too, was going to Peking, we asked her to join us in our compartment.

We learned that she was from Oklahoma, and was employed

on a newspaper there. But as she had always wanted to see the world before she settled down to be married, she and another girl had decided to go to the Orient and, perhaps, if their stories were good enough, their editor would let them continue on a round-the-world tour. She told us her name—which we soon forgot—for we called her Ginger because we thot she lived up to all that name implies.

The other girl, Ginger said, "backed down at the last moment," so she decided to go alone. She had had a grand trip, had no time for loneliness, and at no time had she been molested because she was a young girl traveling alone; in fact, she had met such wonderful people who were always trying to do something for her—which we likewise found ourselves doing, not only then, but later.

She was such a happy-go-lucky person, full of fun to the brim, and out for a lark. 'Midst her chatter, she told us she must stop at the next station and go to her compartment on the train, to write her news letter home, and also, the one which she wrote every day to the one-and-only man—Bill. We learned lots about Bill who, according to her, was "the handsomest and grandest man in the world," and, she confided, they were to be married as soon as she arrived home. We grew to like Bill, too—she was so full of her gay love for him, and the romantic side of her youth amused and thrilled us.

On parting, we told her to look us up in Peking, which she promised to do, but as she was only going to be there a week or ten days, and as our days in Peking were very full, we did not meet. Ginger was anxious to get to Shanghai, for there she was to find out from her "boss" if she could continue her trip. We often talked about her, and were sorry to have missed her, but in time she sort of faded into memory, for we had busy days ahead.

Six weeks later, as we were breakfasting at the Astor Hotel in Shanghai, whom should we see seated at the table opposite us, with her back toward me, but—Ginger. I called to her, and very soon we were renewing our acquaintance. She said that she never was so glad to see anyone in her life as "the trio"—as she called us. After the first questions and answers had passed, we asked her how in the world she was still there in Shanghai. She then told us the story:

When she arrived in Shanghai, she went to the American Express Office for her mail, hoping against hope that the "boss" had sent her a favorable answer—and he had. Her stories were interesting, he wrote, so he was enclosing expenses for the next Dollar Line boat so that she might continue her trip to Hong Kong, Manila, Singapore, and perhaps India, adding also, that expense money was to be forwarded to the express office at each of these various places. Four weeks had passed since she had received that letter.

What happened in the meantime? Well, she said she had met the clerk in charge at the express company—"an American named Bob, thirty years of age, a six-footer, and a perfect Adonis." Bob had asked her to dinner that evening, to tea the next day, and to tiffin (lunch) the next day—and the next day, and the next, ad infinitum. They danced at the hotel, visited many of Bob's friends at the Legation Quarter—and they had fallen in love with each other. Of course she told him all about Bill at home, waiting for her return, but Bob pleaded with her to stay there in Shanghai and marry him. She said she felt so sorry for Bob—no American girls in Shanghai—spending his life among the orientals—no way for an American to live—and so forth, and so on.

As Ginger was still going from one party to another, she said that soon she would either have to leave or buy new clothes, for she was desperately in need of a change. She could not use her expense money for clothes, and yet she wanted to look well for Bob's sake and for his friends as well; she was sorry she had brot so few things with her!

Naturally, I thot: do I have anything she could wear? Fortunately, she was my size and could wear my clothes, so I said, "I'll loan you anything I have." So she wore my dresses, hats, coat, and accessories. Thereafter, each day we met and she related her good times and brot her problems to us.

One evening we met Bob—and he was a grand chap—an American, from top to toe; also, one could see at a moment's notice that he adored Ginger. He told us later about how much he cared for her and how much he wanted her to stay with him and be married. We liked Bob immensely, and I felt terribly sorry for him—for after traveling in the Orient I had learned of the loneliness of these young fellows—but even as I realized

what Ginger would mean to Bob, still I kept thinking also of Bill—back home waiting.

One day after she received a letter from Bill, Ginger was rather sad for several days. Bill had begged her to see his side of the picture, yet he gallantly suggested that, if her heart were in Shanghai, to stay there—for her happiness was his only concern. Nevertheless, he wrote, if he had the means, he would fly to her and bring her back to Oklahoma by the hair of her red head—but, since he was unable to do this, all he could do was to write her long, loving, high-pressure letters which he hoped would make her see his side. And as the days sped on, each boat from America brot bulky letters from Bill—each day Bob was at her side, making love to her.

Many times she would ask, "What is the right thing to do?" She was not so fickle that she could not see both sides; her conscience was clear, and her analysis was keen and sensible.

"I don't know what to tell Ginger," I said to B.J., "I feel she needs the best of advice, she is looking to us for parental counsel—what can we do?" Later, B.J. said I fussed and stewed over the whole thing as tho she were my daughter. In the meantime, I tried to persuade her to look into the future; to continue her travels as her "boss" expected her to do. I tried to plead for Bill—yet in my heart I knew what it would do to Bob. So I just had to do what you or anyone else would do—try to put myself in her place and weave in between the two of them, hoping that time would show her the best way.

Ginger was with us the night before we sailed from Shanghai, and the next morning she and Bob saw us away on the tender that took us out to the big liner waiting at sea, which was to take us to Hong Kong. We left them standing at the wharf—Ginger waving, the wind blowing her red hair, and Bob smiling a big broad smile as if possession were his now.

Altho she said she would write to us at some ports farther on in our journey, we received no message from her during the remainder of our travels. We talked about her often, wondering about her decision, and we sincerely hoped that there might be a letter at home waiting for us, which would tell the final chapter. However, when we arrived—eight months later—there was no word.

The following Christmas, I received a card from her, and

on it was written: "To the dear Palmers. I came home and married Bill, the Oklahoma boy. Love from Ginger."

As I had forgotten Ginger's real name, and did not know Bill's last name, I had no way of writing to them. So even to this day I am in a quandary, wondering about the why and wherefore of it all—and, too, I find myself feeling sorry for Bob, in Shanghai.





A Sumatran Interlude

T Fort de Kock, on the Island of Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies, we had waited days for the rains to cease. Each morning, while in Java and Sumatra, we would start out about six o'clock on our next journey, with the sun far up and the promise of a glorious day, and each day was perfect until about two o'clock in the afternoon—then we knew that as surely as night followed day, it would rain again. Soon clouds would appear on the horizon and, timed as a clock, the rain would come down in torrents and continue until midnight—but the next day would see the sun, as bright again as ever. This daily rain schedule, we followed for weeks.

Sumatra, bisected by the equator, is an island one thousand miles long and two hundred sixty miles wide. The west side is mountainous—over ninety of the peaks are active volcanoes. The east side spreads out into plains, level with the sea.

There are no better highways anywhere than those in Java and Sumatra—tangible evidence of many an excellent feat in engineering—and except when the heavy rains flood the low places or sweep away the bridges, they are a pleasure to travel over.

Sumatra is much different from Java—fewer tourists go there, for they probably think the accommodations are not as comfortable, and, of course, it is somewhat off the beaten path. However, we found the scenery in Sumatra to be both imposing and grandiose; the accommodations comfortable and in some places really luxurious; the food excellent and, as I have mentioned, the highways a pleasure.

The natural beauty of this island is said to be unrivalled anywhere in the world. Its high precipitous mountains, its deep gorges, and its streams that plunge hundreds of feet to form magnificent waterfalls, its high plateaus and the Padang Highlands—where may be had a superb panorama of this beautiful country—the great Karbouw Canyon, itself, unsurpassed as a masterpiece of nature—are scenes long to be remembered.

All the lakes in Sumatra are picturesque, particularly the lovely Lake Toba—whose cobalt blue waters are as cold as melted glacial snow.

Wild animal life in Sumatra finds plenty of dense foliage in the jungle, as safe hiding places. Here one finds the elephant, tapir, the two-horned rhinocerous, the orang-utan, the tiger, deer, antelope, sun-bear, buffalo, panther, and many varieties of squirrels.

Sumatra is known for its unusual reptiles—many of them venomous—and several times during our drives we saw the giant python hanging from the trees as we passed along; and tho the python is not poisonous, its size alone is terrifying, for it often attains a length of twenty to thirty feet.

Also, driving along, we would frequently encounter large, pudgy, black and green snakes crossing the road or slithering away into the shrubbery close by. Among the venomous reptiles are the hooded cobra—which, when angered at being disturbed, hisses and raises its ugly head, presenting a fan-shaped arrangement — the puffed adder, the krait, and the dreaded, tiny, green, poisonous, horned viper.

The birds are beautiful; among them may be mentioned the Argus pheasant, the dwarf peacock, the bush shriker, the rain bird, the cockatoo, and the weaver, which is perhaps one of the most interesting of these birds, because they are found in colonies, and weave nests of colored grasses in a most artistic manner that resemble umbrellas—sometimes twenty of these are seen hanging from a tree.

The natives of Sumatra are far different from those of Java, for the Javanese are an aggressive people, courteous, with a ceremoniousness and servility charmingly naive, while the Sumatrans are a vicious, coarse, ugly, unfriendly, curious race.

The lower class exhibits a mental inertia, and is noted for its cruel, quarrelsome, avaricious traits. Many of the tribes place their belief in the existence of evil spirits, and of demons who haunt the mountains.

The Sumatrans are a mixed race; among them are found the Menangkabaus, who live mostly in the central part. They are a group of the Malay race who incorporate Mohammedanism—tho a weak form of Islam, for most of their customs are opposed to the Mohammedan law.

The Achinese, a mixed Malay-Indonesian group, live in the northwest. They embrace Hinduism, but they do not include priests in this faith, neither are there any temples to be found among them.

The Lampongs and the Rejangs—a Malay-Javanese group—are found in the southern part of the island. The Bataks (Battaks)—early cannibals—occupy the east coast and the central area around Lake Toba and its surroundings.

The Menangkabaus have a most remarkable family life. This race is divided into a number of generations, groups of persons who trace their descent by way of the female line—that is, from one and the same ancestral mother. The families live in a certain village, often a family house, and the woman—when she marries—does not become a part of her husband's family; she remains in her own family dwelling. Her children do not fall under the authority of their father—her husband—but under that of her brother or older male member of her family on her mother's side.

It is a very complicated family life and family law, and a rather difficult matter for the occidental mind to understand.

The Bataks exhibit a most unfriendly, almost vindictive attitude toward the stranger within their gates; however, there are a few Bataks who show intelligence. Among these are a certain group who make a living either by teaching, or as clerks, or serving in a minor official capacity.

The Sumatran women wear riotous colors—their head and shoulder scarfs, sarongs, and blouses are made of materials that are flashy and brilliant.

The young men and women of certain tribes have their teeth chipped off—often level with the gums—and this is emphasized

by the chewing of blood-red betel nut which gives a most unsightly appearance to the mouth.

As a whole, the old form of magic and witchcraft and snakeworship is found among the primitive tribes; and along the wooded area of the north coast of the island may be found that which the Dutch call, a modified form of cannibalism.

Their buildings are vastly different from those of many other countries; the construction of their houses is unique—some are octagonal, some are boat-shaped, and others are square in design. All are raised on stilts, several feet above the ground, and the space below is used for corrals at night, and for work rooms during the day. The flaring sides of the houses are covered with tall double-decked roofs of heavy thatch; many are crowned with several oddly shaped cupolas, while the ridge-poles and the corners of the cupolas terminate in white modeled heads which form the mounting for sets of horns. The out-thrust gables of the houses contain beautifully designed patterns in woven bamboo, painted in various colors.

Even upon entering Sumatra, we sensed its wildness, ruggedness, steepness, roughness, and its untamed atmosphere; we felt it as we traveled all thru its interior, and when we left the island we were impressed more than ever with all of these unusual characteristics.

The mountains are almost overpowering as they stand like sheer perpendicular walls, and during the rains send down great torrents of water that fill all rivers and creeks, and rush with such rapid speed that they carry with them moulds, tree ferns, and other debris, and cause great devastation. These torrential rains flood the rivers and streams, and rush into huge water courses—previously, deep dry canyons—which then overflow, and at such times numbers of bridges and irrigation works are destroyed. This makes the roads not only hazardous for travel, but often impassable.

Our schedule for each day's travel was so arranged that we became impatient when detained longer than we had planned in any one place. But at Fort de Kock we had to stay; we had to wait for the rains to stop, for as previously mentioned, when the swollen streams flooded the highways, the deluge carried away many of the bridges. However, one thing was paramount—we had to leave within the next day or two or miss our

steamer connections at Medan, many miles away from where we were to sail for Penang on Christmas Day. Besides, we had our chartered car with us, as well as our chauffeur and a guide—native boys—who were also becoming restless.

The city officials, Dutch residents, insisted that we must not leave at such a dangerous time, but after much haggling, we decided we would start anyway and go as far as we could, hoping to find a passangrahan—a government rest house or dak bungalow—on the way, where we might stay for the night, and we were quite fortunate in reaching a small village about sundown, for that day the rains had stopped about noon—earlier than usual. There was a small passangrahan there, and it was the end of the open highway, for three miles beyond, the mighty Kampar river had flooded the roads and carried away the bridge, leaving a rushing torrent in its place.

We were very tired, and this little rest house, surrounded by jungle growth, was most welcome. As the man in charge was not only surprised, but also very happy to see us—for he had been stranded without guests for days—he started at once to make us comfortable. The air outside was humid, dank, and had a sickening sultriness; but inside, huge punkas—large fans on wooden frames covered with canvas and suspended from the ceiling—were swirling about, being hand-motored by two native boys. This was necessary to make it livable, for the village was on the midline of the equator.

From time to time, as curious natives appeared and scowled at us, the manager would chase them away; then soon another group would appear—the whole village apparently was interested in our being there. The manager was a Hollander, far away from his dikes and tulips, doing his bit for his homeland by being stationed amid such strange surroundings. He seemed so glad to see us, as he questioned us about our own land and the general news of the world.

We learned that he had been there twelve years—seven years longer than the customary five. He was a pallid, sallow, tall, lean, and lanky fellow. In a way we, too, were glad that circumstances had compelled us to stay with him, for as a rule, unless stopping for lunch, we passed thru such primitive places hurriedly. But, somehow we felt this would be an interesting experience—which it proved to be, later on.

With the assistance of three native boys, the manager prepared our dinner quite early. The meal was nicely served and, tho there was not much variety—a poor, scrawny, little chicken was the pièce de résistance—yet the fruits were abundant and the coffee excellent.

When night falls in the tropics, it seems as the an enormous black mantle is suddenly drawn over everything, and as this comes very quickly, there is no twilight at all. In the rest house, the dim artificial lights, overshadowed by the dense jungle growth, lent a weird environment. We were very tired and fully intended to retire early, so that we might leave about four o'clock in the morning if the highway were passable, but our host was so eager to talk that we felt we should stay up a little later for his sake.

Just as we were about to retire, he said, "Hear the jungle folk?" I returned, "Who are the jungle folk?" "They are the animal world," he answered, "the king tigers, leopards, panthers, lemurs, all kinds of the monkey family, as well as the snake people that come out at night, for nighttime is their world, just as daytime is ours." As we listened, we heard—faintly at first, but soon quite clearly—the screaming and howling of monkeys, and the shrill cries, angry growls, and uncanny moans of the jungle animals.

As we sat on the veranda, listening to the sounds in the jungle, a black object—a large, black, sleek animal with glassy eyes—darted swiftly by, almost at our feet. "Oh, a panther," our host exclaimed, "he will not molest you unless you attack him first." Anyway, it startled us.

"Ever been in the jungle before?" asked the manager. We told him we had, and he said, "Not like the jungles here in Sumatra! If you wait long enough you may hear the native festival far down in the thickets. During this season, several nights at a time, they hold their customary rain feast."

And it was not long until we heard the tom-toms and weird chanting in the distance. With the sounds of the animals intermittently heard between the incantations, it gave us a cold, shuddery, creepy feeling, but still there was a certain fascination that held us.

For some time we sat listening to the chanting—it seemed to come and go like echoes on the mountainside. Then we

asked our host, "Do any foreigners ever try to attend these performances? What takes place, and how far away is it?" He didn't answer our questions immediately, but said, "The natives gather about nine o'clock and the orgy lasts until dawn—that means about three-thirty, when the sun appears. I am used to it now, of course, but at first I thot I would go mad. I came here twelve years ago next month—the man who was my predecessor went home, and for a while a native took over the place—then I came.

"When I first came," he continued, "I thot I would lose my reason—the strangeness of things, the weird nights, and the loneliness were dreadful. But I had an old native woman working for me who had been with the man whom I succeeded, so I sort of inherited her. I was fond of the wretched looking old thing, in a way, for she was as faithful as a hound. I soon learned from her the necessary words for my orders, and at the same time, this allowed me a way to acquaint myself with the other natives who live in this village.

"Many an evening she would leave me," he said, "and I would hear her return about daylight. I learned that she was a member of that cult down there, which we hear now. I asked her one time to let me accompany her to their gathering, but she wildly cried, 'No, no, no, wait.' Well, I waited for several months, frequently asked her about it, in fact, almost pleaded with her to take me there.

"In the meantime, I had asked a fellow countryman at the next passangrahan, forty miles from here, about this cult—tho by then I knew it was just the usual gathering of the villagers and those from the near by places in the hills, who met and held their various rites at certain seasons of the year, paying tribute to their gods or deity, or pleading respite from acknowledged wrongs.

"This friend told me that my predecessor went once, but from what he knew about that trip, he would advise me to stay away. However, I thot: this fellow is older and is nearer to the city, and perhaps, too, he is not such an inquisitive chap as I. So I asked him further about my predecessor's visit to the rites. He then told about how the fellow came back to his post here, one night, after having been to their meeting, and about his dangerous illness, the next day. They sent for the home doctor at Fort de Kock, who, as he gave him up to die, said, 'It looks to me like animal cocaine.' However, the man survived and stayed on for some months, but later left for home.

"I was reluctant for some time," our host continued, "about going myself; but I thot, if I go just once, and from some vantage point can witness the whole proceedings, it will be all I'll probably care to see. When much younger, I had been stationed with a British chap for three years in Africa, and had witnessed the voodoo cults—often taking with me guests who were curious about them—so I naturally felt the same way about it here. I had a queer, morbid desire to learn what was taking place, for I had heard much from others about the natives and their numerous rites. You see, we Netherlanders are uniquely placed in this part of our East Indies, as all the islands are so different in every way—each, you know, has an individual fetishism of some kind.

"Finally, one evening old Nanga—the old woman—told me, 'All right, you go tonight with me.' Somehow I hesitated—I had an inward feeling that it was probably not best—then I thot, as I had before, that I would get a bird's-eye-view from a distance and would be satisfied. So we started out, she preceding me, and we plodded along, finding our way in and out of the path in the thicket, in the dense darkness. But old Nanga knew the route as if it were daylight. I had ventured many times into the jungle, always, however, during the day, and even at that time I would encounter a dead blackness—but my native boys were quite at home there.

"As we neared the place, about a kilometer distant, we now and then caught glimpses between the openings—bright, tongue-like flames, flashing upward in the sky—and the chanting and tom-toms became nearer and louder. I stopped, and told Nanga I would stay where I was at that time and wait for her, but she turned to me with angry eyes that seemed to blaze, even in the darkness, and with a high-pitched, shrill cry, called out something.

"Then four or five natives came running toward us, and with many gesticulations and words which I caught only occasionally, they turned suddenly around, marched ahead of us—and for some unknown reason, I followed. As we came nearer and I could see the group, my blood seemed to freeze, for there be-

fore me were several men and women dancing their primitive dance, perfectly nude, within a circle of fire—an enclosure about thirty feet—whose flames were kindled by several natives outside the circle. Around the area that formed the complete circle, there were, it seemed to me, hundreds of cobras—that deadly snake of the jungle—their bodies raised, the skin of their necks expanded into broad, hood-like arrangement; and, as I watched, I saw these horrible things swaying to the music, and following the movements from side to side, as tho they, too, were dancing.

"After watching—it seemed to me hours—tho possibly only fifteen or twenty minutes, one of the dancers was finally surrounded by the others; then she was slowly but surely being driven—all this time to the rhythm of the music, if it could be called such—until she dropped and bowed low before one of the cobras. Then I knew that she was the one selected for the sacrifice—a ritual I had heard much about—quite known to all who have learned of such fetishism—the obeah.

"The sight before me was revolting. The young woman with black locks streaming across her face was gesticulating wildly and calling out something wholly unintelligible. I saw the dreadful cobra in front of her reach forward as she knelt before it, its eyes glued to the poor creature, and with a lightning dart it struck her on her flaccid breast. My heart was racked by that woman's wail; never have I heard so piteous an appeal. It was an animal cry of pain, yet voiced the terror of the human spirit. Her body became distorted, there was a dull thud and strangled gurgling—and she collapsed.

"Then I turned deathly sick. I felt faint, and stumbled to the ground. I was so engrossed with the scene before me, that I did not see that Nanga was there beside me and that we were far enough away from the others that no one noticed me. As Nanga looked at me with her dog-like expression—which I had seen so often—somehow or other I felt strong enough again to start homeward. How and where to go, I had not the slightest idea, but Nanga turned and led the way home. As the sounds receded, the compound here (house and yard) seemed not far away; nevertheless, I could not get home fast enough. We entered the door, and I fell on my bed; my two native boys were bathing my head, hands, and feet with cool water when I re-

gained my senses. It took me days to recover from that sight—it was always before me, for several weeks—but during that time old Nanga eyed me faithfully and never left the house.

"As tourists were coming and going, my mind became occupied and, with the passing of time, I soon felt quite myself again, except when the seasons would call for another festival; however, I seldom think about that now.

"Old Nanga died several months ago. I miss her dreadfully. The doctor at Fort de Kock said she must have been well into her nineties—apparently everybody in the village, old and young, had always known her."

After he had finished, we asked several more questions about the affair, and as we were by this time very tired, B.J. went to bed, but our host asked me if I would like some tea or coffee before retiring. I felt the need of it, I assure you, after such a tale of snake worship or black magic, or whatever it may be called.

While we were seated, having our coffee, he started again: "You know, a strange thing happened shortly after Nanga died. One day a woman and her two daughters—Americans—were here, stopping as you folks have, because of the rains. The two daughters were, I should say, about sixteen and twelve. The mother was very weary and so retired early, but the young ladies wanted to wait until later in the evening, for both girls were quite bored at being compelled to stay at this out-of-the-way place, even for a night. They started to play a card game, and asked me to join them, which I did.

"When they asked if I did not have any women servants here, I told them a little of old Nanga and her faithfulness—not however telling them what I have told you, for this is the first time I have recalled that event for almost three years, as it brings back too vividly that night—but as both young ladies were interested in old Nanga, I told them many interesting things which I had heard about her from the natives—how she served as a sort of mother to the entire village.

"Then I retold some of the old Sumatran tales which she had often told me. I said, "The only thing I have to materially remember her by is a cairn she built out beyond the compound, close to the jungle edge, where she had placed several small stones—apparently a shrine to her deity—and she went there

many times during the day and night. After she died, I had often that of clearing the space, but somehow or other I have left it there.'

"The girls were interested, as young girls would be, in this shrine. Later we went to bed, but not before I had promised that early the next morning I would show them old Nanga's shrine, for earlier in the evening when we were walking around the compound, I had pointed out that heap of stones. Evidently, they remembered about it, for the younger one said, 'Oh, that pile of stones by the corner, close to where you said the path led into the jungle?'

"I attended to some errands before retiring, so I presumed the young ladies had gone to their room. Before going to sleep, however, I that I heard a noise and a soft patter, as if some one were on the veranda, but I that nothing of it. Later, I again heard the same kind of noise; this time I got up, lit my lamp, and when I came into the dining room, there stood the two girls—trembling and white as ghosts. They told me they had decided to see the shrine themselves, and with their purse flashlights and matches had hunted all around the spot where they that it might be, until they finally found it. The older girl told me that she leaned over the heap to take a stone home as a souvenir and, she said, 'What do you suppose I saw when I picked up one of the stones? A tiny snake, all coiled up, with its head raised high—then we ran.'

"There was no doubt that they were frightened, but I relieved their fears by telling them that those little fellows were perfectly harmless, tho I knew better—it really made me shudder—for it was the green viper—one of the most deadly snakes we have here in Sumatra. One bite from it, and death follows in a few moments, as the poison fills the blood stream at once. I said, 'Promise me you will not go there again until I can be with you.' But I think they were too frightened to do anything but hurry off to bed.

"As they were telling me what they had done, it brot to my mind the many times I had seen that type of little green snake crawl away from old Nanga's bosom when she was startled by some one finding her in a sort of reverie on the back steps."

Then I said to him, "So it is true that many natives here, and in India, and other places where we heard so much about

this practice, become immune to the venom of snakes, and that in time they depend upon them for a hypnotic, a narcotic, and a stimulant?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "At their various rituals they are initiated into such practice, and I believe that there are few in this village who do not have one of these little serpents about them most of the time. It is to the natives here, what opium or morphine is for the white race—occasionally, tho, some of the natives die—of too heavy a dose, I presume."

I finally went to bed but, as you must realize, my imagination ran wild for a while. I could still hear the faint chanting in the distance, and the jungle folk holding forth. As our beds—really just bunks—were placed close to the floor, which was full of crevices, every rustle of anything seemed to me to be one of those creeping, crawling denizens of the jungle.

I spent a wakeful night, so when our host called about four o'clock and told us our guide was waiting—as a temporary footbridge had been erected over the river where the bridge had been swept away—I was all too ready to be up and on our way. We did not know at the time, nor until we reached the flooded highway, what an interesting experience was ahead of us, and as this followed our night's stay at the jungle village, I think I shall incorporate it in this story.

When we arrived at the end of the road, we saw hundreds of natives—a regular army of them—who had been working all night repairing the road. They had carried huge bags of gravel and dirt from the near by hills, and built up an embankment that was withstanding the stream. Over this, they had placed planks and matted grass, and it was on this unsteady walk that we later crossed to the other side.

As our big Graham-Paige car, with the chauffeur and our luggage, was waiting at the roadside, there arose the problem of what to do with it. Our guide, Simone, had had foresight enough to go over, during the night, to the nearest village and arrange for a conveyance to come and meet us. We knew we could not get the car over this narrow, temporary bridge, so all our luggage was taken out and carried safely across by the natives—the procession looked like a safari.

When we left our little chauffeur and the car on the other side, he looked so forlorn and forsaken, for he had been engaged to take us to our destination, and the thot that he would have to return to Sourabaya (Soerabaja) in Java—hundreds of miles from where we started on our journey—was just punishment to him. Consolingly, B.J. said, "You stay here for a few hours and we will wait for you farther on; then if the road is not repaired, you will have to return."

Even at that, he was almost in tears, but there was nothing else to do but remain behind.

We were surprised, when we arrived early that morning, to find another car at the end of the road, in which there was an elderly French couple who had driven all night from Fort de Kock. They were so helpless about managing their affairs that B.J. took them under his wing; so they and their traveling bags were taken over the walkway, leaving their car and chauffeur with ours.

After we and all our luggage—twenty pieces—were deposited on the opposite side, we saw all kinds of vehicles and many people waiting. When we asked Simone about ours, he motioned to a contraption which looked like a cross between a station wagon, a truck, and a tallyho. Two natives sat in the front seat—as proud as peacocks—and after we and all our baggage were packed in, our drivers started off midst waving and cheering from their friends. In that rig we rattled along over a hundred miles for the rest of the day. Why we had two drivers, we did not know, unless it was to lend dignity to the occasion, for as we passed thru each village we noticed our "coachmen"—as we called them—were the center of attraction—curious natives had gathered to watch such an unusual occurrence of foreigners riding in a native "bus".

Since the little French couple could speak no English, and since the words we knew of French were few, there was not much conversation, but they were so appreciative of our protection that the trip was not too bad after all.

By seven o'clock, we reached Sibolga—a sleepy town on the shores of the Indian Ocean—but it was large enough to stay in over night, and very welcome, for indeed we four were tired and muscle-sore; but knowing we had miles ahead of us, we were busy most of the evening, trying to arrange for a car that would be safe enough to take us on our way the next day. There was no touring car agency, and not even an available car in the town.

Almost at our wit's end, we retired for the night and decided we would wait until morning to telephone to a place farther on, where we hoped we could secure a real car; for surely, we thot, we could not spend another day in such a ramshackle bus as we had just experienced.

Our hotel was located by the seaside, and we had most comfortable, airy rooms on the ground floor. After we accustomed ourselves to the tiny frogs hopping about in the hallways and rooms, we were soon sound asleep. But we were awakened early by a commotion just outside our screened porch, and heard Simone say, "Madams, come and see who is here,"—(he had a habit of calling us both "Madam" when excited, much to B.J.'s dismay). We looked out, and there was our little chauffeur and the big, red Graham-Paige, close by the door. He told us that several hours after we left him, he arranged with the natives to carry the car across the temporary walkway; he said it took one hundred of them to lift it and carry it over by hand; then he drove all night, and upon inquiry at various places found where we were. With this brief explanation, he grinned and said, "Here I is—when do we go?"

The little fellow looked a wreck. We told him to get some rest, and we would be on our way later. Never did anything look quite so good to us as our little Javanese chauffeur and the comfortable Graham-Paige. It solved our problem, and then we learned that the French couple's car had also arrived, having been transported the same as ours, so we sent word to them and they started out at once. Our journey thru Sumatra from then on was on schedule, and since our next day's trip was in mountainous country, we were only too glad to have our competent chauffeur and a safe car in which to travel, for I doubt if we would have enjoyed anything, had we been in less secure hands.

We had to cover great distances on this trip, for the few cities and larger towns which had comfortable accommodations were far apart. This meant rising early, that we might get to our destination before nightfall. But one late afternoon we had to stop for car repairs at a small village. We found a passangrahan, as we thot we might have to stay there for the night, but about seven o'clock the car was ready and, tho it meant driving for several hours in the black night—which tourists seldom do—after a conference with Simone and our chauffeur

we decided to go on, for we were behind our schedule and wanted to reach the next city as soon as possible.

It was exciting, driving thru the dense darkness, with high precipitous mountain walls on either side. Frequently, an object with blazing, green, glassy eyes would dart across the road, blinded by the headlights of the car, and most often the panther—black as midnight—would leap into the tall grasses off the roadway. We passed numerous little villages, where by oil torches or small lamps we would see families sitting on their porches. Usually the children squatted on the ground with the villagers, who gathered around the story-teller on the porch. Few turned to see the big car hurrying by in the quiet of the night.

Across the smooth dirt road were trailing furrows, traces of the reptiles which scurried out of the way. Several times during the drive we could see lights deep in the jungle, and on two occasions we had our chauffeur slow down, for we heard again the same wailing and the tom-toms in the distance; and recalling the story our host told us the evening we spent in his rest house, we knew that another creature was soon to be the victim of the natives' primitive method of atonement.





On With the Dance

NE time, while on one of our voyages across the Pacific—seated in our deck chairs—we chanced to speak to the man on our left, a genial old gentleman with silvery white hair, pinkish cheeks, and twinkling blue eyes. He introduced himself as Senator from State. In the course of our conversation, he said he was taking a trip around the world for his health—and that he was just turning seventy-nine.

We remarked, and quite honestly, what an extraordinary man he was at that age. Touching his chest, he added, "You know, it's my heart, so I will have to take things quite leisurely." We told him that was one thing a person could do on board ship. "Yes," he said, "I probably won't be able to do much on shore—just a casual ride or a short walk." He was an interesting old codger, had traveled extensively, was well read, and could converse on many subjects. Furthermore, he seemed to have a deep understanding of the real things of life. Everybody liked him immensely, and all called him "Senator".

We arrived at Honolulu six days later, and went to the

Moana Hotel—our old stopping place—and, having only one day there, with the exception of a short trip around the city, spent our time at Waikiki Beach. We boarded the ship about eleven o'clock that night for the next lap of our voyage across the Pacific.

Early next morning, we found there were several new passengers on board. Among them was a woman who, we could see at once, was to be the life of the party. Tho probably in her late forties, she was most vivacious; her eyes were large and deep brown; her short hair, arranged in curls, showed lingering traces of henna, with a few gray hairs sprinkled here and there which were not concealed by the coloring. She wore beautiful clothes.



That evening at dinner, we saw this attractive lady seated in the dining room with the Senator and four other passengers—in one day, she knew everybody on board. We soon learned her name; in this story, however, I shall call her Mrs. Charles Benjamin, Crosslett. Later, we were told she was a widow who had plenty of this world's goods, as her husband had left her an immense fortune in the States.

As I said, we knew she would be the life of all the activities on board—and she was. She entered into everything, and could think up more games for the group than anyone else. At first, the Senator entered into the fun slowly, but as Mrs. Crosslett always had him for her partner—morning, noon, and night—we began seeing less of him in his deck chair as the days went lazily by.

Because she was the innovator of things, he was always on hand assisting her. Night after night he was on the dance floor for every number—mostly with Mrs. Crosslett—and how she loved to dance! She could do all sorts of fancy steps, as

if she were a girl of twenty—and, by the way, she was a beautiful dancer. The dear old fellow tried to keep up the pace with dancing, musical chairs—sometimes the last one down—treasure hunts and other activities, until the wee small hours.

At first, he was an early riser and always looked fresh as a berry in the morning, but, as time wore on, he seldom would rise before noon. Of course, everybody had something to say about this and the attachment of Mrs. Crosslett and the Senator. Some remarks were most unkind, some just in fun, but there were still others—like ourselves—who were somewhat worried about the Senator's "heart" and his physician's advice.

When we arrived at Yokohama, he and the widow were the first to go ashore to see the sights. As the ship was to stay in port for two days there, we decided to spend that extra time with some friends in Kobe, so we took the early train for that city. Four days later, when we boarded the ship at Kobe, we found the Senator and the lady full of their marvelous trip in Yokohama and Tokyo, and he added that he was not as tired as he thot he would be. They, like us, were to continue on to Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila, and Singapore.

One day while I was talking to a woman on deck, Mrs. Crosslett passed by. She rather surmised, I think, that we were talking about her, or the Senator, or both of them, for she later met me and asked if this woman had been making remarks about her—she thot she had overheard her name. I told her we had not been discussing her, but that her name had been mentioned as one of the judges that would serve the next evening at a contest.

However, she took this occasion to tell me at great length that perhaps there might be some talk about her and the Senator, but that he liked younger people and she that the best thing in the world for him was to come out of his seclusion and enjoy life—that, after all, theirs was just a platonic friendship. I had a thot just then—play for her, but tonic for him—and it might be his undoing.

I think all of us felt it would be presuming too much to tell him to go somewhat easy, but I believe the ship's surgeon did give him such advice one night when he was called to the Senator's cabin to give him a sedative, after a slight heart attack. But in spite of this warning, he and the widow went merrily on. We stayed in Manila several days, but during that time did not see anything of the Senator and Mrs. Crosslett, and when we boarded the ship to continue our voyage to Singapore, they were not among the passengers, and furthermore, no one seemed to know anything about them.

About six weeks later, we were in Singapore at the Raffles Hotel. It was New Year's Eve, and a gay party was to be held that evening—all the foreign residents in Singapore, as well as the many guests at the hotel, were there. As it was a costume party, there were many bright and unusual costumes.

Later in the evening, while watching the party, we noticed that everybody's eyes seemed to be centered on a couple who were doing a special Spanish dance. The lady of the dancing pair had her back toward me; in fact, it was difficult to see either of them, as I tried to weave in and out of all those standing about to watch this couple.

They were both dressed in beautiful Spanish costumes, but the lady, in particular, was dressed the gayer. To my amazement, when she turned and faced us, I found it was Mrs. Crosslett—having the time of her life, dancing with a handsome young man who we later learned was an Eurasian and quite the Beau Brummell of Singapore and that part of the world.

As we were the only persons present who formerly were on that particular ship with her and the Senator, she seemed quite oblivious of everybody's applause, as she graciously accepted the enormous bouquet that was presented her by her companion, at the conclusion of the dance.

Still later in the evening, when we were all seated at the tables for the huge feast that awaited all after the New Year was ushered in, she suddenly noticed us. We were with some English friends, who lived in Singapore, and the manager of the hotel who had dropped by for a chat with our friends. Mrs. Crosslett looked rather frightened when she saw us, but we immediately saved the day for her, as we casually went over and greeted her. She introduced us to her dancing partner and the usual, "Where have you been, and how is it you are still here?" was the course of the conversation. She said she had been very ill in Manila and so had stayed longer than she had intended. We did not dare ask about the Senator—somehow we sensed it was not the right time to do so.

We last saw her, dancing fast and furiously with her handsome Lothario, when we retired about three o'clock, and we did not see her next day, for several boats were in and she had said she was going to Java if she could make reservations. We stayed several more days in Singapore, and enjoyed a quiet New Year's Day at the hotel.

While at lunch, the manager of the hotel, a genial host, came to our table, ordered his usual whiskey and soda, and sat down with us, and, in time, the conversation turned to Mrs. Crosslett. We told him about her and the Senator, on the boat from Honolulu to Manila, and that we had last seen them when they left the boat at Manila, and had often wondered what had become of them. With an amused smile, he said, "Then you don't know what happened to the Senator—the old man who dropped dead one night while dancing with her?"

Then he told us that Mrs. Crosslett arrived at his hotel a month after the tragedy, and looked like a widow in deep mourning—dressed in dark, somber garments, and kept pretty much to herself. She explained that she had lost a dear friend on board ship and was going to cancel her reservations to India and stay at his hotel in Singapore for a while. Curious, I asked him, "Did she tell you what happened?" He smiled, reached for his glass of whiskey and soda, and said, "Oh, no, the Pursers on those two ships she and the Senator were on, told me all about it."







I Meet a Missionary

VERY Hindu hopes to go once in his lifetime to the River Ganges and there bathe in its sacred waters, and every tourist who goes to India wants to go to Benares, the Holy City on the Ganges. It is a city that baffles the average sightseer, for here one sees India at its best and its worst, according to how one looks at the picture.

The Ganges is the sacred river of the Hindus, even tho it is dirty and muddy and filled with debris—odds and ends of burning wood pieces from the funeral pyres, and the charred floating bodies that have not been entirely cremated at the ghats on the shores along the river. But no matter how polluted the waters are, the pious Hindu believes it purifies him of all sin, for these waters are sacred to the high as well as the low caste. They all go there to bathe—the high caste in the very early morning hours, then the various strata of humanity thruout the day.

They come, usually clad in a white garment which only a few remove—those who do, leave on only a brief breech cloth. They step into the river from the ghat, raise a handful of the

water to their lips and foreheads, then face the east and salute the rising sun. They then wade out to their waists, then on up to their shoulders, and bathe—some using water jars, with which they pour the water over their bodies; others have brass vessels, but many just use their cupped hands. All the while, during the immersion, they recite the ancient Vedic hymns, repeating, with constant droning, the sacred syllable, "Om." Then silently they leave, and others take their places.

There were thousands bathing in the early morning hours, the day we were there, and when we left, about nine o'clock, there was an endless throng waiting for space so that they, too, could perform this sacred ceremony—a daily practice.

Pilgrims come to Benares from near and far, some crawling, some in wheel chairs, others borne on litters or carried by servants; old men, tottering to the water's edge, drop and are carried to the river. These devotees come from miles and miles away—many of them enduring untold hardships—to touch the sacred river and be immersed in its waters before they die. If they should be so fortunate as to die on its banks, it is thot that they will be exempted from the necessity of returning into this world and beginning life all over again.

We arose early one morning, at three-thirty, had our chota hazri (small breakfast), and chartered a boat to take us for a trip on the famed Ganges. The hotel manager supplied us heavy blankets, for the boat was an open deck affair and the early morning hours are extremely cold, tho by noon, when the sun is high, the thermometer registers about 132 degrees.

The trip on the river gives one a very fine view of Benares. The banks for two miles or more, are bordered by numerous ghats—flights of stone steps that lead away from a wide platform and descend to the water's edge. Many of these steps lead to the homes of the wealthy nabobs, which are built in terraced arrangement on the banks of the river. Often these homes reach from the river's edge below to a height of 300 to 500 feet above, to the top of the cliff. These palaces which are built of beautifully carved stone—rising, story upon story—appear like the castles of fairy tales. Also, along the river banks may be seen temples and shrines, all of them most ornate, and many gardens which form a beautiful landscape.

Farther up, on the opposite side of the river, is the marble

palace of the Maharajah of Benares. He welcomes visitors, and his native servants who speak English serve as guides and take one to the State Apartments, the Library, and the Art Rooms. In the latter, many treasures are displayed—unusual and rare jewels, embroideries, ivories, and etchings. In the gardens of the palace grounds, is a park-like enclosure which contains specimens of choice plants from various parts of the world, as well as a large swimming pool, surrounded by stone walls.

The burning ghats along the river banks are quite unusual places. These sanctuaries, scattered here and there, are recognized by the several funeral pyres, where dead bodies are brot on litters to be cremated. The amount of wood used, depends upon the financial condition of the relatives, and if only a limited amount can be paid for, the body may not be entirely burned—in that case the remaining parts are usually thrown into the river. The morning we were on the boat, we saw several burning ghats in which these cremations were just beginning, while at others the ceremony had just been completed.

The procedure of cremation begins upon the arrival of the corpse on a litter and placing it on the pyre. Sometimes the body is decked with flowers and a gold coin is put into the mouth; then a torch made of woolen rags and oil is carried by a relative—a young child is usually selected for this honor—then at a given sign the burning torch sets the inflammable wool and wood afire, and the body burns quickly.

We attended several of these cremations in India, and they are, indeed, a gruesome sight to watch, for the contortions of the corpse, the fetid odor of burning flesh, and the wails of the relatives or paid mourners, require much stamina on the part of the foreign onlooker. Some days we could see it thru, while at other times we had to leave the place.

In Benares, the temples reek with filth. It is no unusual sight to see a goat slaughtered for the sacrificial altar. In years past, human beings met this fate, but the English, long ago, have prohibited that practice.

The goddess Kali—whom I shall mention later—was very much in evidence, and, in and about the temples, lepers, beggars, and holy men, with rags and filth covering their almost naked bodies, follow one everywhere. Fanatics on beds of nails or crawling along the sands on their faces or placing sharp knives

in their noses or ears or thru their cheeks—anything that was apparently torture—were common thruout the streets and on the roadside. These practices go on for years—it is a way of penitence; furthermore, they believe that they may shorten their lives of suffering in their future reincarnation, or lessen their Karma in this and the next world. All these meet the eye, not only in Benares, but elsewhere in India.

But now to my story, where I meet a missionary.

It was while we were waiting for an interview with Annie Besant, the Theosophical leader, that I learned of a Catholic mission, a few miles from the city, where I could purchase some fine linens and laces. Annie Besant lived, part of the time, in a rambling English type of house near the Hindu University which she had founded. When we arrived, however, she was at her other home in Madras, but as she was expected to be in Benares that week end, we decided to stay a few days longer than we had planned, hoping to meet her, for we had made the appointment many months before and did not want to be disappointed.

So one morning, while waiting, I went to the mission. It was a cheerful place. I saw clean native children playing about the gardens filled with bright red geraniums, the boys enjoying tennis on the well-made courts, and the little girls occupied with dolls and books, or with cut-out pictures. The older girls were sewing or working with needles on linens.

I went into the building, where three Catholic sisters and three native women greeted me. The building was a two-story structure, covering quite an area. It was built rather severe, but inside the walls were whitewashed and the floors shining, and it was pleasing and homey. One of the sisters asked me if I would like to see the school; however, she explained that since they were having a holiday of three weeks, only a few of the children were there at the time.

The rooms were airy and clean, and several sewing machines were about. An old piano was in the larger or assembly room, and from all appearances, one would have that it a country school house. There were no desks present, but small tables and arm rests on the chairs took the place of desks. The sister and I soon returned to the main room, where the native women showed me the things I wished to see. Then they asked me to

stay for lunch. I learned that visitors often go there at noon, and, for a small fee, have a very palatable meal.

I purchased several pieces of their lovely hand-made articles, and then, as tourists were coming into the room, I went out on the veranda to look over the gardens and watch the boys at tennis. At the far end of the shaded veranda, I saw an old man seated in an arm chair, and I knew at once he was a priest. His hair was snow white, his hands wrinkled but expressive as he motioned for me to come over to him.

I went over and he shook my hand warmly, asked me to be seated, and at once he started the conversation by asking me many questions about the United States, our itinerary thru India, etc. After a while, I ventured to ask him, "Have you been in India long?" He smiled sweetly and said, "Oh, not so long—just forty-nine years." I asked, "Have you been in this mission all those years?" He replied, "By no means; I have lived in nearly every cranny and nook in India during that time."

Much to my surprise and delight, he started to talk about his life there. He told me he was born in the State of Georgia in the U.S.A., that he came to India a young missionary, and had been "home", as he expressed it, just twice since he arrived—forty-nine years ago.

I told him that we had visited other missions in the various cities of our travels, and had met many missionaries in the Orient. We had sincerely tried, I stated, to learn as much as we could about missionary work, in order to ascertain just what had been done. Also, I explained about the greatly diversified opinion of people at home regarding foreign missions. Then, rather slowly and thotfully, he answered, "Yes, my dear, I know that."

"If it will not tire you," I continued, "will you tell me something of your early life in India—what you found when you came, and how you went about teaching these natives the Holy Scriptures?" He said he would be glad to talk until the other visitors came, for no doubt they would want to meet him also.

And this is his story:

"When I arrived in India", he began, "I went to Bombay. It was not the thriving city, by any means, that you see today; there was a small mission at the edge of the city, but it was poorly equipped and aside from the four priests, there were but few white men for miles around.

"I came from home, a fresh recruit, fired with ambition and a burning desire to convert all India, at once. I carried the Bible in one hand, and in the other hand I held—figuratively speaking—the sword of God. But after I was here two years, I placed my Bible in my trunk, and substituted faith for the sword of God. I learned, all too soon, that my life here among these so-called heathens was to be exemplified in deed and action, and not in words. The circumstances that brot this forcibly to me were—I have always felt—an act of God.

"A great pestilence broke out—cholera; people were dying by the thousands, dropping in the street, in their homes, in shops, and on the byways; all were trying to escape the terrible plague. One of my brothers at the mission died, and the others were desperately ill, but fortunately, I kept well. I did the best I knew for the unfortunate victims, considering my meager knowledge—thousands died during the epidemic.

"Up until the time of the outbreak of that dread disease. we had a large number attending our mission. They came from far and near, and we were quite encouraged that we had been able to convert so many of these poor blind souls to Christianity. And as other missions were being established in other cities. and many duties had to be performed, we were very busy. But when the disease broke out in our community, almost all of our faithful attendants left us-like rats leave a sinking ship. They flocked to their temples and were frantic in appeasing Kali (the malignant deity who presides over life and death). managed to persuade a few to stay with us, but the few who did. I knew, at times, would steal away to a near by temple. However, we did not question them about this for we were too busy to do aught but what we could for the suffering and the aftermath of the disease. After the scourge subsided and we began to reorganize our mission, I had plenty of time for reflection.

"The other priests and I had long and many prayerful hours. I knew there must be something wrong—and seriously wrong, too—that in the crisis we had just witnessed, our teachings surely had not done for these people what we had thot was being accomplished; that the inculcations of our work had not become a part of their being, for when devastation and tragedy appeared, they went right back to their pagan deities.

"Having had some training in the medical field as well as

ministerial training, I gained entrance to many of the people's homes by administering to their bodily ills, as I had done in numerous cases during the epidemic—and indeed there were many among them who needed physical care. Finally, after long contemplation and prayer, I realized I had to learn their ways first before I could ask them to live mine.

"I started to learn their language in the right way and, since it was not one language, but a combination of several dialects, it was a very complicated study. Then I made the acquaintance of the various priests—the Hindu, the Brahman, and the Buddhist. I read reams and reams—books of the Vedas, the ancient Sanskrits, the Upanishads, the Indian Philosophies, the Hindu view of life and death, various histories, and the study of Brahmanism. In this way, I learned the reasons for their various rites and ceremonies and superstitions, and in time, I began to understand these 'heathen' people.

"Altho I had retained two of the older priests who had been at the mission for a long time, I knew I would soon be alone, for they were becoming quite aged, so I devoted all the time I could to rebuild what we had before the outbreak of the disease.

"When I had ministered in the homes as a physician, I had learned to know the children quite well, and so after I had mastered the language sufficiently, I began teaching them games; told them stories of my people and my America; told them many parables from the Bible as well as other stories from the Scriptures. As I always carried my Bible with me, the children began to call it the mystery book.

"It was always very hot in Bombay in summer, but one summer in particular the heat was extreme. One day a Buddhist priest who had been a guest of ours several times, asked me to go with him up into the hills where many went to escape the heat. I found there a delightful group of men—and women as well—and it was while there I learned the great truths of Siddhartha Gautama—the Buddha."

He paused—I was afraid he was becoming tired and that would be the end—but in a few moments he went on, "See over there?"—pointing to the East—"The Buddha was a noble prince, his father was king of all the land around Benares, and Siddhartha Gautama—the enlightened one—was born near here. No doubt he spent much of his childhood on these sacred grounds,

for his first teachings—the Wheel of Law—began close by. Perhaps you will visit the stupa that marks, as near as can be decided, the authentic spot where his first teachings took place."

I told him we had been there the day before, and he seemed pleased.

He continued: "The Buddha was not unlike Our Lord; he was compassionate, penitent, tender, and loving. He taught duty, altruism, and perfect self-control of the spirit—the absolute—dwelling within man's heart. One of his wise truths was:

"'A man falls back upon a personal god because his consciousness cannot stretch to the Absolute.'

"The Buddha had his disciples, the holy brotherhood—sixty in number—and among these there were twelve to whom he was devoted: Ananda, the beloved; Sariputta (the Paul); Upali (the Luke); Moyallana, Yasas, Rahula, Kassapa, Bhallika, Anuruddha, etc. During his lifetime, he did not have a Judas, but the Judases came after his death in the many forms of perverted Buddhist teachings that have followed thruout the years.

"The ten commandments which were imposed upon his sixty disciples that formed the Brotherhood, were:

"'Thou shalt not destroy life.

Thou shalt not take what is not given.

Thou shalt abstain from unchastity.

Thou shalt not lie nor deceive.

Thou shalt abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Thou shalt eat temperately and not after noon.

Thou shalt not behold dancing, singing, music, or plays.

Thou shalt not wear garlands, perfumes, ornaments and adornments.

Thou shalt not use big and luxurious beds.

Thou shalt not accept gold and silver.'

"For all Buddhist followers there was the Noble Eightfold Path: Right Comprehension, Right Resolution, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Living, Right Effort, Right Concentration of Thought, and Right Meditation.

"Buddhism is a doctrine or philosophy of faith, love, and truth. However, at the time the Buddha was born, superstition was running rampant thruout India. The former Vedantic teachings were smothered with rites and ceremonials, and as the people were in terror of their gods, they consoled themselves with sacrificial offerings and penance.

"In the Buddha's early childhood as he went among his father's people, teaching, many of them that he was the reincarnation of the Supreme God of the Universe. He recognized suffering, he recognized the cause for it, and he knew that the cause should be eliminated—so he pointed the way to accomplish this end.

"His attitude toward caste was that 'not by birth is one born highly or lowly, but by the deeds of a man's life is he judged."

At this time the old priest was interrupted by the visitors who had called, but they only stayed for a few minutes as part of their group were waiting at the car. Soon a servant brot us a cool lime-flavored drink, and something was said about the time of day.

Then the priest turned in his chair and said, "Time will not permit me to elaborate upon all the virtues of the truths of the Buddha, for there is much I would like to tell about the Brahmans and the Hindus, but before doing so, I want to say that during our holiday in the hills, I, too, had many opportunities to tell my Buddhist companion of our great teachings, but he had a much greater grasp on what I told him than I had on what he had told me. However, this trip we had together was the beginning of a long and close friendship that lasted until he went to join the Heavenly Host some years ago. I loved him like a brother."

Again he paused for several moments and I started to rise, thinking that that glorious visit was finished. I said something about leaving, but he said, "No, little lady, I will tell you a few things more," and he went on: "After our short holiday that summer, we went back to Bombay, for fortunately the rains had started and the air was cool and fragrant. I found much to do upon my return—three new brothers had joined us at the mission and our days were filled, so I did not have much time to devote to anything except my own duties; yet, withal, as time went by, my acquaintanceship with the Hindu priesthood increased, and I became well known among the Brahmans."

Here the old priest paused again, but shortly continued: "You perhaps wonder how I adapted my life to these various teachers of other religions and their followers. From them,

and from my previous studies, I knew that there is a difference between Hinduism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, yet even so, it is a most difficult thing to say what a Hindu is, for his religion is hardly a religion in our sense of the word, since it includes so many creeds. If one asks a Hindu whether he believes in God, he will tell you, 'Yes, one God but with many manifestations.' His worship of nature, rain, fire, and sun, is but one side of his creed.

"The Brahmans—the higher cult of the Hindus—are divided into several classes. The great mass of Brahmans pay veneration to the three parts of the mysterious trinity, tho many attach themselves to the one figure with the triple head, portraying Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer—one God who is creator of all things, preserver of all things, and destroyer of all things. Modern Hinduism is a degenerate form of Brahmanism and out of it has come the many deities that are found here, and this is what tourists find today.

"The goddess Kali, which I mentioned earlier when I told you about the epidemic, is a deity known as 'The Terrible'. She is represented as blood-thirsty, as a monster with grotesque face, whose red tongue reaches to her waist; often she is seen holding a bloody sword, demanding a sacrifice of a human life or damning souls to the non-existent state.

"When I began to understand the minds of these people, I recognized their reasonings in regard to their, so-called, worship of these deities, for these enormous pieces of grotesque or benign figures are to them just symbols. In their ignorant quest to reach Nirvana (their future world of happiness) they believe that by appearing or by supplicating a deity they will attain that which their heart desires.

"There are hundreds of gods symbolizing every known emotion of the human mind. For instance, during supplication, when they throw pats of butter or dung to Kali, it is just an expression of their desire to throw out from their own souls the evil that exists, their condemnation of evil thots, of wrong acts and deeds; to throw flowers or small coins to Kali, indicates that they are begging for mercy, and for Kali to be benign to them and their families, or to pour blessings forth and save them from

the devils that haunt them when they sin. These deities are means of a material concentration.

"You know, when one summarizes their whole attitude on life, they need an object for concentration. Look here"—and he took the crucifix in his hand—"this cross symbolizes Christianity, does it not? Well, we do not worship this object; it is the Christian emblem; it is a representation of Christ's death or the finishing of his mission of redemption; it is the chosen symbol of Christianity, of all Christendom. The icon in the Greek Catholic church is an example of the same thing.

"These people, here, have for centuries relied upon their deities for their answer to prayer, and our duty is to teach them further that only when the heart is pure can prayer be answered, and that help must come from a higher source than ourselves. In this teaching we have and are continuing to succeed in a miraculous way.

"As you visit our missions, you will find that the children have learned to play; that the mothers have learned cleanliness, sewing, and the care of their households; that all men and women and children have learned to read, and to deal openly with their fellowmen. In addition they have learned from the Scriptures the fallacy of relying on false standards for happiness. Their open countenances, I believe, portray this wholesome attitude toward life."

The old priest paused long, and again just as I started to rise from my chair, he said, "Have you any particular questions you would like to ask me?" I hesitated for a moment, for I did not know whether to mention something we had seen thruout all India, and had learned much about. But I ventured to say, "Yes, Father, there is one thing I would like to ask: all thru India, so far, and in other lands as well, we have seen much of the phallic symbols and tho we have made a study of phallicism, to some extent, here in Benares these symbols are particularly predominant—in fact, they seem obscene to us."

Without a moment of hesitation, he explained, "Phallic worship is as old as time; the lingam is a natural symbol to the Hindu. It is true that perversions of all signs of nature have existed and probably always will exist, but here in India among the better class, the lingam is a holy representation of the reproductive principle, creative nature, or the restoring power of

man and of the world; hence the phallus becomes one of the fundamental principles of life. This has been true since the beginning of the world. The phallus is not always made the symbol of worship, but it becomes obscene when portrayed thru improper channels, and the ignorant, here and elsewhere, have made it a thing of evil."

We discussed this subject further for a few moments, then the priest said, "We have many missions established thruout India, and when you go to Bombay, Madras, and Madura—I believe they were included in your itinerary—I hope you find time to visit them, for in many of them I have been a foundation stone—and I think there, too, you will find some linens and other things you might want to buy."

I was standing beside him and he took my hand. I did not know how to thank him—words seemed so futile. The laces and linens I had forgotten, and I told him that, for I said that I considered this visit one of the greatest privileges in my life; that every moment had been precious.

I looked into his dear, kindly face, and thot of all those long past years of his—a lifetime spent among these people—and I found myself saying to him something like this: "I cannot help but think of the many secrets you hold; how many scars you must have in your heart; how many disappointments and disillusions must have been yours; how many heads and hands that were sick and weary, you have held; how many wounded hearts you have healed; how many eyes you have dried; how much priceless knowledge you have gained during your lifetime: how you have condemned vice and sin, but were tolerant of those who erred: how you found beauty alongside of the sordidness of India; how your heart has been big enough to show compassion for all creeds; how you have made faith work; how you have taught them that love is holy and beautiful; and how you have left love and devotion and courage among all these benighted people. I feel you have walked the path that great souls have trodden when they obliterate self and light the flame of purest sacrifice on the hearth of God-best known in heaven aloneand I feel today I have talked with a saint."

I leaned over and kissed his forehead. He looked up at me and said, "Thank you, dear child; for me it has been a beautiful morning. God bless you."

F F0

I went down the steps of the veranda and to the car that was waiting for me. I had no idea of the time. I wanted to get back to the hotel and think about all he had said. When I reached the hotel, I did not see B.J. or Dave anywhere, but I did notice the manager, Miss Clark, sitting outside in the shade. She called and said, "Did you enjoy the mission; your son said you had gone there." I told her I had had a wonderful visit and that I talked with a dear old priest. Immediately, she asked, "Oh, did you meet Father Mackin?" When I told her I did not know his name, she said she was sure it was Father Mackin as he was the only priest there. Then when I told her I had spent all my time with him, she said, "Why, Mrs. Palmer, Father Mackin seldom sees visitors except to greet them; he is very old—you know he is known as the Saint of India."

I did not want to talk with her any longer at that time; I wanted to go to my room and think, and make some notes; I was afraid that, being among others, I would lose what he told me, and even at that I was not able, by any means, to write down all of the interview.

And it has always been a sincere regret that I have been unable to convey to others the beautiful tone of his voice, his expression, and the sincerity that went with his story to me.

(Note: The ten commandments and the items of the Eightfold Path, I did not get from Father Mackin at the time. He told me I could find them in some classics of Buddhism, which I found later in a book of the Life of Gautama, The Buddha. Also, some of the terminology Father Mackin used regarding his own faith, I probably did not grasp, but I trust the thot I have tried to convey, as he related it to me, will compensate for my lack of understanding.)







Fate Intervenes

NE evening we had a dinner guest in our home—Mr. Nixon, a newspaper man associated with one of the eastern dailies. He had traveled extensively and was interested in many of our collections which we had brot home from the far-flung places in the world.

While we were exchanging ideas—some of them mutual, for he, too, had traveled in the Orient—we began talking about some of our strange and eerie experiences. Then he started to tell of one of his unusual incidents. He said it occurred one time when he was in England where he had been on an assignment for some special event (I do not recall at this time what it was). He was leaving London for the U.S.A., and had made reservations on the *Titanic*—that luxurious liner making its maiden trip to New York, on April 10, 1912.

While at the hotel in London, he met several other people who were taking that trip. Among these was an English woman whom he had met quite casually, the night before. She was with a group at the desk, making some final arrangements preparatory to taking the train for Southampton the next day, to board the *Titanic*. He probably would never have remembered her, he said, if their names had not been pronounced the same—only hers was spelled differently—Nickson. The clerk

at the desk was confused with the names, as they were similar, so the short conversation he had with her was simply to clarify the two names.

Mr. Nixon said he had been invited to a farewell dinner the night before sailing, with some old friends who lived some miles out from London, on the way to Southampton—his sailing port. These friends occupied a magnificent old ancestral home—the same, massive, architectural type that can be seen in many parts of England—but to Mr. Nixon it was like a manor of old, with cold halls, high ceilings, etc.; indeed, he said that it had the appearance of a ghost house.

He had hesitated to accept their invitation the day before his departure, but as this had been the only time during his stay that he could find the time to go to see them, he told them he would come and spend the night, if they would promise to take him to the *Titanic* next day, in the required time for all the red tape that often accompanies the sailing of a vessel. They assured him this would be done.

Accordingly, early the next morning, he and his friends started for Southampton, allowing themselves plenty of time to reach the port, but unfortunately their car broke down just a few miles away from their home. They went to a near by village, but could not find the parts required, in any repair shop. Telephone calls were put in to the nearest city, and a repair firm promised to send the parts there as soon as possible. His friend had given this firm their urgent circumstances—that they had a guest who must make the *Titanic*, and definitely specified the time it was to sail.

In the meantime, while waiting for the repairs to come, they tried to find a car in the village that would take him to the boat, but none was available—for automobiles in those days were not as plentiful as today. Furthermore, there was no train service of any kind, for the last train had passed thru the village a few moments before they arrived there.

Mr. Nixon said he was frantic, for aside from the thrill of sailing on that wonderful new ship, it was imperative that he be home on a certain date. Time passed, and he telephoned the officials at the dock in Southampton and told them his predicament, but they, of course, could do nothing. He tried everything and every way to get to the ship.

The repairs finally came—but too late—so he had to give up the struggle and return to his host's home. Then he made the necessary arrangements to sail on a smaller liner, five days later, and at the same time cabled his newspaper the reason for the delay. As he had finished his work in London, his friends insisted that he stay with them those five days. He accepted, and spent a very pleasant and restful time—except for the last evening.

That last night before he left for Southampton to sail for home, he retired early, but it was hours before he could drop off to sleep. Then, he said, it seemed but a short time after he went to sleep until he was awakened, as if some one were in his room. He was startled at first and called to the person that he thot must be there. As there was no answer, he again dropped off to sleep.

A few moments later, he was awakened by the same sound. This time he was about to light the gas when he saw on the wall a bright, moving object—distinctly a woman's figure. Her body, except her head and arms, was submerged in deep, heavy waves of water; her arms waved wildly, and desperation was written all over her face. For some time he stood watching the phantom on the wall; then he looked about, to see if the reflection could be coming from the outside, or if a mirror on the wall might be producing this weird effect. But, seeing none, he lit the light and the apparition disappeared. He looked about the room, he looked out the window, then he stepped into the hall.

There was no sound of any kind, so he went back to his room and turned out the light. There was still nothing on the wall. He went to bed, wondering about it, and just could not sleep. Finally he heard a sound in the hall, and, being rather jittery, went to the door and looked out. There he found his host, who asked Mr. Nixon if he had been up, adding that he thot he heard a noise in the vicinity of his room. Mr. Nixon then told him what he had seen. His host looked startled for a moment, then asked him more about it. As well as he could, Mr. Nixon said, he went into every detail of the scene. After he finished, his friend told him it must have been a dream, and laughingly said, "Too much champagne."

Mr. Nixon said that again he went back to bed—but not to sleep—for the thing that startled him most of all was that the woman he had seen in the shadow on the wall was the face of the English woman—Mrs. Nickson—whom he had met at the hotel in London just before he left there. The whole thing had managed to upset him so that little sleep was had from then on.

As he was to leave early the next morning to meet the boat that was taking him from Southampton for the U.S.A., he did not see much of his host and his wife. He had, tho, related the whole story to them, but they, too, were at a loss to understand the peculiar circumstances.

Naturally, he was shocked when, shortly after noon, he heard of the dreadful catastrophe of the *Titanic* the very night before. Later, when the name of the English woman—Mrs. Nickson—was mentioned among those missing, his mind reverted to the night before when he recognized how vividly he had seen her in the image on the wall, floundering in the high waves.

The whole incident, he continued, had left an impression which has been with him for years, and tho he has often wondered why such an apparition should have appeared to him, he has ever been thankful to kind Providence that willed that he should be saved from that terrible tragedy of April 14, 1912.





The Honorable Mr. Chen

"Showing tenderness to strangers from far countries by welcoming them when they come, and giving them protection when they leave, commending what is good in them, being tolerant of their short-comings; that is how to show tenderness to strangers from afar."

The Eighth Cardinal Precept—Confucius.

HEN we decided, in 1921, to go to the Orient, we arranged to take a Japanese steamship, thinking it would give us more insight into the foreign environment. So we sailed from San Francisco on the T.K.K. line, on the Tenyo Maru.

As the crew and most of the passengers were orientals—less than a half-dozen of our own race were on board—our acquaintances were few.

Among those on board, we met a Chinese family—Mr. and Mrs. Chen and their young daughter—from Peking (Peiping), China. I presume we might have known them as just fellow-

passengers if their cabins and ours (B.J.'s, Dave's, and mine) had not had the same hallway.

Our doors were often ajar, and as the narrow hall made rather close quarters, we saw them often during our voyage. Thus began our acquaintance.

It is strange, sometimes, how certain events bring about affairs one can little understand at the time, yet I have found that such circumstances are for a purpose. The reason I mention this is that after we boarded the ship and saw so few of our own people on the passenger list, we almost regretted that we had booked passage for such a long trip, on that particular boat, for it was not a de luxe liner, by any means. But, once on a ship, one cannot ring the bell and change stations, so we set about making the best of it. However, our being on the *Tenyo Maru*, and our acquaintance with Mr. Chen and his family, not only brot to us later one of the highlights of our trip to China, but proved a blessing as well.

B.J. and Mr. Chen were the most congenial companions during the voyage. Mr. Chen had been to the United States and gave B.J. his reactions to all he had seen there, and at the same time, he derived much benefit from the information B.J. could give him, and gained an understanding of much he had not quite correlated in his own mind. Mrs. Chen did not speak English, except in brief sentences, yet her acquaintance gave me some one to be with, when I tired of reading. Since Dave and the daughter were the same age, they played games arranged on board—so the time passed quickly, to Honolulu.

Two passengers whose home was on the islands came on board here. I think they were glad to see us on the Japanese boat, and we welcomed them, too, and in time they joined us and the Chens, so that about completed our party to Yokohama.

Nothing particular transpired in the conversation between Mr. Chen and B.J. on board, that led up to what later followed in Peking, except that when we left the ship at Yokohama, he expressed regret at our leaving. He sincerely wished we were continuing to Shanghai, where he said they, too, would leave the ship for their home. Then he gave B.J. his card and told him to be sure to call him when we reached Peking.

It was several weeks before we arrived in China, and our schedule there was full, so it was later, while we were convalescing from the flu—which kept us all in the hotel for two weeks—that we thot about Mr. Chen. We had fully intended to call him before we left that city, but had expected it to be a most formal call, as one usually takes for granted with such friendships as are formed on board any ocean liner.

One afternoon, however, while Dave was in the dining room in the hotel where the *thé dansant* was held at four o'clock each day, he met Miss Chen—her Chinese name was Rose Petal—accompanied by her mother and a young Chinese man. Dave sent a boy up to our room to tell us they were there, so of course we went down to meet them.

On the boat, both Mrs. Chen and her daughter had worn American clothes, and Mr. Chen appeared as a well-groomed American business man; but when Mrs. Chen and her daughter came to the hotel that afternoon, they were dressed in their native costume—the only foreign article of apparel was Rose Petal's patent leather pumps—her tiny feet looked like she had on doll's shoes. She told me, later, that she had bought many pairs of them in America. Her mother's shoes were Chinese embroidered like those worn by the higher class of Chinese ladies. Both were gowned in richly embroidered silks, with the tunics fastened close up to the neck—Miss Chen had on blue satin and her mother, a rose shade. Over these lovely costumes were fur coats; Mrs. Chen's was sable, and the daughter's, Siberian squirrel. So, with handsome pieces of jade earrings, necklaces, bracelets, and rings, with diamond settings, they were very attractively attired.

Their appearance was still more accentuated by their glossy, raven hair, beautifully dressed. Miss Chen's was twined with a wreath of natural flowers, held in place by a jewelled pin, while Mrs. Chen's heavy braids formed a coronet which, to the Chinese, symbolizes "Crown of wifehood."

This contrast in their clothes was very perceptible, for the American clothes they wore on the boat made them appear quite drab, compared to their colorful things when we met them in Peking.

Miss Chen told Dave they were surprised that we had not called them, for they knew we were at the hotel, but felt reluctant about intruding on our time. However, later, a message came from Mr. Chen, inviting us to their home for dinner the

next day. We had recovered from the siege of flu, but that it a wise precaution to stay in the hotel for a few more days, as our next trip was to Nankow Pass, some distance away, and we knew it would not be as comfortable there as in the Grand Hotel de Pékin. Mr. Chen was most solicitous about our welfare, and insisted that we ask for the best the hotel offered, but we assured him we had been taken care of very well.

A Rolls Royce called for us the next evening, and as our two fellow passengers from Honolulu, on the *Tenyo Maru*, had just returned to the hotel from a trip in the interior, they, too, joined us for dinner at Mr. Chen's.

There was quite a to-do when the car arrived for us; servants were running about, saying, "The Honorable Mr. Chen is here." Our room boy rushed to our room and said, "The Honorable Mr. Chen is expecting you. His chauffeur is at the north door." Even the manager of the hotel met us at the door and remarked, "I trust you have a pleasant evening at the Honorable Mr. Chen's."

The car and the chauffeur were there, but not the Honorable Mr. Chen. However, there were four Chinese boys standing on the running board—two on each side—who assisted with the doors and constantly honked the two horns on the car, as we drove thru the streets, until we reached the gate of Mr. Chen's home.

All of the better homes, as well as some of the more humble ones in China, as a rule, face south and are enclosed by a high brick, stone, or adobe wall, which forms the compound. We arrived at Number Street; the car stopped and a huge bronze gate was opened by a servant who led us up several colored-tile steps to a door that was opened by another servant. There Mr. and Mrs. Chen and their daughter greeted us, most graciously. The three of them were dressed in colorful, lovely native costumes.

The room we entered—the drawing room—was not particularly large, but was most attractive. Many pieces of art filled the room; gorgeous Chinese rugs, laid one over the other, covered the floor—this gave one the sensation of walking on thick velvet pads. There were many large cloisonné lamp standards on the floor, whose shades were embroidered in designs of soft, subdued tones. We could not help but notice the beautiful panels hung on

the walls, and a certain elegance thruout the room. In the center, on an exquisite carved table of cherry-wood, there was an immense, handsome, porcelain bowl of lotus flowers, each about the size of a dinner plate.

Central heating, we found, made the room quite comfortable, for aside from the hotels in China, braziers or stoves are used to heat the homes and shops. Since it was late November, and since that part of China is much colder at that time of year than at home, this comfort was fully appreciated.

Servants brot us specially concocted cocktails and various kinds of wine. Then came the ceremonial tea. As we had learned that ceremonial tea is the first step of friendship everywhere in China, it became quite natural for us to always partake of it—in fact, it was most discourteous to refuse. In passing, let me say that this tea is served in a small round cup without handles, and one drinks, or rather sips it, holding the cup with both hands. The color of the tea is deep green, it has a pungent odor, and tastes like brass pennies—and, incidentally, is quite a bracer.

After the tea was served, Mr. Chen announced dinner and suggested that we wear our coats over our shoulders. He had no sooner said this than a servant appeared with our wraps; in the meantime, another servant had brot the Chen family elaborate fur-lined capes; then they led the way to a side door and we stepped into an open courtyard. We crossed over brightly-colored tile flagstones, entered another doorway, opposite to where we had been before, and went inside. This was the dining room.

All the official buildings and pretentious residences in China are made up of a number of smaller buildings or suites of rooms around a series of courtyards, connected by passages. These clusters of buildings in the enclosure, known as the compound, house the owner and his relatives—for a wealthy Chinese provides not only for his own people, but those of his wife as well. Some of these relatives serve in the capacity of servants or secretaries, but the elderly ones are always guests.

As we entered the dining room, I noticed that it was much different from the drawing room, yet, like that room, it was quite individual, and everything in it showed exquisite taste.

I had little time to see the detail of the dining room, for we were seated at once; however, I did note that a soft rose coloring

predominated. The table was circular in form, its huge legs had deep carvings, and its top was covered with beautiful Chinese linen. The high-backed chairs, made of cherry-wood, were carved with intricate designs, of birds, flowers, and trees, the seats of the chairs were covered with a tapestry, thickly padded, soft as down, and were most comfortable.

The table decorations were simple. In the center was a large oblong, cloisonné bowl, which had tiny tendrils of vines hanging from the sides. This bowl was filled with unusual fruit, arranged in pyramidal form, such as the pomelo (not unlike our grapefruit), persimmons as large as tomatoes, mangoes, papayas, small apples that resemble our apricots, and cherries. It made a most attractive centerpiece.

The table service was of distinctive Chinese porcelain, which resembled Spode; its striking Chinese design being red and blue, richly gilded with elaborate brilliant pagodas and gardens. The handles of the silver knives and forks were jade, of both the green and the white variety, and the spoons had coral handles.

Our first course—birds' nests—appeared soon after we were seated. This is a most palatable dish, but so misunderstood that perhaps I should say something about it. These fine nests, about the size of a teacup, found in deep, damp caves—particularly in sea-cliffs—have the appearance of a swallow's nest. They are made by the native birds, the swifts or swiftlets, and are considered an article of luxury and a delicacy among the wealthy Chinese and the Dutch residents of Borneo and Malaya—it is said the finest nests bring as much as twelve or fifteen dollars a pound.

It is quite a hazardous task to procure these nests. Some of the caverns in which they are found are almost inaccessible, as the caves or grottoes are concealed far within, and under the water's edge. Often ladders of bamboo and rattan must be used to reach them, for the birds usually build their nests under precipitous cliffs. All this, added to the roaring, turbulent surf beneath, as it finds its way into the chasms of the rocks, makes it a precarious procedure for those gathering this luxury. Since it is dark within, a torchlight must be used, as a misstep on the part of the man gathering the nests would plunge him into the depths below. As a rule, boys are trained from their youth for this trade.

These nests, white in color, are composed of seaweed, a special gelatinous substance found in the marine depths, that looks like patches of moss, and contains iodin, and said to be a valuable tonic. I had heard it said that a mucilaginous substance, a secretion from special glands of the birds, held the weed together, but Mr. Chen said he did not think this true, tho there is a diversified opinion on that subject.

Each nest—served in a small bowl—was pure white, and looked very much like a circle of small noodles; its center was filled with a broth, resembling chicken broth, that contained tiny pieces of meat and several balls—about the size of a thimble—of cooked dough, which had the taste of a sweet biscuit.

The Chen family apparently enjoyed all of the nest; we had the broth and its contents, for the it was very delicious, none of us cared particularly for the nest itself, as it was extremely salty.

Mr. Chen gave us a detailed account of how they prepared this dish. First the nests are washed in several waters, then placed in a large kettle of water to which baking soda has been added. This takes out some of the salt; then they are boiled several minutes, drained, and put on to boil for another fifteen or twenty minutes. After this, they are washed several times in cold water and set in the sun to dry. Just before serving, they are placed in boiling water—tho only a few seconds—thus they retain their shape, and form a perfect container for the soup.

While one servant was removing the dishes for this course, another brot us a steaming hot towel for our hands—we found that after each course we had to go thru this ceremony.

The second course was an assortment of small fish and some sea food, arranged on a large plate, with numerous raw vegetables cut up in fine strips on the side. As we had been advised many times that most of the fish served is raw—often quite wormy—and that it was not wise to indulge in raw (only cooked) vegetables, we merely nibbled the vegetables, and explained that we had not learned to eat their kind of fish. Mr. Chen assured us it was a delicacy, but could quite understand how we felt about it, for he said he had not cared for the various clams and other sea foods that were served in the United States.

Then came the third course. This consisted of goose, served with tiny tomatoes about the size of a crab-apple, and a large red pepper—hot as cayenne—filled with brown rice and nuts.

We had our second kind of tea with this course—cinnamon tea.

More hot towels, and then the fourth course. This was white meat that resembled the white part of turkey, but we learned it was pork (as their pigs are fed nuts and bamboo sprouts, the meat has an unusual but savory flavor). Cooked celery with soy bean sauce, and sweet potatoes were also served at this time—and jasmine tea.

The fifth course was pheasant, with Brussels sprouts and wild carrots—and rose flavored tea.

The food was delicious, and we felt sure that with the serving of the pheasant, the dinner was over. But no—after the customary hot towel ceremony, we were served a bowl of some concoction that looked like chop suey. The ingredients of this dish consisted of finely-shredded cabbage and celery, small pieces of chicken, and mushrooms, with an egg omelet in the center. When this dish was served, we laughed and said, "Oh, American chopsuey!" Mr. Chen replied, "No, not chop-suey—and, by the way, chop-suey did not originate in China as is popularly believed." He continued, "Perhaps you will not care for this dish; its sauce is highly seasoned, but it is supposed to help digestion." The serving was small and the family did not eat much of it, but it was so delicious that we were sorry it had come at the end of the dinner. Strong black tea was served with this course.

Thruout the meal, a plate of various kinds of spices and condiments was passed; we always tried them, but found most of them bitter and salty.

Needless to say, by the time we reached this point we were filled to the uttermost—and beyond that. We had tried to take a little of everything, but as we all thot surely the goose or the pork was the main item of the meal, after those courses it was difficult for us to do more than merely toy with our food—a circumstance which the Chen family apparently paid no attention to, for they partook generously of everything.

More hot towels, then the table was cleared and after about fifteen minutes' interval, sweet cakes, candied ginger, and nuts—the lichee (a sweet nut), small peanuts, and almonds—were served.

Mr. Chen rose from the table—it was very evident from the time we entered his household that he was the master there—and immediately servants brot us our wraps; then we went out

into the tiled courtyard again, and across to a doorway of another room which they called the coffee and afternoon tea room. Here we found everything done in beautiful Chinese blue! An enormous and gorgeous blue rug covered the floor; handsomely embroidered screens were placed about the room; several cloisonné vases and lamp standards were on the floor; and lovely tapestry which depicted historical Chinese scenes covered the walls.

The chairs were large and roomy—B.J. measured them—the seat of each chair was thirty-six inches wide and thirty-four inches deep. The backs were three feet high, and each arm-rest was eighteen inches in width. Large blue silk pillows were tucked in their corners, and each was provided with a footstool. Indeed, we felt the need of such comfort after that repast! Soon we were served with black coffee—and liqueurs.

We stayed until about midnight, then Mr. Chen's chauffeur took us back to the hotel where we reviewed the whole evening. Later, I wrote my notes and retired, but spent a most uncomfortable night, I assure you!

The next day we left for Nankow Pass to the Great Wall, and a visit to the Ming Tombs. After a stay of several days, we returned to Peking, and there saw the Chen family on several occasions.

We were surprised, the morning we left the city, to find one of their servants waiting for us at the door of our train compartment, saying that his master and family would arrive later.

I might say here that making reservations on a train in the Orient is almost a farce. An attendant from the hotel usually takes care of this; he goes to the station, places the names on a card in a frame on the door of the compartment, and waits there. This was necessary if we wished to be assured that that compartment would be held for us—tho it required an extra fee, of course—for if we were not there at the time a new passenger arrived, and no one else was on guard, this newcomer just naturally removed our names and placed his name on the door instead. So the safest thing was to pay an attendant to hold our space for us.

That morning when we arrived, as mentioned earlier, we were both surprised and pleased to find Mr. Chen's servant at our door. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Chen and their daughter came into the

compartment, bringing flowers, boxes of candied ginger, cigarettes, and cigars for our party.

When we were on our way, the conductor—a very intelligent Chinese—came into our compartment and told us he had been given orders by "The Honorable Mr. Chen" to have a boy (all male servants are called boys) at our door thruout the whole trip, so as to attend to any of our wants on our journey. Naturally, we began questioning him about our gracious host. He informed us that Mr. Chen owned the railroad, the Hotel de Pékin, and also many of the larger stores in Peking, and we soon learned he was a man of both affluence and influence in all northern China.

The conductor then leaned over to B.J. and said, "The Honorable Mr. Chen is a brother of yours—he belongs to the Consistory order, a thirty-third degree Mason—very exclusive over here in China. Did you know that?" B.J. said, "Yes, I suspected it shortly after we met on the boat."

All thru the trip to Shanghai, we were treated royally and it gave us a welcome sense of security, for it was at that time that many bandits were holding up trains and robbing the passengers. We had read, in the newspapers, a few days before leaving Peking, that Miss Abby Rockefeller and her party from New York had been taken from the train and carried to the hills near by. All feared she might be held for ransom, but they were released after the bandits found little of value among them.

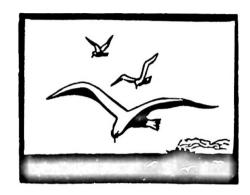
We were advised, when going thru a certain area of about fifty miles, to keep our window shades down and not to become frightened if we should hear a shot on the sides of the coach. At two different times there was a shot, as if against the car; some of it was deflected and hit our windows, but the boy at the door said it was from long range—a daily occurrence, done to frighten the crew.

We have ever felt grateful to Mr. Chen, not only for his gracious hospitality in Peking, and his generous aid in putting us in touch with dealers in rugs, jade, bric-a-brac, silks, and other merchandise, and the privilege of meeting him and his family who were people of high standing in China, but also for—last but not least—the careful protection he provided during our journey to Shanghai. He promised to visit us, should they ever come again to the States, and we have long hoped he would. so

that we might return the many courtesies that were shown us while in his country.

We often wonder, since the outbreak of the war between Japan and China, how he has fared, for the conductor also told us that "The Honorable Mr. Chen is a member of the Chinese Cabinet—and a brother-in-law of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen."





Wings

N PARIS, in 1925, we decided—rather, B. J. and Dave decided—that we would fly to London, and the I was not as keen as they about it, I knew very well that if they flew, I would, too.

When B. J. went to the office to make reservations and procure our tickets, and they asked him if he were sure he wanted to fly, he said, most emphatically, that he did; then when they asked if the Madame had ever been up in an airplane, and if she knew what it was like, B. J. answered, "Oh, yes, she has been up many times." One would have that I was an Amelia Earhart—but the truth of the matter was this: I had been up once, at home, in Davenport, in 1918, in one of those little mosquito, trap-like affairs; when we were strapped to the seat and wore heavy goggles and one of those hideous caps to keep the wind from blowing our heads off. Oh, yes indeed, I had been up in an airplane and received a pin with wings on it, to show I belonged to the Aviation Club of Iowa!

Well, the nearer the time came for us to leave for London by plane—we called them air ships in those days—the less anxious I became to fly. One day, Dave, being the head of the DeMolays here at home, went to see Jock DeMolay's tomb, so the decision as to whether we would fly or not was given to him, for he was

to stop at the airdrome on the way, and let us know what he thot about it.

When he returned, he was in ecstacy; he had seen two of the planes come down at the airport at Le Bourget field. He told me how comfortable the planes were, describing every detail, for he had made an inspection of one of them; how nonchalantly the people stepped out of the plane. But all that did not increase my ardor one whit.

The night before we were to leave, I told my family—hoping to influence them—that I had not slept for the past seven nights, thinking about that trip, and that I thot we had better change our minds and go by train and boat. They tried to tell me, in return, that the English Channel was always rough and that everybody became severely seasick; that the time required was hours in comparison to the plane trip, and several other reasons why we should go by air—all of this as a means to inveigle me to join with them in their enthusiasm for flying.

At last they said, in no uncertain terms—and in a most jubilant manner—"Well, you go by train and boat, and we will fly—that's the thing to do," and with a finality of tone that they assumed settled it nicely. I that about this for a few moments, and then I said, "I should say I will not; do you suppose I am going to worry my head off about you two in the air, and keep my neck strained all the time to find you? No. If you two go, I am going along, so if anything happens we will all go down together."

I spent a wretched night—just could not sleep—and the next morning could scarcely eat a bite of breakfast. I just knew something awful would happen! To make matters worse, our dear old friend, Major Hardy, who lived in Paris then, came to the hotel and said, "B. J., I have worried so much about the three of you flying to London, I just must try to persuade you to change your plans. Do go by train and boat. Nothing must happen to you and your family—just think, all gone at once!" Well, he did not know B. J. as I did, for I knew that such advice would make him more than ever determined to fly, no matter what might be the consequences.

So, very soon, we all got into a taxi and went to the flying field; but I did not become excited about seeing the two planes there. knowing that one was ours. Dave said he hoped we had

reservations on the French plane, for there were such lovely big windows in the front which would give us a wonderful view of everything on our way.

We went into the airdrome restaurant and waiting room, while they fastened the planes to the ground, for the wind was blowing a gale and it looked like they might be blown away. Of course I watched the whole procedure with trembling knees, but I thot: well, I am here now and I'll have to make the best of it.

And when one of the men came into the waiting room and told us all that the plane could not start on schedule, that there was a storm over the channel, and that it might be an hour or even later starting, I still had high hopes that B. J. and Dave would change their minds, after all. But, oh no, they settled themselves in the waiting room while Major Hardy and I walked around and talked about how we might persuade them to go the other—as we thot—the safer way.

As lunch was being served in the restaurant, Dave and B. J. thot it a good idea to have something to eat before we started. They ate—I didn't. In the meantime, the wind was blowing harder than ever, so I still had hopes.

About an hour and a half later, the attendant at the airdrome said we would now start, as the storm was veering to the east and all was well. We had reservations on the French plane, but to add insult to injury, at the airport a woman said to me, "Are you taking the English or the French plane?" I told her, and she replied, "Oh, what a pity! A friend of mine took the French plane last week and it went down on the south coast of England—those French planes are not safe." Just the same, I soon found myself marching, like the others, to the French plane.

We boarded it, and when seated in stiff, little, narrow, uncomfortable chairs, some one gave me a wad of cotton and told me to stuff it in my ears; then some one else gave me something that was rather bulky, which I paid little attention to, but put part of it in my lap; also a man handed me a booklet and said, "In that book you can see everything you pass over—several of the battlefields which will be interesting—it is all a beautiful trip."

I thanked him—with a wan smile—and tried to look like all of the others around me—as if I were at home, sitting in a

de luxe parlor car seat, on the New York Century.

I carried my small traveling case which had become known thruout our travel, as my "trick bag", for it contained everything under the sun; first aid for this, something for that, toilet articles, nicknacks, and a panacea for everything; as I had recalled that some one had told me to put in ammonia and camphor for plane travel—in they went, too. I had placed them, I thot, on one side of the bag, to be handy, and when I got into the plane I put the bag close by me on the floor.

There were several passengers on board, but, besides the pilot, I particularly remembered just two others—a woman in front of me with a big dog, and a young man in front of Dave who read newspapers and magazines all the way over.

As the wind was still blowing hard, we had to hang on to our hats when we boarded the plane, but some one said we would get above the wind several thousand feet up. Finally we started, taxied around the field, and then—up we went. I thot: "How grand this is—so smooth!" We rose about five thousand feet and found ourselves in a blinding snow-storm; the windows were covered with snow and it was getting cold. We rose higher and still could see nothing out of the window but clouds and sleet.

Then, without warning, we went bang—down about a thousand feet at one jump. There we found rain, and it was lightning and thundering like fury, spattering the windows and obscuring all view. By this time I was feeling squeamish, and I looked across at Dave and he said, "I feel terrible." Again we leaped into the air several hundred feet, and I became so cold that I wrapped the thing which was on my lap around my feet. By this time I was sick.

The woman in front of me, from time to time kept taking something out of a bottle—I looked one time and saw that it was whiskey. Meanwhile, the dog with her grew sick, too—that did not help my feelings any, I assure you. I reached down to get into my "trick bag" for something—I did not care what—but all I could find, just from fumbling around, was a bottle of skin lotion.

I gave up trying to find the ammonia and camphor, for just then the woman in front of me turned and said in a loud voice—for the noise of the plane was deafening—"Here, take this," handing me the bottle of whiskey, "it will make you either better or worse." Well, I took a good gulp of it and handed the bottle to Dave—but he was too sick then to care.

In just a second or two, I straightened up and thot: My, how good I feel; I wish I had had that before! I looked out of the window and could see some land below, then I turned around and smiled at B. J. who was sitting back of me, and saw that he was as white as a sheet—all he did was give me a weakly grin. However, my good feeling did not last long, for soon the whole thing backed up on me and I grabbed the cuspidor beside me. I recalled, later, that the majority of the passengers were also making good use of this handy receptacle beside them.

It seemed that we would never arrive in London, but about the time when I felt as if all sense of anxiety had gone, the woman in front of me said, "This is the best of all—we are landing." Somehow, I did not care to look.

The plane bumped around several times on the ground, and I was afraid the pilot might take a notion to go back up again, but we finally came to a standstill. We stood up, staggered, and went out the little door. The sun was shining beautifully, and the soft earth and green sod felt wonderful. I knew then it was Croydon Field in London, and was I glad!

I saw an old wagon with its tongue down on the ground, a short distance from the plane, so I went over and lay down beside it. Dave followed me, but I did not know what became of B. J.—somehow he disappeared after we got out of the plane.

While I was lying there, a man in uniform came up to me and said, "Lady, get up and have your passports taken care of, and your baggage examined." I looked up at him and said, "Go away—I am on solid ground and I am going to stay right here." But soon Dave said that I must leave, so we went to the bus waiting for us, and there we found B. J.—having taken care of everything, with his usual efficiency—seated comfortably.

As we entered the bus, I saw two ambulances waiting. I asked why they were there, and the driver of the bus said, "The plane was two and a half hours late, and as there was no word from it and as they had heard that there was a bad storm over the channel, everybody thot something must have happened."



On the bus going into London, we sat beside the young fellow who had been in front of Dave on the plane. He inquired how I was, and we talked about the trip. I said, "Well, the elements gave us everything they could provide, to make it a wild ride: snow, rain, sleet, thunder, lightning, and wind"—then Dave asked him if he were never air-sick. "Oh, no," he said, "I am the reserve pilot."

I then told him that I wished I had my steamer rug out of our baggage, for I was so cold that I had wrapped what they gave me, as we boarded the plane, around my feet, but it did not do much good. He laughed as he answered, "Why, that was a life preserver and part of your parachute." I told him I guessed it did not make any difference to me, that I wouldn't have known what to do with the blooming things anyhow, if necessity had demanded I use them.

I had noticed that I could not hear very well, but that it was on account of the altitude and the sudden changes. Soon, however, Dave looked at me, laughed, and said, "Mother, for goodness sake, take those wads of cotton out of your ears—they look like ear-muffs."

I never did see the booklet that was handed me to view the scenery—I didn't care about it anyway—all I wanted was to see the good old earth again and plant my feet, firmly, on terra firma forever after.

We reached the hotel in London. I was still wobbly and sick, but went immediately to our rooms, had a hot bath, and went to bed—I don't think I moved a muscle for twenty-four hours.

Well, some may say they love to "fly thru the air with the greatest of ease," but to this day I don't know whether that experience was a thrill or a nightmare. However, I am inclined to place it on the nightmare side—wouldn't you?



The Pyramid, the Sphinx, the Desert

NE evening, at The Shepheards Hotel in Cairo, Egypt, while we were discussing what our plans would be for the next day, first B.J. would suggest one thing, and then Dave another. Finally I said, "I'll tell you what let's do tomorrow—let's each do the thing he would like to do alone."

B.J. agreed immediately, with, "Well, I know what I'll do. I am going to climb to the top of the Cheops Pyramid—the largest at Giza (Ghizeh). All my life—that is, since I saw that picture in my geography at school, and have later read of its immense size—I have wanted to climb to the very top."

Dave laughed and added, "Dad would want to tackle the biggest thing here in Egypt, and he won't be satisfied until he does it—of that I am sure. Furthermore, I'll wager that if he can, by any means, manage to pry loose one of the big stones and take it back home, he will do that, too."

"Well," I said, "you can have the Pyramid, for on our trip there the other day, when we went up a few of its steps, I had enough of being lugged by the right arm by our dragoman, and then by the left arm by the other dragoman, trying to climb those awful steps—four feet high—made me feel as tho I would be torn apart. Yes, you can have the climb to the top, but remember what that American said yesterday after he came down—that a man was a fool if he never made the trip to the top, and he was a greater fool if he ever tried it again."

Then Dave continued, "I know what I want to do, too. I have always wanted to ride a purebred, Arabian horse, wear

an Arabian garb—burnoose and all—and go out on the desert and race my horse like mad. I want to go away out on the desert where the wind blows furiously and where the sands form hills and constantly drift until they look like waves of the ocean—and then, to top it off, find a tent with wide open flaps, and luxurious oriental rugs inside, and with everything quiet—like the stories I've read, and like the scenes in the movies."

"Well," I said, "don't think I haven't an idea—I am going to spend my afternoon trying to answer the riddle of all ages—the secret of the Sphinx."

So, by the next day we had made all necessary arrangements for each, individually, to do what he had planned.

Our dragoman—the guide—had a brother, who was the Sheik of a small village on the edge of the desert. This Sheik owned some very fine Arabian horses which he told Dave he would be pleased to have him ride, and that he would have his brother accompany him. Also, the Sheik added that he was arranging for a party that evening in his camp out on the desert, and that he would like the three of us to be his guests. Well, that took care of Dave in a perfect way, even to the tent on the desert at the end of his ride.

Shortly after lunch, we all started for the edge of the desert. B.J. went to the Pyramid, I went to the Sphinx, and Dave went to the Sheik's house for his Arabian garb and horse.

On the way to the Sphinx—about a quarter of a mile from the Pyramid—I looked toward the Pyramid and there I saw B.J. starting his long climb to the top; already he looked like a pigmy against the huge stone blocks, and I soon lost my view of him. Before I reached the Sphinx—for walking in the deep sands was rather slow going—I noticed Dave and the Sheik's brother enter the edge of the Libyan Desert, and in a few moments they and their fleet steeds, too, were out of sight.

Then I that to myself, now isn't this sort of a wild idea after all? How do I know that that fellow—the Sheik's brother—is not a rascal, and there's no telling where he might lead Dave. And suppose that, in that long hard climb to the top of the Pyramid, B.J. might trip and have a serious injury—for we had heard of several accidents there a few days before we arrived in Cairo. As for myself, the heat was very intense, and even

now the wind from the desert was blowing a regular gale. Some one at the hotel had told me that when the monsoon was on—and one was just beginning—the sands blow in such a way that it can both tear and parch the skin severely. And they added, at such times it is dangerous to be caught very far away from shelter.

Nevertheless, I settled myself and kept on toward the Sphinx, wading thru the sands and battling the wind. Anyway, I thot, we are all doing what we want to do, and if anything happens, at least we have had our last request! Just the same, deep down inside, how I wished we three were back in the hotel in Cairo.

The Great Pyramid of Giza is built near the edge of the Libyan Desert—a part of the Great Sahara. So that you might have an idea of the size of this Pyramid—B.J.'s goal that day —I will mention briefly its proportions. The Cheops or Khufu Pyramid of Giza (or Jeezah), is 768 feet in length on each side at its base, and 460 feet in height; covers 13 acres, and is composed of 2,300,000 blocks—each weighing approximately two and a half tons. Surely a tremendous monument!

These blocks are, at the present day, a yellowish hard limestone, which according to early historians, was originally pure white polished masonry—a casing-stone material brot from the quarries of the Mokattam Hills on the east side of the River Nile.

The four sides of this monument are so placed as to face exactly east, west, north, and south. Steps, which number 211, make it possible to ascend the structure; the lower ones are a little over 4 feet high, but they become less steep as one approaches the summit. However, one finds the trip to the top very fatiguing. Some agile tourists, in making the descent, can jump from block to block, but they surely have to keep their eyes glued on the blocks, and watch their feet carefully.

At the summit of this most ancient, yet most mighty monument ever raised by man, there is a level space thirty-six feet square, from which one has a magnificent view of the Libyan and Arabian Deserts—lying silently beyond.

There is only one entrance to the interior of the Pyramid, and this is gained thru a narrow, inclined passageway of twentyfour feet, and it is perhaps as fatiguing as going to the top, for this passage is only three feet wide and four feet high, and this —with the stifling air, the dust, and the scrambling over heaps of stones and other debris—makes a rather disagreeable trip.

The dragomans (guides) carry small candles—partly covered with a cloth—which, to suit their convenience, are constantly being blown out; or they carry a magnesium wire that may be substituted for the candle or matches. But as these Bedouins are continually begging for bakshish (a tip), it is a constant annoyance to be confronted in the darkness, with the light being suddenly extinguished, and a voice near by saying, "Bakshish for new light."

As one enters the inside, there is a tunnel that leads to a slope of 320 feet, to the original sepulchral chamber, commonly known as the subterranean apartment. Here can be seen the outline of a well—said to be 190 feet deep.

Climbing back from here to the entrance passage, one meets several other passages which branch off leading to various chambers—an ascent of 140 feet. If inclined, one can go still farther, thru more narrow paths, to a height of 340 feet, but few care to go beyond the main chambers which contain the Great Gallery and the King's and the Queen's chambers. The inside finishing stones of these chambers are numerous, the principal of which are red, black, and gray granite—highly polished—black marble and Thebic marble, porphyry, and limestone. The granite is supposed to have been brot from the quarries of Syene—550 miles up the River Nile.

The Great Gallery is 155 feet long, 28 feet high, and 7 feet wide. Horizontal passages lead out from here to the King's and the Queen's chambers. There is little of interest in these, except the roofs which are smooth, even, and formed of blocks of granite—beautifully fitted together—so perfect that the edge of a penknife could not be inserted between them.

The only contents worth noting, in these chambers, is the red granite sarcophagus in the King's chamber. It has no lid and is totally devoid of hieroglyphics or any ornamental carving.

According to history, the first visitor to make a record of this structure was Herodotus, the Greek historian, 2300 years ago. It is still a matter of conjecture on the part of historians as to the exact date of the building of this monument, or its builder. However, Herodotus claims that Cheops—a despot of the IV Dynasty, about 2900 B.C., whom the Egyptians called

Khufu—built this gigantic wonder. He is said to have employed over 100,000 men, who worked constantly for 20 years to complete the Pyramid itself; and it took the same number of men, ten years before that, to make a causeway 3,000 feet long, to transport the marble and other materials from the quarries over 500 miles away.

Other authorities differ as to the builder. They say that, tho the Pyramid may have been started during Khufu's reign, he was by no means the architect; in fact, they infer that Khufu had little to do with its construction.

Piazzi Smyth, the Egyptologist, fixes the date of building as about 2170 B.C. Some Egyptologists claim that the Great Pyramid was erected before the invention of hieroglyphics, and previous to the birth of the different Egyptian religions. Others go so far as to say that the Pyramid was built by Saurid ibn Salnuk (Surid ibn Salhouk)—a King of Egypt who lived before the flood.

However, this is such a debatable subject, I shall not attempt a further discussion; but what does strike one forcibly is that it must have been built with much care, for its stone blocks still maintain their original position, and the whole structure is apparently unimpaired.

The builders placed no names, numbers, or hieroglyphics upon their work, but astronomy, mathematics, and geometry, as well as the symbolic meaning of each design on every stone, both inside and out, were known to their intelligent followers.

Well, there was B.J. on his way to the summit, and tho I had field glasses, I could not make out his figure at all; but I knew he would not stop until he reached the top, and that when he came back he would have all kinds of notes, data, and ideas about this ancient Pyramid.

Dave was probably on his prancing steed headed for—I did not have the slightest idea where—some place on the Libyan Desert, that great trackless waste of sand, which is included in the Sahara. And I was on my way to the Sphinx.

Let me picture for you, if I can, the great Sphinx. Imagine a perfectly sculptured image of a lion's body—recumbent—172 feet long and 68 feet high, with the strong grip of its paws extending 50 feet from its shoulders; the body made of solid sandstone, with a proportionately sized human head—some say

it is that of a man, a regal or kingly head, others say it is a woman's.

I gazed long at this mystical figure which has been the subject of superstition for ages. It symbolizes and typifies enigmatic wisdom—of that there is no doubt—for the longer one studies it, the more confused one becomes. I that of the many stories I had heard about it—that it was built to frighten away the evil spirits from the near by tombs; I that of the great sacrifices that had taken place before it, ages ago, and then I imagined the pageantry of the great potentates of Egypt, and the Romans and Greeks that passed by it.

I thot of how it had been ravaged by the barbarous Mamelukes in the thirteenth century; I recalled the many esoteric teachings that have been written about it from time to time, and I remembered the Legend of Oedipus who guessed the great riddle of the Sphinx—considered the greatest riddle in life—that his life might be saved. The riddle: What creature walks in the morning upon four feet, at noon upon two feet, and in the evening upon three feet? The answer: Man—as a baby on his hands and knees, later on two feet, and in old age with a staff.

The expression on the face of the Sphinx is baffling. It can be given any kind of expression—strong, majestic, mysterious—but to me, as I walked around and gazed at the ancient figure from all sides, watched it in the changing shadows, and again with the sun setting in the low west, and still later, when I had an opportunity, at moonlight—a time when it leaves an ineffaceable impression—my one thot was that the face expresses endless time. It is looking into eternity; and those who built it—its origin is lost in obscurity—had a motive for giving this mysterious figure its bewildering facial expression; perhaps one might be that all who follow may try to fathom the reason for life and its ultimate end.

The Sphinx seems to express this thot of the poet Ovid:

"Be ready to face that last dim misted trail
When eager eyes and pliant muscles fail;
Thinking of Death as just another place to go
Another road to walk—another land to know."

As I knew I had the long trek back to the road where I was to meet B.J. and Dave at an appointed time, I left this enigma on the desert and started back. I hoped they would be there waiting for me, and that I would not have to wait for them, for the sun was almost beyond the horizon and I wanted to see them when I arrived. When I did see them, I wanted to run fast, but the deep sands made my going slow. Finally I reached the place where they were and we then began our usual family chatter, each relating in his turn what had been his experience.

Dave said he never knew there was so much outdoors in his life—that as soon as he left the Pyramid behind, which took an hour or so, the desert became like a vast sea, and for miles and miles the sands seemed to be creeping and crawling toward him, just as a great, velvet, undulating carpet might move in a wind; that his horse was marvelous, and that he enjoyed the wind blowing his Arabian garment. He said he felt like pictures he had seen in galleries and on the motion picture screen, and as if he had been living a wild west story in the far East, whose racing ships on the desert followed the mounted warriors as they sped over the shifting sands—all in all, it was a wonderful experience.

B.J. said that he was all tuckered out by the time he reached the top of the Great Pyramid (and, as we suspected, he had a pocket full of notes), but that it was worth it, for the view from there was beyond description; and if it had not been for the long trip down, which he knew was before him, he said he could have stayed for hours. He added that, tho he used his binoculars for the great panorama before him, he couldn't help most of the time looking for Dave, out on the desert.

We waited at the roadside for a short time, for that evening we were to be the guests of the Sheik at his camp on the desert, and soon the men with their camels came for us and we started out—to live for a while a dream of a lifetime, a magical moonlight night on the desert, a Sheik's tent—not one but several "Little Egypts"—the dancers. However, that is a story I will tell you in "A Desert Night".





The Filigree Necklace

E were on the Pacific Ocean, returning from Hong Kong, and at the Purser's table we met Mr. Pearson, from New York. As there were just the five of us at the table during the trip, we became quite well acquainted.

One day he said to the Purser, "I would like to show these folks that necklace of mine before we land. I know they would like to see it. Is this afternoon convenient for you?" The Purser said he that it could be arranged.

Later that afternoon, Mr. Pearson invited us to his cabin. Shortly after we arrived, the Purser came in, carrying a small package which he immediately gave to Mr. Pearson, who began untying the string—talking as he did so.

"I picked this up in Manila, Philippine Islands," he said. "The fellow who sold it to me was a sort of junk shop dealer, or pawnbroker—or both, I imagine. He told me he had purchased it from a Frenchman who was passing thru from India, and tho, eventually, he was bound for the U.S.A., he found it quite urgent to return to Singapore immediately, and so needed the money for his return trip."

By this time, Mr. Pearson had the paper removed, and was just untying a yellow silken cord which was around the box itself. When he opened the box, we saw a most exquisite filigree necklace. Now, we had seen filigree in Europe, in India, and in China, where the beautiful kingfisher feather work is done (most of it is still found there at the present day), but this necklace was the finest piece of workmanship we had ever seen.

Filigree, as you know, is the kind of jewelry resembling delicate lace work, formed by intertwining fine gold and silver wire, which often has small grains or beads of precious stones set into the pattern of this wirework. Rare pieces that have been stolen from old families are found occasionally in pawnshops or elsewhere, and many antiques have been pawned by the nobility, themselves, who were forced to dispose of their jewelry.

Mr. Pearson said that after he had purchased the necklace, he found a small wire loose and he thot he would take it to a jewelry store in Manila for repair, but on second thot decided to wait until he arrived in Shanghai, for possibly the jeweler in Manila might question him and thus make it difficult for the old pawnbroker. So, after arriving in Shanghai, he took it to a reliable shop, and the jeweler there was very much surprised to know that such a piece of filigree was in the market. The dealer asked him where he had purchased it, and Mr. Pearson, sensing something might be wrong, said he had picked it up some place in Malaya, near Singapore.

The jeweler made several further inquiries about it, and as he became rather persistent, Mr. Pearson assumed, outwardly, less interest in it. In a casual way, then, he asked if the jeweler had a piece similar, which could be fastened on the end where, apparently, a part was missing. The shopkeeper replied that he could not duplicate such a piece anywhere—furthermore, he doubted if any jeweler in the world had anything like it—for, he continued, "All my life I have made a study of two things—jade and filigree—and I should say—in fact, I could almost swear—that this chain belongs to the Byzantine era."

Mr. Pearson then asked what he thot a necklace like that would be worth. The man answered, "It is priceless." Then he quickly added, "Perhaps you are an art collector of rare objects for a museum?" Mr. Pearson told us that for once in his life he used his head, for he just laughed and returned, "Yes, I

am." The man said, "Well, then, of course you know more about it than I do; but I am pleased to see so rare a piece."

Thus, realizing its value, when Mr. Pearson boarded the ship at Shanghai, he turned the necklace over to the Purser for safekeeping, and this occasion, when we were present, was the first time it had been taken from the vault.

After admiring it for some time, we asked him what he meant by a piece missing. He told us that when he bought the chain in Manila, the owner of the pawnshop had said that the man he bought it from told him it was not all there; that previously a small, ball-like pendant, set with a pigeon-blood ruby, had hung from the center of the necklace, and that this was missing when he purchased it. Looking closely, we could see that a small piece of the filigree was broken, and that there was a loose wire which had, apparently, held a pendant of some kind.

We asked Mr. Pearson if he really were a collector of such things. He just laughed and answered, "No, but I that I had better tell that guy I was, to save further questioning. I just that it a pretty piece, and I wanted to take something home from Manila for my wife, and as I knew that these shops which look rather junky quite often have some unusual things which people leave there, I bought it. But," he continued, "it looks to me as if I must have a pretty fine piece after all."

After we had finished examining the necklace, he told the Purser to keep it in the safe along with some other things he had placed there for safe-keeping, and asked us to say nothing to anyone, as only the Purser, and now we three—Dave, B.J., and I—knew anything about it. Then he wrapped up the necklace and he and the Purser went back to the office to place it in the safe. We never mentioned it to anyone, and it was not referred to again.

When we landed in San Francisco, there was the usual confusion at the custom-house on the docks, and as the luggage was arranged alphabetically—both of ours having the letter "P"—we were close together when the customs officers came along. One of the officers went thru our things and, after he had appraised our "loot", we paid the necessary duty, locked all our trunks and bags again, and started for a taxi for the St. Francis Hotel.

Before leaving, however, B.J. went over to Mr. Pearson and

asked him if he would like to ride with us to the hotel. He said, "This officer and I are having some difficulty—he seems to think I have an expensive piece of jewelry in my luggage and I have told him to search everywhere; that all I have is here in the open. He insists that I have a gold necklace with me, and I have told him I have nothing of the kind."

So he thanked us and said he would follow later when the customs officer found to his own satisfaction that "I have nothing over the hundred dollars that I am entitled to." (Naturally, in our own minds we were thinking of the filigree chain, but we said nothing, and went to the hotel.)

At dinner that night, in the hotel dining room, seated at a table near us were Mr. Pearson and a lady who, we presumed, was his wife—for he had said she would meet him at the hotel. As we were near to them, I—woman-like—noticed she was wearing the filigree necklace. I mentioned this to B.J. and Dave, and we all thot he had possibly declared the piece and all was well. Just before they finished dinner, we started over to speak to them, when two men came in and went over to their table. Mrs. Pearson quickly looked up, took off the necklace, and placed it on the table. They said something and handed it back to her; she put it on again, and the men left.

We that it best not to speak to them just then, so we sauntered into the lobby of the hotel. Soon they came out of the dining room and entered the elevator, and as they stepped into the car these same two men followed them. It set up in our minds all sorts of queries, but we knew all we could do was just wonder about the whole thing.

The next day, Mr. Pearson saw B.J. in the lobby and while they were talking, he said, "Well, Doctor, I guess the old chain was a hoodoo for me, for last night at dinner, two detectives came over and asked to see the necklace that I had with me on the boat and had not declared. I knew there was no use to deny that we had it, for Mrs. Pearson was wearing it for the first time. Later, when they came to our room, they requested us to let them have it for a while—so they took it away with them."

B.J. asked him why he did not declare it, and he said he thot there would be too much duty on it, so he pinned it to the inside of his trouser leg and let the customs official fume. Finally, with apologies, the official let him go, and he thot from then on he was quite safe; but the episode at the hotel proved otherwise.

We asked him later what had become of the necklace. He replied, "Oh, we got it back after they made an intensive record of it and our names, but I paid a swell duty on it, I assure you." B.J. said it possibly was not the duty that was so heavy, for it would be considered an antique and—if over a hundred years old—would be declared free of duty, but the amount he paid was probably because of his refusal to declare it as he should. We did not see the Pearsons again.

Several years later, in 1934, we were returning from England on the liner *Bremen*, but we did not know many people on board. Atlantic liners serve more as commuting ships. There is not the length of days and the great mileage that one finds on the Pacific where the boats take many more days to cross, and where, to avoid the monotony that would naturally be present, there are many activities arranged on board for the pleasure of guests. For these reasons, the people on board become as a small community where everybody exerts a friendly spirit, and those who prove themselves nuisances are just left alone—as in a small town. Atlantic crossings are similar to being housed in a large hotel, and one seldom knows his next door neighbor. Small cliques may be formed, but usually everybody keeps pretty much to themselves.

On this particular trip from England on the *Bremen*, as we neared New York we were watching the boat that always brings the pilot out to meet the liner, a short distance from the home port—this pilot is especially trained to take the ship to shore. But we soon saw another boat following closely, and then several men got off and boarded our ship. We knew that the physicians, as well as the immigration officers and passport officials, always met the liner, for this saves much time in the inspection of passengers on board; so we that three of the men were dressed somewhat different from the doctors or other officials.

However, we paid little attention to this until a passenger came alongside the boat's railing, where we were standing, and, shortly, said to B.J.: "Hello, brother Shriner, where from?" B.J. answered, "Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa." The man returned, "Allepo, Boston, Mass." Then in a few minutes he said, "See

those men getting off with the doctors? They are detectives." We asked him how he knew, and he said that his son was a radio operator and that he had been talking to one of the operators on the ship who had radioed for detectives to come out and meet the boat.

We told him we knew that was often customary, and, in a way, we doubted that his son had this information, but he added, "Yes, but there seems to be some one on board who is bringing over a valuable piece of jewelry which has been stolen from a wealthy family in Europe." He continued, with a grin, "I hope they get him."

Well, it did not mean much to us whether they "got him" or not; we landed and went to the hotel, glad to be home again.

In the hotel, the next day, we read the ship's news in the newspapers—more to see "who was who" on board—but there was one item in the article which held our eyes; it went on to say that, "detectives sent aboard the *Bremen* located a rare piece of jewelry—a filigree pendant with a ruby setting. The United States Department of Customs had located the filigree necklace to which the ornament belonged; it had been purchased several years ago by an American in Manila, who found it in a pawnshop there.

However, he was not aware of its value until he reached New York and submitted it to a well known jewelry firm for repair, and this firm informed him that the Customs Service of the Treasury Department of the United States had been searching for it for some time, and that detectives had been tracing both the chain and the missing pendant in Europe and the Orient, for years."

The article went on further to say that the filigree necklace and pendant had been valued at one hundred thousand dollars; it was a famous Byzantine necklace of the fifth century period, and was owned by a Viennese family from which it had been stolen.

Like a flash, my mind went back over the years, and I recalled the man on the boat on the Pacific, who took us to his cabin and showed us a filigree chain that he had purchased in Manila, and the circumstances which followed later in the hotel at San Francisco—and I recalled I had, while at the hotel, made some notes about it. So after arriving home from New York,

I put everything together and out of it all has come this story. Little did we know, when we held that filigree necklace in our hands in Mr. Pearson's cabin on the boat on the Pacific, that it was so valuable, or that we were to have the missing ball-pendant with the ruby setting, on the same boat with us when we crossed the Atlantic, years later.







The Isles of Paradise

"The Hawaiian Islands—born of the night, sired by the sun, cradled in the sea, with the moon for god-mother." Don Blanding, from Leaves from a Grass-House

LMOST thirty years ago, two young people stood at the bow of a moving vessel, watching the lovely green plume slide away and roll gently to the shores beyond. It was just daybreak and as it was their first sea voyage, every moment had been a thrill. Few of the other passengers were up at this early hour; perhaps some had made the trip before, and the others were probably not interested in getting their first glimpse of the lovely islands at sunrise. But that mattered little to the young couple who, like eager children, were looking beyond to a setting that has never left our hearts; for it was we two—B.J. and I—who were drinking in the beauties of the glorious Hawaiian Islands which we could see in the distance—those islands of love, laughter, and song.

We had left San Francisco nine days before, on a small ship, but one of the best that plied between the States and the islands in that day. As I look back and compare it with the more luxuriant liners that make the trip now, in from three and one-half to four days, it causes me to smile, for no ship that we have been on since—and we have sailed on the best of

them—has given us the exhilaration we felt that day as we started out on our first trip into the blue. And never have we made such preparations for any other ocean voyage.

It may be of interest at this time to relate some of the things we did, to point out how really inexperienced we were. Perhaps I should not include B.J. in this, but since he did not discourage me in the things I was doing, he was, I think, rather a silent partner in all that took place.

We had visited friends in San Francisco the few days before we sailed. They had dined us in regal style and assured us that it was very necessary that we go on board with a "full stomach"—that this thing of an "empty stomach" was all bosh. We listened to them, for we felt that they—living so close to the Pacific Ocean, and being natives of San Francisco—knew just what to do when going on a sea voyage. Particularly, did they enlighten us on how to prevent seasickness, which I was quite sure I would have—in fact, I just knew I would be sick—and looking back at this late day, I imagine this was nine-tenths of the reason I really did become a good example of mal de mer.

However, I had started this self propaganda before I left home, to the extent that I had Frank Elliott trotting all over Davenport to find some old-fashioned butcher paper, for I had read that "to bind brown butcher paper around the abdomen before boarding a ship on the ocean would prevent seasickness." So I was armed with a goodly supply of this commodity—enough for the two of us—which I had packed carefully in my suitcase.

By the time we were ready to sail from port, I had gathered together everything I could learn as a preventive for this uncomfortable disorder. I had ginger ale, lemon soda, salts of every description, Pluto water, Port wine, dozens of lemons and limes, root beer, Coca cola, coffee grounds, a jar of dill pickles, a mixture of Mexican red pepper, and—several other things. B. J. said he felt that they were all *sure fire cures*, so I knew that out of all this array we would find something that would keep us up and walking the deck during the nine days' voyage.

Before leaving the hotel, the morning we were to sail, I carefully wound the butcher paper around me, putting my undergarments on the outside of it. Rather uncomfortable, I thot, but if it worked I could stand it for a few days. I could not inveigle B.J. to try it—he said perhaps he could prove what

a good sailor he was without any of these adjuncts (notice he said perhaps).

We went to the dock early, anxious to be on our way. There were many passengers on board—for there were fewer trips to the islands at that time, than today—and we found several others like ourselves making their first sea voyage; so we all felt kindred spirits in this first experience on the old Pacific.

We settled ourselves in our cabin and had some ginger ale, then, as a precaution, stuffed cotton in our ears (another recommendation), and went out on deck to walk, for walking was still another suggestion. How beautiful San Francisco looked to us as we sailed out of the Golden Gate. It seemed to be receding from our view, all too fast, as we seated ourselves in the deck chairs and decided to be lazy for the first time in our life.

However, the sea became choppy as we rounded out of the channel into the big open space, and tho I tried to appear nonchalant, I began to feel quite uncomfortable, so decided to walk. I that I would take a look at the dining room which had been decorated for a bridal couple who were on board, but as I descended the steps I realized that I could scarcely navigate on my own power. At that moment, the stewardess came up beside me and suggested that perhaps she had better help me to my cabin.

We arrived there—in due time—and she began to assist me in undressing; also she advised that I stay quiet for the rest of that day. I forgot about the rumpled brown paper until we came to that part of the process of removing my clothing. As she began to tear the strips of paper from me, she laughed heartily when I told her why I had on such a contraption. But, by that time I could see no humor in anything. I only wanted to get into bed and be warm.

I have forgotten much of the details of that day, except that B.J. decided he would rather have his dinner in the cabin—"Just to play safe," he said. I think I was down for about three days, then on the fourth, decided to make the grade to the deck. This was finally accomplished, but not before I had blown out the lights on the ship, when I tried to attach my curling iron to the light socket, and thus caused the electrician

some inconvenience in locating the place where the "short" took place.

What became of the limes, lemons, salts, dill pickles, and the other things? Well, they all went overboard in the interim of my three days in bed. The sensation of seasickness cannot be well described, for it is one of those things that has to be experienced. But those who have undergone such discomfort, agree with Henry Ward Beecher who, on being asked how he felt when seasick, replied, "The first day I thought I should die, and the second day I wished I had."

The rest of the trip was uneventful, as far as personal experiences were concerned, but a most eventful voyage for us. Every moment we found many interesting things to see and enjoy. Each day brot us closer to our destination—the Hawaiian Islands—so in the early morning when we stood at the bow of the boat, we used every waking moment that we might get our first glimpse of these tropical islands whose shores have, from time immemorial, formed a haven of rest for passengers crossing the Pacific.

Our ship anchored a few miles out from the Island of Oahu and left us gently rocking on the great breathing sea. But it soon calmed itself as the sun broke thru the clouds in the east, and there lay before us a land of velvety green, likened only to an exquisite emerald set on a cloth of gold—a deep, rich green that seemed like the gem itself was rising out of space. It made our hearts leap with rapture, that such a heavenly spot could be found on earth.

Neither artist, nor poet can portray the beauty and impressiveness when at dawn the mist arises out of the far waters and these lovely Islands intensify and grow into form.

Little did we dream that morning that we would see this same beauty on nine future occasions, when we would again touch the shores of these islands, as we voyaged across the Pacific—when we traveled from land to land, from isle to isle, and from sea to sea—and we have always had the same thrill as on that September morning, thirty years ago, when we had our first glimpse of those Enchanted Islands—those lovely emeralds in the tropical seas—the most isolated, inhabited islands of the world.

This was our first trip there, and thirty years ago things

were somewhat different from what they are today—not that the islands themselves have lost any of their beauty or charm, for, indeed, they are still as beautiful as ever—but the American invasion, with its swift moving ingenuity, and the Motion Picture Industry, have changed not only the standards of living for the native, but the character of Honolulu. Too much sophistication and commercialism have taken away much of the naturalness that pervaded the islands when we first saw them.

I would like to interject at this point, a quotation from the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* on one of our visits there; a statement which bears out my previous mention of commercialism. The following is B.J.'s comment as found in that newspaper:

"Sincere praise of Alexander Hume Ford and a friendly warning against aristocracy and commercialism are both brought to Hawaii by Dr. B. J. Palmer of Davenport, Iowa, who with his wife, Dr. Mabel Palmer, are making a trip to our shores. Both of them are enthusiastic and charmed with us, but the Doctor candidly states that he wishes to warn against commercialism and class system which may destroy the uniqueness and the picturesqueness of Hawaii in a few years. Dr. Palmer went on to say that Honolulu has its own distinctividuality (his own coinage, but most apropos at that), that is unequaled in the world, and that Hawaiians and those who have helped maintain its magnificence must be held precious, else the Islands will become just another place for the average tourist to stop on his way across the Pacific."

As our ship reached the port of Honolulu on the Island of Oahu, the largest city of the Hawaiian group, we saw the broad coral reef which girdles the harbor, and watched the turquoise-blue waters roll over it in wild crested breakers. Young, brown, Hawaiian boys came to meet us below the ship's edge, asking for pennies—they were a laughing, merry group, darting about like golden carp in the waters, and diving deep for the tossed coins. In those days, pennies were received with grateful expressions of thanks; today, many of them spurn even the twenty-five cent piece—in fact, when there, just a few years ago, we tossed them a handful of ten-cent pieces, which they spat out, mumbled something, and then shouted, "Dollar, dollar."

Honolulu, beautifully kneeling at the feet of the hills and mountains, appeared to us on our first visit as a veritable Garden of Eden. It still retains that charm today, with its white cottages and green window blinds, shaded by beautiful tropical trees and surrounded by a profusion of shrubbery and vines, its brilliantly colored flowers, and its fountains everywhere present in streets and gardens.

The city seems to be half concealed in dense foliage, and many of the streets are over-arched with trees forming magnificent bowers; thru these leafy canopies, the sun gleams in broken light. It is never hot or cold in Hawaii—the temperature ranges from seventy-one to seventy-eight degrees the year round—no sultriness, just cool, perpetual summer, rarely a thunderstorm, and no cyclones which play havoc with so many tropical isles.

The rainfall varies, in the different islands, but one can always expect these delightful "liquid sunshine" showers—which keep the islands so eternally green—at any time of the day or night. However, this so-called rain is so light that one can be out in it and yet find his clothing quite dry in two or three minutes after the shower has passed. Each shower is always followed by a gorgeous rainbow which is such a part of the islands themselves that it has given them the name of "The Rainbow Isles."

I never shall forget my first experience in one of these sunshine showers. I had been invited by the wife of the Governor of the Islands for afternoon tea, at her home and, as I remember, I wore a georgette crepe dress—the kind of crepe that has a tendency to shrivel and curl when wet. As automobiles were rather scarce there at that time, and expensive too, I took the street car to the Governor's residence.

The shower started just as I boarded the car. As we were staying at the Moana Hotel, the distance was not great—just a few minutes' ride—so by the time I arrived at my destination, the shower was at its height. I alighted and started to run, thinking my finery would be ruined, so after I reached the lanai (a veranda), and was greeted by my hostess, I started to apologize for my appearance; but, to my surprise, I found I was almost as dry as when I left the hotel. She laughingly said, "Oh, don't worry about our showers; it isn't rain, it is just Hawaiian liquid sunshine."

Geographically, the Hawaiian Islands are located in the mid Pacific, 2,100 miles southwest of San Francisco; 4,640 miles northwest of Panama; 3,400 northeast of Auckland, New Zealand; 4,950 east of Hong Kong; 4,350 east of Manila; and 3,440

southeast of Yokohama, Japan—with the United States as their nearest neighbor. Out of the twenty islands that constitute this group, only nine are inhabited: Hawaii, Maui, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, Lanai, Niihau, Kahoolawe, and Midway. The others are just a chain of islets, sand banks, rocklets, and shoals.

These islands are crests of a submarine mountain chain extending from the northwest to the southeast, partly reef-surrounded. Their surface is much broken where the coral reefs line the greater part of the shores of Kauai, Oahu, and Molokai, but are nearly absent from Hawaii and Maui.

Small inter-island steamers, which ply between the larger islands, provide interesting trips with stop-overs at any port, for any length of time one wishes to stay. But at the time of our first visit, there was no daily service, and, of course, no airplanes, and one usually made his stay two or three days at the most, so as to take advantage of the tri-weekly trips.

As each island affords unusual and distinctive features to intrigue the visitor, it is difficult to say which one has the most beauty—we found them all picturesque and fascinating—but I think Oahu, where Honolulu is located, surpasses all others in loveliness of mountains, valleys, forests, and sea.

Hawaii, the youngest and the largest island, is distinguished for its possession of the only active volcanoes. Here, the famous crater Kilauea, eight miles in circumference, at times becomes a boiling caldron of living fire. But when this happens, two of the volcanoes near by—Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea—are dormant. Kilauea is apparently nature's great vent for the suppression of those two great cones.

Maui has twin volcanoes; also it contains the largest extinct crater in the world, called Haleakala, which is ten thousand feet high, twenty miles around, and three thousand feet deep. Maui is also noted for its magnificent ravines and canyons—one, almost a rival of Yosemite. Its sea drives and cliffs and dazzling waters are remindful of Italian shores.

Kauai, the oldest, is called the Garden Island, for there one finds the most remarkable virgin flora—hundreds of species—a luxuriance of foliage unrivaled in the whole world. It has high waterfalls and deep canyons, one of the great sights being a miniature of our Grand Canyon, not so deep and extensive, of course, but more gorgeous in coloring.

Some of the higher mountain peaks are often covered with snow in the colder months, but on most of them it is the persistent frost which is found at those desolated altitudes, that gives the appearance of snow.

Molokai is known as the Leper Island, for the government has established there a most celebrated leper colony, which has existed for almost a century. And tho the island is quite precipitous in most places, the colony itself occupies a lovely grassy plain of many acres, which includes fields of grain, thriving vegetable gardens, and herds of cattle. Attractive white cottages, several hospitals, churches, and recreation centers form the town. We were told that there were approximately a thousand cases in the colony.

Father Damien, a Belgian priest, went to Molokai in 1873, because he had heard that the lepers were sadly neglected. He volunteered his work among them, ministering to the souls and bodies of these unfortunates, while he served as cook, teacher, carpenter, and even gravedigger, until another priest came, in later years, to join him. Father Damien lived there sixteen years, then finally succumbed to the fatal disease, working almost to the end, with remarkable endurance. His name is mentioned with loving expression in all the islands—indeed, he must have been a great soul.

The history of the Hawaiian Islands is blanketed in much legendary fame and folk-lore, and besides this there is so much confusion in Spanish, Portuguese, English, and American history that it is difficult for one to say, with any authenticity, just when they were discovered. Each time we went to the islands, we have attempted to sift just what was the real history from the "said-to-be" history, but in the end we knew little more than on our first visit. However, when we were on our trip to New Zealand, Australia, and the South Sea Islands, we learned of what appears to be the first known history of the Hawaiian group. This is substantiated by maps, charts, log-books, and parchment records kept in the Maori archives of New Zealand.

There is no doubt that the Polynesians came from India, for the race may still be traced in those parts of India, Siam, Burma, etc., which have not been so much influenced by the later Aryan and other ethnic waves. But their migration date varies for many of them left India for Java, and Sumatra (originally called the First Java), New Guinea, Bali, and the other South Sea Islands, as early as 500 B.C. Just what proportion of these may have drifted to Oceania (the islands and archipelagoes of the Pacific and Indian Oceans) is not known, but the Maoris in New Zealand place the settlement of their people at 125 B.C., and according to their traditions, they and the Hawaiians were the earliest known voyagers of the Polynesian race.

An item we found of interest, pertaining to the above, is as follows:

"A chief from Samoa, in the 2nd century, who was a noted navigator and fisherman, on one of his maritime cruises sailed in the direction of morning star Iao (Jupiter) and discovered land midst blue, dark green, and many colored oceans, and was so delighted with the islands he called them Vaihi (Green Isles). He returned again to Rarotonga Land near New Zealand, and with the morning star as a guide, made a second trip to the Islands where he and his family and a few followers became the first inhabitants."

It is further indicated that for some time, voyages existed between Hawaii and the neighboring islands in the Archipelago of the Pacific, and then suddenly ceased about 1325. For over two hundred years there seems to have been a lapse of any communication with the outside world, but in 1555, some Spanish navigators who had become lost in their quest of a Garden of Eden, at last found themselves on the shores of Hawaii where they were welcomed by the natives. They gave the name of "La Mesa" to this land.

The evidently Spain held these islands for some time, she probably did not think them of much importance, as she had other greater possessions in the world at that time. But when Captain Cook arrived and saw their rich possibilities, the world at large took notice of these waifs in the mid Pacific.

Captain James Cook, an Englishman, arriving there in 1778, claimed their discovery, and named them the Sandwich Islands, in honor of the Earl of Sandwich. The native tribes at that time were in constant warfare, due to much disorganization among their leaders. So when Captain Cook appeared on the scene he was welcomed as a white god, and great veneration—almost divine—was accorded him.

In time, however, he was killed in a quarrel between his sailors and the natives, and many horrifying tales are told of

his capture and death. But one great deed is attributed to him: he made a friend of a young native, Kamehameha, who in later years became a national hero, eventually becoming ruler, and thus began the long reign of Hawaiian kings. The old Hawaiians attribute his outstanding influence on his people to his association with Captain Cook, whose loss Kamehameha mourned greatly, as found in letters he wrote in later years to English friends.

In time, the old Hawaiian régime came back to its own, and again the islands became known as the Hawaiian group, tho they remained on the map for many years as the Sandwich Islands.

The morning we arrived in Honolulu, we were met by the welcoming committee from the Chamber of Commerce, and by friends—some of long years standing—all laden with leis and bouquets that initiated us into that unique charm of the hospitality of the people who live there.

Upon landing, the passengers were greeted by the Hawaiians with their melodious songs, accompanied by plaintive guitars and ukuleles. Never have we heard such sweet, dreamy, langorous music, and when they sang Aloha, the welcome to the island, and The Necklace of the Isles—the song of the islands—it so impressed us that to this day these songs have a deep appealing power which we cannot erase from our memory. I wish all could hear their music in their native land, for there it preserves its ancient and passionate melancholy.

The air was like late spring, graceful cocoanut palms adorned the avenues, and the fragrance of the sandalwood trees and the blossoming flowers was beyond description—we were delighted with everything about us, as we motored to the Moana Hotel, located on Waikiki Beach, three and a half miles from the center of the city.

Honolulu at that time had a population of a little over fifty thousand. It appeared to us as the happiest of cities. There was a persuasive cheerfulness that was captivating, and we felt at once that we would like to choose everyone for our friends. This great hospitality of mind and heart, so characteristic, made them a delightful people. Beautiful mountains in the distance, eternally green the year round, and extensive flora, most of the flowering plants being indigenous to the islands, constitute

some of the charming features of Honolulu which impressed us on our drive to the hotel.

Since our first visit there, we have been to several other South Sea islands, as well as to New Zealand, Australia, the Island of Celebes, Java, Sumatra, and Ceylon, and each one of these has luxuriance and materials for all one's needs—but somehow the Hawaiian Islands have a distinction we have found in no other place.

Of special interest are the giant tree ferns—over two hundred species—the various mosses and numerous kinds of Acacia which grow to great size; the most magnificent species of these is the koa, a durable, golden-brown wood with great spreading boughs—usually referred to as Hawaiian mahogany. These trees are almost on a par with the redwoods of California. In years past, the Hawaiians made their canoes from the koa, for their ocean-going voyages; today it is used for furniture, trinkets, fuel, tanning, surf boards, and outrigger canoes. It is unfortunate that more of this handsome wood cannot be exported, but it does not thrive well in many climates, including ours, for small termites invade the core and in time destroy its fiber.

The algaroba tree is unusual in that it furnishes a pod with edible beans; also it is used for shingles, firewood, and fodder. The missionaries named the tree St. John's bread.

The kou is a hardwood tree used for making household utensils and, as the koa, when polished, makes attractive bowls, trays, and other articles. The kukui or candle-nut is another unusual tree whose pods, in earlier years, furnished oil for lighting purposes.

The Ape-ape, a handsome shrub with showy foliage—sometimes called the wild begonia—is found growing extensively on the Island of Maui. This huge ancient shrub which thousands of years ago flourished on many lands, now grows only on the Hawaiian Islands, in the hot, humid, rain forests. Its name signifies "the flying away of the chickens"—why, we never learned. The leaves, from three to four feet wide, have a beautiful floral cluster ranging from two to three feet in length; the umbrella-like leaves are large enough to cover a man.

In Honolulu, the poinciana—the Royal Poinciana—reigns supreme. Here one sees this glorious tree in all its beauty. This striking, showy, broad top tree—about forty feet wide—with

large, spreading branches, bearing bright orange or scarlet flowers (often called peacock flowers), greets the visitor from all sides of the avenues and even in the yards of the lovely homes.

We were thrilled with the Bougainvillaea bowers—often this shrub covers entire roofs on homes, forms hedges, and sprawls in most picturesque formation on fences and arbors. The flowers, a brilliant red or purple, are huge, stately blossoms.

In Honolulu, everybody goes to see the night-blooming cereus—an exotic night-blooming flower—called the flower of the darkness. It is a climbing cactus, clinging to walls or any supporting arbor, and bearing white, occasionally yellow, and rarely red flowers. It blooms only at night—a magnificent flower about a foot in length, with pure white petals surrounding cream-colored stamens, and appears like wax, in the moonlight. Peculiarly, these flowers slowly open when the night comes on, and bloom in great grandeur and serenity until just before daybreak; then their petals close like the water lily.

Honolulu is the land of the hibiscus—the official flower of the island—a large and beautiful bell-shaped flower in pink, yellow, purple, white, and scarlet. This shrub—over two hundred varieties—lavish in its spreading branches, grows tall and in profusion, just as the poinsettias, oleanders, tuberoses, and ginger blossoms. There is never a dearth of flowers on the islands. "Flowers are always blooming in Hawaii," is one of their tuneful melodies and it does seem that nature provides blooms the year round.

The famous silver sword flower is one of the botanical wonders, found only in Hawaii, on the Island of Maui. This plant stands about five feet high; its leaves, three-cornered in shape, and the central stem are silvery-gray. When the blossoms appear, they are red, but soon turn to a light yellow, with brown centers.

The ilima, a bright golden flower, used in the early days solely for the leis of royalty, still blooms in profusion, and is now gathered for wreaths and other floral arrangements.

The thousands of acres of pineapple fields are distinctively Hawaiian, and such huge, luscious pineapples as they are—nowhere else can such flavor be found! They are cool and delicious, even when served direct from the field.

But there are other delicious fruits besides the pineapple, particularly the papaya, a yellow fruit, eaten raw or cooked; then there's the paw-paw—called the ice cream banana—similar to the papaya, with a sweet banana-like pulp, as well as the guava, mango, avocado, and citrus fruits which are found in abundance.

The Hawaiian coffee—Kona coffee—is unequaled, and the coffee mills send forth their aroma almost as fragrant as the brew itself, when the wind is in certain directions.

Then the sugar plantations! The yield of sugar per acre is the highest in the world, and how interesting it is to see the cane cut, carried to the mill, squeezed into syrup—and all in such a short space of time. Later, we saw great bags of this dark brown sugar put thru its various tests before exportation.

Of course, rice is grown everywhere—great paddy lands neatly arranged on all the hillsides.

The cassava is a plant with fleshy root stocks, that yields a nutritious starch; this starch is used as food in making tapioca and cassava bread. Then there is the taro, another food-producing plant, from which the well known Hawaiian poi is made by pounding the root into a paste and allowing it to ferment. When this concoction is served, it both looks and tastes like sour wall paper paste.

When the old-timers asked if we were served poi at the various luaus—native feasts—they would quickly add, "one finger, two finger, or three finger poi?" This meant, did we eat it with one or two or three fingers; for those who enjoy this food—and many think it quite a delicacy—eat it with their fingers. If it is very soupy, it takes three fingers, and if slightly thickened, two fingers are used, but if very thick, then one finger may suffice.

There is very little animal life native to the islands. A few bats, some lizards and insects—non-poisonous—no snakes, but many species of birds. During the early reign of the kings, when Hawaii was in its zenith, there were many colorful birds. The mamo—one of the most beautiful, but now extinct—had a golden-yellow and black plumage; under its wings were two golden feathers which were plucked and used for the helmets, the kahilis, and the regal robes of the ancient Hawaiians.

Many of the articles of the olden days may be seen in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu. One of the most outstanding of these museum pieces—of world renown—is the Queen's Mantle, an enormous feather cloak called "The million dollar cloak." It is said to have taken more than one hundred years to make this treasure, and that it is made entirely of the golden feathers of the mamo.

The little oo bird, somewhat similar to the mamo, is rare. Its feathers—golden-yellow ones—are found on its breast and used for hat bands or worn as leis (necklaces). They are very expensive, so that feathers from other birds are being substituted for the adornments which previously were made from the mamo and the oo plumage.

The Koae, also lovely, has a bright red tail; the koa finch is most colorful; the tiny rice bird, with its black head and tail, a pink bill, and rosy underbody, is a pretty bird, but a serious pest to the rice crop; and, last but not least, is the noisy, rowdy, chattering mynah—found everywhere—day and night, always making a nuisance of himself.

Marine life in the Hawaiian waters is unrivaled, for there are over six hundred species of fish of peculiar form and brilliant coloring. By taking glass-bottomed boats, one may view these beauties of the deep, to his heart's content. Then, from an angler's viewpoint, Hawaii is a veritable paradise, for its waters teem with game fish—large in size and great in variety. Among these may be mentioned the yellow-fin tuna, the dolphin, giant sword fish, giant mackerel, the ulua which resembles the enormous pompano, the ono, the albacore, the oceanic bonito, and the octopus—which range from the tiny ones to giant creatures whose tentacles quickly engulf a human being.

A trip around the Island of Oahu affords one a variety of scenery. Leaving the city on the seashore, with its residential districts of lovely homes nestled among the shady trees; its broad driveways bordered by stately palms and dark, feathery iron-woods; past Pearl Harbor—the enormous base of the U. S. Navy; thru the Nuuanu Valley to the tremendous cliff, Nuuanu Pali, two thousand feet high, which overlooks a broad landscape of rice, sugar, and coffee plantations, pineapple fields, and villages, and the foothills leading to the sea, is a contrast never to be forgotten.

No one who visits Pali will ever forget the terrific wind that almost blows one off his feet when he reaches the high point. One marvels that automobiles, as well as humans, are not thrown into the great depths below—yet few fatalities occur.

Waikiki Beach is one of the loveliest in the world, with its broad expanse of water and feathery surf booming into shore, and, unlike so many harbors we have seen, it is perfectly safe for swimming even a great distance out to sea, as it is not infested with sharks—the coral reef protects one from these—furthermore, there is no undertow. All day and into the night one sees the swimmers, others on surf boards and some in outrigger canoes, enjoying the sport in these beautiful waters.

When we were there the first time, the whole beach was open, but in recent years much of the space has been roped or wired into sections, to give more privacy for hotel and club guests.

The Hawaiian people—and when I speak of Hawaiian people I refer to the children of the soil, the native inhabitants of the islands and their descendants—have a satiny-bronze complexion, large, rather haunting, but kindly deep brown eyes, and a splendid, erect carriage. Many of the men and some of the women are above average height; the young girls are dainty little things, but as they advance in years have a tendency to grow exceedingly plump.

There is a complicated mixture of nationalities on the islands. Much of this is due to the intermarriage of the races: Japanese, Chinese, Spanish, Portuguese, Porto Rican, Korean, Filipino, English, and American, with an admixture of Hawaiian-French, Hawaiian-German, Hawaiian-Russian, Hawaiian-Indian, and Hawaiian-Irish.

It would be difficult to trace many of the younger generation's lineage. We have a friend there whose mother was Portuguese-Japanese, and whose father was Chinese-Hawaiian. One of his great-grandmothers was Hawaiian, and a great-grandfather was English. This young man married an American girl whose ancestors were Scotch and Irish. What a puzzling time their children will have when they attempt to trace their family history!

Another friend of ours in Honolulu, whom I shall call Mr. Pitt, gave us much information about the early history of the Hawaiian people. His father—an American—went to the islands

years ago, and married a native Hawaiian, whose father was a cousin of the then-ruling house. Later, Mr. Pitt's father became active in affairs, and was a member on the staff of King Kamehameha V, so Mr. Pitt had many opportunities to know the people; and later, living thru the rebellion and all that led up to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, naturally turned his sympathy to the Hawaiian people—whom he loved dearly.

I will briefly relate some of the stories he told us about his early days, for it gives a somewhat different angle on many incidents that have been attributed to these people, much of it tarnished by political seekers at the time when the islands had to give up their independence.

One of Mr. Pitt's earliest recollections is a story he heard his father and mother tell of the death of King Kamehameha V, affectionately known as Prince Lot. Present at the bedside of the great monarch were Mr. Pitt's parents, along with several of the chiefs of the Hawaiian people. Also present were the King's half-sister, Princess Ruth, Queen Emma, William Lunalilo, David Kalakaua, and the later-to-be Queen, Liliuokalani—all heirs to the throne—and a few others who were trusted friends. Kamehameha's chief concern, as he lay dying, was who would assume the throne, for there were several there who secretly desired this honor.

But Prince Lot felt the people should elect their sovereign after his death. However, he passed away before a decision was reached to provide a future ruler of the kingdom. The foremost candidate for the vacancy was the King's first cousin, Prince William Lunalilo, and he was elected King. But his reign lasted scarcely more than a year, for his health failed shortly after he assumed control, and tho he was unable to do much in administrative affairs, he, like King Kamehameha V, spent his last agonizing hours pleading that the selection of his successor be left in the hands of his people. This resulted in a hot contest waged between Queen Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV, who sought the place with indiscreet methods, and David Kalakaua, the brother of Liliuokalani. David Kalakaua was elected the ruler, and thus was retained the pure Hawaiian strain, but not without bitter feelings on the part of Queen Emma and her adherents.

However, Queen Emma was not a Tartar in the true sense of the word, for she was highly educated and accomplished, due to her English training. But she was arrogant, unforgiving, and insulting to most of the royal family. She always felt she was the logical one that should have been chosen sovereign after the death of her husband, King Kamehameha IV.

Mr. Pitt's associates in school were mostly the children of the influential people of the island, for the English and American missionaries had let down the bars sufficiently to admit the children whose parents were part Hawaiian. He mentioned many times the pleasures that all the island people enjoyed, and as he recalled those days, he said that only one-third was spent at work, the balance in play, music, and laughter.

He had very decided views about the missionaries who came there in the early days, for he said the missionary party worked to undermine, at every point, the authority of the constitutional rulers of the Hawaiian people. He stated emphatically that the Hawaiians were not a people of barbarism and idolatry, as portrayed by some of the missionaries. True, in the early days, all Polynesians had their own form of worship, in which their love of nature was predominant, and moral freedom between the sexes was as natural as day and night, but their code was a hard one and its punishment severe when broken.

It was difficult to adapt their age-old customs to the new-comers, who imposed on them such stringent methods of living, and who, over night, expected these children of nature to conform to their own ideas—and in many cases, Mr. Pitt continued, the examples set forth were not worthy to be emulated. The Hawaiians disliked reform and rebelled, much as any other people do under compulsory methods. However, he did give the missionaries credit for giving all assistance possible to prevent the seizure of the islands by any nation, tho they helped little to bring about their annexation to the United States, for too many of them were involved in political and commercial intrigue of their own.

Mr. Pitt always distinguished between the missionary party and the missionaries themselves, for he said out of the group of missionaries there were some very sincere and noble men and women. But there were others of this group—the missionary party—who formed cliques, and early in history these groups began to establish their own code and reform, and it was their standards, he added, which the natives rebelled against and resented.

Mr. Pitt's interest in governmental affairs began as far back as 1881, when the then King Kalakaua decided to take a trip around the world. At this time the King was being criticized, grossly misjudged, and even slandered by those whose interests he had at heart. It was then that he left his sister, Lydia Liliuokalani, as sole regent. There is no doubt that she was a woman of great brilliancy, Mr. Pitt stated, and that she was most democratic and tactful; this, he contended, was proved at her palatial home on Waikiki Beach, where all families mingled together, sharing each other's lunch baskets and the sports they all engaged in—fishing, swimming, surf board riding, and other wholesome activities.

When the King and his Queen returned from abroad, there was a great rejoicing, but a cloud soon overspread the Royal family. Friction was prevalent in the cabinet, as those not native born sought to humiliate the King in the estimation of his people, by unscrupulous methods, and even today many of the sincere old residents feel that the undermining of the King's health was due to the base ingratitude and intrigue by the very persons whom he had elevated, not only in position but in fortunes as well.

The oppression became so great that not only was his life threatened, but his family's as well, so he decided to go to the United States to bide his time and regain his health. Also, he felt it imperative to interview the Hawaiian minister in Washington, D. C., and thus advise him of the dangerous influence which he felt that the passage of a certain bill, then pending in Congress, would have on the welfare of the foreign element in the islands, and the interest of the sugar and pineapple planters. In this concern he was most unselfish, for even then he was very much aware of the unscrupulous methods these same people had imposed on him. But he sacrificed himself in the interests of the very ones who had done him so much wrong and caused him constant mental suffering. However, as Mr. Pitt further stated, as he had an ever-forgiving heart, he could forget his own sorrows, and he set aside any animosity to the last

breath of his life—really, he did all that lay in his power for those who had abused and injured him.

Just before he sailed for the United States, he called his faithful few into the cabinet room, placed his sister Liliuokalani in charge of affairs, bade farewell to members of his household, and exchanged his last words with his Queen, Kapiolani. Crowds of his saddened people were at the wharf when he boarded the United States man-of-war *Charleston*. He saluted all before him and sailed away. He never saw his beautiful islands again.

Mr. Pitt said that he never expects to witness such splendor—solemn and beautiful—as took place from the time the body of Kalakaua arrived in Honolulu on its lonely voyage home, to the funeral that followed. In relating the story, he seemed almost to relive that day when the cortège arrived, and the stoutest men carried the King's casket on their shoulders to the palace. Throngs were at the boat landing, most of them having hearts too full of grief to speak of their deceased sovereign—even to each other—and when the solemn procession began, there was heard from many parts of the city the chanting of the old-time melodies with a sweetness that seemed to be from heaven.

The cortège reached the palace; the bier was placed in the center of the Red Chamber which had always been the Royal reception room, and there the late King lay in state—the casket resting on a cloth of golden feathers which swept the floor. Mr. Pitt was one of the trusted young lads who served as page to the selected guards on duty day and night, whose duties were to bear aloft the royal kahilis which were never lowered during the course of that time. Most of the guards were men who claimed ancestry from the early Hawaiian chiefs.

The Masonic Fraternity which had charge of the ceremonies permitted three weeks for "Lying in State", which designated the period devoted to the obsequies of the high chiefs of the Hawaiians.

People came from the mainland and from all parts of the islands to the funeral of the one whom they had known and loved as the head of the nation. After the Masonic ceremonies, the ancient Hawaiian ritual followed. Twelve women with lighted candles in their hands paused before the bier, each one offering a short prayer—the first words at the head, next at

the shoulders, then at the elbows, then the hands, and so on to the thighs, knees, and feet. Standing on each side of the bier were the kahili bearers. (The kahili is a tall standard, ten to twelve feet high, whose upper part is covered with feather clusters, used for formal ceremonies.)

Also in attendance at the side of the Royal casket, were several groups who sang, in soft, sobbing voices, the ancient lyrics—many of these dated from the time of the earliest chieftains. After these ceremonies, they surrounded the remains and all repeated in unison prayers appropriate to the burial of the dead. They then withdrew in most solemn manner. Their service was far from idolatrous, as has been alleged; in truth, it was as simple and as serious as the preceding Masonic ceremonies. Both were equally beautiful and impressive, in honor of the memory of a deceased brother and friend.

As the casket was carried from the palace, the long procession began. On each side of the bier were the bearers of the kahilis—twenty in number—whose plumes of various colors were borne aloft above the heads of the moving throng; also many attendants, wearing the stately feathered cloaks, walked along the side. All marched with a slow step, up the Nuuanu Valley to the Royal mausoleum. Buildings and homes were draped with the national colors, and great festoons of the ti plant—the palm lily—with its broad green leaves and pure white flowers, were gracefully draped all along the sides of the avenue. The magnificent funeral of King Kalakaua brought to an end the pomp of Hawaiian royalty.

The day following the funeral, Liliuokalani, whom Mr. Pitt often referred to as "Our Beloved Queen Lil", became ruler of all Hawaii. Queen Liliuokalani has been portrayed as a tyrant, and stormy as a petrel, but those who lived close to her and were a part of the many conferences that took place between her staff, and the government of the United States (under President Cleveland) that lead up to the annexation of the islands, have an entirely different version of her greatness, generosity, fairness, and loyalty to her people, as well as to the foreign element who were not seeking control.

Because the missionary party fought desperately to attain their cause, she fought with all of the blood of her ancestors to keep Hawaii in the hands of its own race. At the same time she was tolerant of the new interests which were bringing many advantages of the New World to them, and she made every attempt to bring about the annexation with amenity. But Mr. Pitt said, "Lies about her traveled round the world, while the truth was putting its boots on."

Her beautiful letters to President Cleveland, the story of her visit to Washington as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the letters she received from the President after she returned home, show that she did not want revolution in order to gain supremacy. She pleaded for a new constitution for the Hawaiian people. She welcomed the United States as a guardian, but she violently censored and deprecated the pseudo-Hawaiians who were so aggressive in their interference to the rights of her people.

She was forced to ask many members of the cabinet to resign when she learned they were using subterfuge methods to remove her from the throne and take away the constitutional rights of her people, and for this she was maligned.

Realizing, after the death of her brother, King Kalakaua, that her people were in dire need of strengthening their national spirit and building up their morale, she renewed the entertainments and garden parties so popular in earlier days, when music, dancing, and theatrical plays were held in her home and the homes of some of the islanders. She always had troupes of beautiful hula dancers, similar to the court dancers of other nations, about her; she composed poetry, songs, and even gestures for the dance, which were portrayed in many of the Hawaiian dramas. She made several attempts to restore the old tradition and native festivals that had been a part of her early life, but in all this she was misunderstood.

The Hawaiians feel that no ruler with such pure motives has been so maligned and ruthlessly set aside as was their beloved Queen Lil. The missionary party used these innocent pleasures she countenanced and encouraged, as examples of idolatrous orgies, and much distorted material was carried and written to Washington to solicit sympathy for the opposing party who finally succeeded.

Few in the United States knew of the intrigue that was taking place, so took little interest, as Queen Lil—the last of the rulers of the pure strain in Hawaii—was removed. The

Americans by birth or education, who lived in Hawaii, became the rulers, and a republic was proclaimed in 1894, with S. B. Dole serving as President for four years. Claiming the islands could no longer maintain their independence, those in power made an appeal to Washington, and after long delay, Hawaii was admitted to the Union in 1898. In 1900, it was formally organized as a Territory, with Mr. Dole as Governor.

In the foregoing comments by our friend, I trust you may glimpse some of the atmosphere we gained on our first visit to the islands. When one knows the background of a nation, then one can understand the heart of its people.

While there, we made several trips to other delightful places—one trip in particular was to the great volcano—Kilauea—in Hawaii. As we have seen this wonder on three occasions, twice when it was in violent eruption, I shall treat this subject as a separate story, for it was such an awe-inspiring spectacle that it deserves special attention.

We attended several luaus—the native feast—where the pig is roasted underground with red-hot stones; other food, too, is wrapped in the ti leaves and then cooked in the ground. We ate the fish, the poi, the limu (seaweed), and the iced cocoanut and other foods prepared for this feast; we witnessed the beautiful hula dancers and some of their genuine native ceremonies, a link of their ancient religion.

We rode in outrigger canoes and tried the surf boards, tumbling off like all the other malihines; we loitered on Waikiki beach and lolled in its waters at every opportunity; we were guests of several of the island people who in those days were most gracious to many of the visitors. All of these things were a part of our life during our six weeks' stay on these enchanting islands.

But at last our visit came to an end and reluctantly we had to bid farewell. Taking passage on the same ship that had brot us to Honolulu, at the dock we found waiting not only our old friends, but also many new ones, made during our stay. They were laden with leis which they wound around our necks in garlands up to our eyes; our arms were covered with these fragrant strands and we carried many in our hands. The native orchestra and singers were there to bid us *Aloha Oe*—the song Queen Liliuokalani composed on the heights of Pali, when she

knew she was losing her beloved islands—that farewell song which can never be forgotten.

As our ship slowly slipped from her moorings, the sweet strains of this lovely song gradually faded, as we sailed out of hearing. We threw our leis into the great Pacific, as is the custom, hoping they would drift back to shore so that we would sometime again go back to this unforgettable Paradise of the Pacific.

We did not leave the deck's railing until we were far out to sea, straining our eyes that we might view the grandeur and the picturesque loveliness of that delightful land—beauties which, when faded from our view, left their image stamped upon our memory. A rainbow of great breadth and brilliancy rested over the mountains and the green valley mapped out before us, arching above the blue sky like a dome. We were so unwilling to leave the scene, and I thot: must I say Aloha Oe to these summer Isles of Eden? But the fast-moving steamer soon lost them to view—those lovely Emerald Isles, those Enchanting Islands—the Hawaiian Islands, Paradise of the Pacific—The Islands of Morning Calm.





Edna

Y FIRST contact with Edna Dalton was about twenty-six years ago. She sent me a letter from a city in one of our northern states, to inquire if I that she could become a Chiropractor; if so, she added, she would like to come and study at our School. Briefly she explained that she had been out of the activities of the world for so long that she now felt unequal to attempt such a course, but, she continued, as she sincerely wanted to do something worth while in life, our School seemed to be a possible avenue.

I answered her letter, stating that I thot the first thing to do was to make a trip here, if possible, to look over the School; then, after a conference, we would have some basis for the solution of her problem. She came, about two weeks later, and asked at once to see me. I shall never forget the description our Registrar gave over the telephone: "A Mrs. Dalton is here and wants to have an interview with you," he said, and then added, "She is the queerest person I have seen—she is fluttery, giggly, and peculiar." I invited her to come and see me.

Well, Edna Dalton was all he said, and even more. She was a slender and wiry woman of about thirty-seven years. She had just acquired one of those awful frizzly permanents of that day, and she wore painfully mannish clothes. Thus, in appearance, she was not particularly attractive, and in manner, as the Registrar had said, she was giggly, fluttery, and peculiar.

As soon as she was comfortable, we talked about her entering the School, and discussed its requirements. Then I suggested a tour of the institution before she made a decision, but it was not long before she was back, with an eager desire to matriculate and start at once.

I had found my visitor's educational qualifications quite satisfactory, for she was unusually well informed and had a splendid command of the English language, and I decided her manner could be overcome, for when at ease she spoke with a delightful, soft voice. She asked if she could come again the following day, as she wanted me to know some things in her past life, so I granted the interview—and this is what she told me.

When seventeen years of age, she ran away from a private school to be married, and with her husband went to the western part of North Dakota where he previously had staked a homestead. For several months she was very happy—the thrill of being out in the open, the long rides, and the companionship of the man she loved seemed to offer her all that life could hold.

However, her life there was very lonesome, as the nearest neighbors were miles away; in fact, she added, the only contact she had with the outside world was once each day—about four o'clock in the afternoon—when she could see, far in the distance, the smoke of the Canadian Pacific train as it went furiously by. A trip she eagerly looked forward to was once a month when she and her husband would go to the nearest town, miles away, and purchase their needs for the next month.

At the end of the second year, when she knew she was going to have a baby, she wrote to her parents and told them about it, saying also that she was dreadfully homesick, and, naturally, they had written for her to come home. Also, that second year her husband had become irritable, and frequently, she stated, he would take trips into the town and stay sometimes two or three days, leaving her quite alone. "This terrible life is going to kill me," he would tell her, "I am sick of it and I can't stand it much longer." Very often they talked about what they might

do to relieve the monotony, and always his solution was, "Let us sacrifice the homestead and get away."

The day she received the letter from her parents about going home was a real event, since mail was delivered only every two weeks and sometimes not then if the weather were not agreeable—and hot winds in summer and deep snow in winter didn't make much agreeable weather. Her husband then, realizing that she had planned on going home, said he would go to town and see what arrangements he could make for the trip. As they decided to sell a calf for her passage home, he left early the next morning to make the sale—and she never saw him again.

She waited for days, but no Albert and no word from him, and as the time for her confinement approached, she became desperate; so one morning early in November, she saddled her horse and rode to the nearest neighbor, arriving there about dusk—very tired and exhausted. After she told them what had occurred they urged her to stay with them, but at supper that evening she thot of the stock away back home that must be cared for, and immediately decided she must go back to the homestead.

Fortunately, however, one of the men who knew it was impossible for her to go back at that time of night, said he would go and look after the stock until other arrangements could be made.

On the following day, about nightfall, her baby boy was born, with only the neighbor's wife and young daughter in attendance. Then as soon as she was strong enough she went back to her little homestead out on that vast expanse of prairie, taking the neighbor's daughter with her. They rode in a rambling old trap of a wagon, and she led her own horse behind. However, since the daughter had to return home after a few days, again Edna was left alone—she and her baby boy.

She said that at first she had thot she would write an explanation to her parents, but her pride was too great, and she felt the humiliation of her desertion too keenly to confide even in them. So she began to adapt her life to its surroundings and stayed there all that lonely winter. She managed quite well, she said, until the next summer when her baby became

ill. Becoming alarmed, she decided to go to the neighbors the following day, but during the night the baby died.

That day, and even the next, Edna said, she that she would go mad—she would go out into the yard and scream—her reasoning seemed to be deadened, and her grief uncontrollable. Even the poor animals she had, seemed to sense the agony in her voice, for they would crowd around as if, in spite of their dumbness, they wanted to help her—and it had helped, as she had grown close to those poor beasts which, for such a long time, had been her only friends.

At last, toward evening of that long second day, she saw in the distance—as if Heaven sent—a moving vehicle which contained her neighbor and his daughter. They buried her baby close by the flower bed. Weeks followed—seemingly endless and her loneliness was dreadful.

As time passed, she began to receive mail from the little town which Albert visited so frequently, giving notice of debts and more debts incurred by him. Realizing she had nothing but the homestead, she decided there was only one thing to do—stay on and establish it for her own, and eventually pay off the indebtedness.

To help her in her loneliness, she subscribed for several magazines. In one, she found an advertisement for a University Extension Course, in which she enrolled. For, since her schooling had been interrupted when she ran away to be married, she decided that this would be an opportunity to complete her education. Later, she noticed, in a metaphysical magazine, a course of study offered. This, too, seemed opportune, so she likewise sent for this material, and from the day it arrived, she said, she learned how to live alone and thus began to find the peace she had hoped would be hers.

At last the required time passed in which to claim the land that she had given so much of her life for, so she went to the little town near by and there, the young lawyer recommended that she go to Minneapolis for the final settlement and transfer from the government. Also he that they could help her with the ultimate disposal of her property.

Unable to decide at the moment, she went back to her lonely homestead, thinking long about whether she wanted to become once more one of the world—this world from which she had been secluded so long. However, she decided to leave, and with the neighbor's help packed her few household goods, disposed of the stock, and left for Minneapolis. Upon arriving there, she went to the Y.W.C.A. At first she was so confused and bewildered with the noise of the city, and so upset by the bustling crowd of people, that at times she would be compelled to go to her room to quiet her nerves.

"You know," she added, "even yet, meeting people is a hazard. I saw so few, for so many years, that I feel embarrassed, for I have lost all too much of the companionship of men and women. Having lived alone so long, with my live stock, the sky, and the great acres spreading all around me, and sometimes not seeing more than a half-dozen people for months, has made it difficult to adapt myself to this crowded, restless life."

After an interview with certain attorneys in Minneapolis, she was given the deed to her land; then they recommended a worthy firm for its disposal—if this were what she desired. This was done satisfactorily, and quite naturally she then started on a buying "spree", as she called her shopping in that city. For the next few months she stayed in Minneapolis, and it was during this time she had heard of our School—and her letter to me was, she hoped, the beginning of a new life for her.

While relating these past experiences, she lost much of the nervousness I had noticed upon first meeting her. Occasionally, tho, she would hesitate, and after a rather nervous laugh, go on with her story, becoming, however, more and more poised as she relived those long toilsome years.

That is the background of Edna Dalton when I first met her. Is it any wonder I tried to help her during her stay here? For that reason, too, we became good friends. During the time she was with us, she lost many of those awkward mannerisms, learned to dress well, and soon gained the respect of all who were here at that time.

After she graduated from our School, she located at a small summer resort in a northern state. In one of her frequent letters, about six months afterward, she gave an interesting account of a certain patient. He was a very old Swedish gentleman, she wrote, who owned acres and acres of the best land in that part of the state, and was one of her best friends;

also, she continued, he had helped her to become acquainted in the community and introduced her to many people who later became her friends. In time, more letters brot more news of "Daddy"—her patient.

When, about a year and a half later, she wrote that she was going to marry Daddy, I was rather surprised; but as she gave a more accurate description of their companionship at this time, I understood her reason. Daddy was seventy-six years of age, she wrote, immensely wealthy, and had two grown sons—each, a man of wealth. She explained, "It may look strange to you—and it is strange, I suppose—to think of my marrying a man so many years older than I, but he is a dear old fellow and insists that I confine my practice to one patient—and that patient, himself. His sons have talked it over with me, and tho both of them are older than I, they, too, are quite agreeable to our marriage.

"There is an understanding that our marriage will be a business agreement, and for compensation agreed upon, that I will give him the best care I have at my command. In confidence, may I tell you, the settlement is twenty-five thousand dollars the day we are married, with a set sum given me each year, as long as he lives.

"Do not think," she continued in her letter, "that I have not given this great thot; but my heart, as far as any future marriage is concerned, is not the question—what I had of love and family life is buried far up there in North Dakota."

She went on to tell me the day they were to be married, and that as soon as that took place and business settlements were made, they were leaving for a warm climate—where they expected to be for some time.

About four years later, we happened to be in the city where they had built a comfortable but unpretentious home, and there we met Daddy for the first time—a tiny old man, with keen blue eyes, who spoke with decided Swedish accent, and made us very welcome in their home.

Edna had been to the hotel earlier in the day, and had told us much about her marriage, and we were pleased that she seemed so happy and so contented. Laughingly, she related how she had had to almost make Daddy over. For instance, she said that when they were married he wore red flannels day and night, but these had now been exchanged for tailor-made, silk clothes. Also, since he was bald as a plate, she managed to make him wear a toupee. She had a car, took him for daily rides, provided a valet and masseur, and insisted on nourishing meals. In fact, she had done everything she could to make him enjoy life. And after one of his sons had visited them and was most pleased to see his father looking, as he said, twenty years younger, she was deeply gratified.

As Daddy always retired early, Edna usually went out in the evening with some of her friends, after she was sure that he was comfortable; fortunately, too, her housekeeper was very trustworthy and cared for him well. "I vowed the day I married Daddy," she said, "that I would give him the best care in the world. I would spare no expense for him to enjoy his money—his reward for long years of hard labor and thrift. He went to Minnesota as a young immigrant and accumulated this great amount of land—but not without many sacrifices on the part of himself and his wife, the mother of their two sons. I shall see that he is given everything necessary for his comfort as long as he lives."

A few years later, Edna wrote that Daddy had passed away—that he had not been in pain, but that his frail body became so tired that all he cared to do was sleep. She said that he became so wasted and thin that she had used the softest silken pillows and bedding she could obtain, had provided special nurses for him, and had done everything else in her power to make him comfortable. When his sons came, about two weeks before he died, they were very grateful to her.

When it came to the disposal of the property, they gave her all, and in addition they presented her an annuity insurance policy that Daddy had thotfully provided, three years after they were married. She said she remembered that at one time he had asked her to be ready, any day, for an insurance man who would make arrangements for a policy which he wished her to have. Sure enough, soon an agent called and the necessary procedure for the insurance was completed. She could hardly believe her eyes when she saw the sum of the insurance—however she said nothing about it, not even to his sons. As she had been handling Daddy's local financial affairs, she did not think the insurance had been completed, but after his death

she found his sons had taken care of it for him. Regardless of all the care, she wrote, she missed him, for he had been like a child to her.

About two years later, we were again in Edna's home city—B. J. was giving a lecture in the evening. I had not called, as we had just arrived that morning, but Edna knowing of our arrival, sent a note in which she said she would see us that evening.

After the lecture, we were most pleased to see Edna and a tall, fine looking army officer whom she introduced as her husband—they had been married about a month. At that time, he was stationed in a near by barracks, but expected a transfer to Honolulu in a few days. They seemed very happy.

For some time we exchanged letters and cards, and quite often she would send me pictures of her home in Honolulu, but I have not heard from her for years. Correspondence between friends so often lags—and regretfully, too—and we soon lose that contact which has meant so much.

I think of Edna often, and I visualize her looking out over the great Pacific—its vastness reminding her of the waving grasses of her old home in North Dakota—then she reviews the years of her rather limited life with Daddy.

I like to think that, in her reminiscences, she realizes as I do, that it was because she was such a valiant woman in the past, with such undaunted hope in the heavens above, that she has at last found great happiness, which she so truly deserves.





The Little Treasure Box

E were in Penang, the Straits Settlement of the Malay Peninsula—in 1925—and were leaving the next morning for Bangkok, Siam (Thailand)—a distance of 1200 miles. Our itinerary for the trip there had been arranged before we left home, so we did not know then what an opportune time it was for us to be in Bangkok.

We found that the train would be crowded—so many people seemed to be going there—but we just that it was the usual travel, for the train made that trip only three times a week and so it would naturally be filled. But before leaving the hotel in Penang, several said to us, "Oh, you are going to be in Bangkok for the King's Ball—January twelfth." That date meant more to me than the King of Siam's Ball, or even the King, himself, for it was on that date—nineteen years ago—that Dave came into my life. However, when we inquired more about the occasion, we learned it would be a gala event and perhaps we might arrange to be "among those present"! (The King's Ball, and all that took place there, can be found in our book, 'Round The World With B.J.)

The train was comfortable, the meals were pleasing, and the scenery most attractive. There were many foreigners like ourselves on the train, but only three Americans, B.J., Dave, and myself—Major Bunbury, our traveling companion, an Englishman from London, was with us.

While the attendant prepared our beds for the night, a man of Dutch descent came into our coach and introduced himself. We noticed he was an unusually portly gentleman, even for a Dutchman. He began the conversation by saying that he was a jeweler from Amsterdam, Holland, and was going to Bangkok with some of the most valuable diamonds and other precious gems that his firm could purchase. He was to sell them, he continued, to the Royal family in Bangkok, especially the King's own family, for the coming Ball.

Then he gave his reason for seeking our acquaintance: he had a berth in the third coach from ours, but he did not want to sleep there, for he was afraid that some one might know of his valuable collection and make away with him, the jewels, or both. So, he wondered if he might ask a great favor of us—would we permit him to occupy one of the beds in our compartments? He knew that B.J. and I had one, and that Dave had another, adjoining, and would we be so obliging as to let him occupy the one with our son—or perhaps the Madam would sleep in the extra bed in her son's compartment.

He said that the jewels were sewed in his clothing in many places, and also that there were several in a small case—which looked like a brief case—strapped to his arm. The strap did not show, for it was deftly arranged under his cuff. He added that he did not carry much luggage and never trusted such valuable jewels off his person. When we saw his case, we remembered that he had sat opposite us at dinner and held the bag close to him, but it did not occur to us, at that time, to be anything unusual—one learns to overlook any peculiarity of other people when traveling.

Well, B.J. looked at Dave and me, and I looked at them, and I thot: I don't want him to sleep in B.J.'s compartment, and I do not want him to sleep in Dave's section, and I am quite sure I don't want him near me—then we thot of Major Bunbury. We approached the Major who, being an odd, suspicious person in many ways, at first balked, but we persuaded him that it would cause me less anxiety if the Dutchman shared his accommodations.

Finally, all of us went to bed. I did not sleep any too well, as I did not know what to expect, for the Major's compartment was close to ours. However, nothing happened, and after a wakeful night we arrived in Bangkok. The Major looked a wreck the next morning; in fact, he was decidedly peeved at us for inveigling him into taking on this Amsterdam chap—later, he told me he never closed an eye.

We saw nothing of the Hollander after he thanked us graciously at the station, for our days in Bangkok were filled with sightseeing. But a few days after our arrival in Bangkok, we saw an item in the daily newspaper stating that Monsieur ..., a renowned jeweler from Amsterdam, was a guest at the King's palace and would be present at the Royal Ball.

That night, at the King's Ball (oh yes, we went), as I was standing talking to a delightful little royal princess, who was pressing me to have some bonbons from her exquisite gold filigree box, I was surprised to have Monsieur..., the jeweler from Amsterdam, come up to us quietly and say, "Oh, Madame, please do have some sweets; I brot them from home, and I also brot this filigree box which was presented to her Royal Highness. Isn't it a lovely thing?"

I stood amazed, as I further realized what a lovely gold box it was—the top inlaid with diamonds and emeralds. Three of the diamonds were pear-shaped and the size of an almond stone; others, tho somewhat smaller, were placed closely around them. Two of the emeralds, about the size of the large diamonds, were unusually brilliant. If ever I had seen such stones at home, unless in a very expensive jewelry store, I imagine I would have



that they were synthetic stones—yet I knew these must be genuine. They were simply ablaze with iridescent coloring.

While I stood there, admiring the lovely box, I turned to the jeweler and just gazed at him, for I was so amused that he had suddenly become such a slender man, in contrast to his portly size on the train; and when I looked up at him and told him how beautiful the box was, I noticed a twinkle in his eye—and I knew he was thinking what I had in the back of my mind, which was: where in the world could he have had that box when he slept next door to us that night on the train?

But I said nothing, remembering that "Silence Is Golden"—so I just smiled, and took a bonbon from the box.



The Eyes That Held a Secret

THINK that of all the Captains of the great liners we have been on, Commander X of the steamship on our voyage to Australia, was the most delightful and genial.

We had been out at sea but a few hours, when we were informed that the Captain would like us to be guests at his table during the trip. We had not had a glimpse of him, so it was with keen anticipation and pleasure that we looked forward to this particular honor. At the dining room entrance, we found him waiting for his party.

There were, besides ourselves, a business man from Wellington, New Zealand, returning from England; a lady from Sydney; a young man, a member of the International Cricket Match, returning home; another young man from Australia who had just toured Europe and the United States with his polo team; an American girl from Chicago, traveling alone; and Sir John Walter... (I do not recall his last name for he was always called "Sir John Walter"), an elderly man—a member of Parliament, going to Sydney. These were the guests at the Captain's table.

The Commander had his table placed in such position that he could see almost everyone in the dining room—another thotful arrangement—making all feel he was a *part* of them, and not *apart* from him. At once he introduced us to one another,

knowing much about all of us—which was a surprise—and from that moment, the formality was gone and a family circle was formed.

We found that Commander X loved not only the sea, but also the great ship and its people. He made himself a part of every one—from those who were in expensive suites to those far down in the steerage. As B. J. once remarked to a fellow traveler, he was one of the most capable men he had ever known, he had his eye on everything and everybody, and if we were ever on a ship in distress because of mutiny or storm, B. J. said he would want him to be in command, for he would have control immediately, yet with such forceful sagacity that everything would right itself and give all on board a sense of safety.

I mention the above as a prelude to the story, first, because he was a most efficient Commander and a grand man, with a charming personality, and second, that you may see his interest in the story that follows.

One day during the voyage, we heard a rap at the door of our cabin. It was the Commander's personal steward who stood there smiling. He said the Captain would like us to join him at tea in his suite just off the bridge. We had been there several times before, and so were delighted when that call came, as well as all the other times that he invited us to his quarters, for it meant a most pleasant hour spent informally, chatting with five to eight other guests.

However, this time when we went to his quarters, he was alone. He began the conversation at once: "Mrs. Palmer, you said you were quite curious about the old couple who always sit alone on the deck, holding each other's hands, never talking to anybody, but that when you approached them they seemed to be so shy and reticent and would not talk—seemingly afraid.

"Well, I have asked them here today to have tea with us—tho I am having coffee for them." He continued, "They are a dear old couple, who have slaved all their lives, and have accumulated a fortune; now their son is sending them on, as he expressed it, their honeymoon—their first trip of any kind. They are seventy years old today."

They came, shortly, to the cabin, accompanied by the Captain's steward. We, too, found them dear old souls—Bohemians by birth, I believe—who had given their lives to the company

they had formed and had lived all to themselves and their family. However, being in such strange surroundings on board ship, and so far away from home, they were now homesick and somewhat frightened with everything about them.

But thotful Captain X had a large birthday cake for them, and soon they were talking and laughing like children. When they left—carrying most of the cake with them to their cabin—I said, "Commander, since you didn't resent my curiosity about this charming old couple, I am going to be curious about another passenger on board. Have you noticed, in particular, the two women who are seldom seen except on deck in the evening—one always wears a small veil down over her eyes from her hat or turban? I have seen them several times, but they seem to be exclusive of all."

He replied, "Yes, I have seen those two women, but have not been able to talk much with them, for even when I have called at their cabin, I found they were resting; I have asked them to tea several times, but they always send regrets. However, they promised to come sometime soon. The lady is not ill, that I know of, for the stewardess told me she was a good sailor. I am going to look into that—pronto."

He called his steward and said, "Go find the papers on the occupants in Cabin No.—, and any information you can find about them in the files."

We discussed the ladies—one particularly—and B. J. said he had looked at her rather closely one evening and he that her eyes looked as if some great congestion were there, which was being concealed by a dark veil, but that it was difficult to form a conclusion. The Captain said, "Yes, one evening I stopped at the deck's rail for a few moments and talked with them, and I, too, that the wearing the veil in the evening was rather odd, but decided that maybe it was some peculiar idea of her own. Perhaps," he said laughingly, "she has some new kind of make-up—one can never tell about women today. Just now, all I know about these two ladies, is that they came from Europe and directly across Canada and boarded my ship."

We did not wait, that afternoon, for the steward to return, but two days later we received another invitation to have tea with Commander X. "Well, I have an interesting story to tell you," he said. "I should not betray what has been told me, if

I didn't know you would guard what I am about to say, also I want Mrs. Palmer's help." He continued, "I asked the ladies to join me for tea yesterday, and they came this time, for I wrote them a note and in it, rather jokingly, said, 'This is a command appearance before your Captain.'"

He went on, "The lady in question is English, twenty-eight years of age, and was married four years ago. While she and her husband were on their honeymoon trip to Italy, they drove over the mountains, and in some way the door of the car opened and her husband—rather a heavy man—fell forward as he attempted to close the door, and plunged two thousand feet below.

"She said the suddenness of it all and the desperation of the moment stunned her so, that all she remembered was that blackness came over her. She had fainted and had been taken to the hospital at the foot of the mountain village, where she remained in a state of coma for three weeks—and when she roused from this long sleep, she was blind. Her sister, who is accompanying her on this voyage, took her to the finest specialists in Europe; in time, she began to regain her sight and can now see as well as before, but her eyes have never lost a certain discoloration, and as she is self-conscious about them—and because the curious crowd of people always stare at her—she now wears a veil at all times when in public.

"Now, Mrs. Palmer," he said, "we are going to have a masquerade party on board tomorrow night and I have told her about you and how much I wanted her to meet you—also that you were a most understanding woman and I knew that you would enjoy each other. I want you to try to persuade her and her sister to come to the ball in costume. Will you do this for me?"

He arranged for me to drop in that evening to see her, so later when I went to her cabin and found the latticed door partly open, I tapped and said, "I am Mrs. Palmer; the Commander said you had asked me to call." A cheery voice answered, "Just a moment, Mrs. Palmer," and she quickly opened the door. There she stood—a young woman, slight in appearance, with silvery white hair beautifully waved—but I was startled when I saw her eyes.

Great, deep-purple, almost black, circular plates, about the size of demi-tasse saucers, extended around her eyes to the

cheek bones. Their color could scarcely be seen because of the dark circles that surrounded them; in time, I knew they were a very dark brown, tho they always resembled pieces of jet—set back far into the orbit.

She smiled, shook my hand warmly, and asked me to be seated. All the time I was talking with her, never for a second did I give her reason to think I was looking at those dark circles, for I had learned long ago never to recognize a scar or a deformity of any kind, so it was an easy matter, when I met her, to quickly ignore the terrible blemish that had been the result of her sorrow.

At once I began talking about the masquerade, and asked what they were going to rig up for the occasion. "Oh, we had not planned to go," she said. I told her I had not planned on it either, "But," I said, "let's get something together—the three of us—and win the \$25 for the most unique costumes." At first she hesitated, but the more we talked about how to dress, the more enthusiastic she became. We knew we could get masks from the barber on board, so we talked at length about what we could do, in the short time, to prepare for the ball. I stayed late, but when I left we had planned our costumes for the next evening.

They came to my cabin the next morning and we worked the greater part of the day getting our things together. Our costumes were made in Grecian style from the sheets and pillow cases used in the cabin; we made turbans for our heads, using the short, frilly curtains from our windows, which covered our hair, and we, of course, wore masks to further our concealment.

The party was well on its way when we entered the lounge, and I noticed the Captain toward the rear, talking to some passengers; but we did not go his way for I had not told him about our costumes—I wanted him to be guessing with the others.

The Purser called us the "Three Graces", and we were asked for a dance immediately. As she was a beautiful dancer, and young and lithe in body, all thot her one of the very young girls on board, so she was much in demand the whole evening. The Captain was in and out of the hall; he was always happy when his passengers were having a merry time. The South Seas, and the old Pacific smooth as a mirror, with scarcely a

ripple, were a delightful background for the colorful masquerade that evening.

When it came time for the midnight supper, the Purser announced that the judges would award the prizes, then all could unmask. "Shall we go now?" she questioned anxiously. "No," I said, "let's stay and see who are the winners."

We all three received something, but as she was singled out by the judges for having the most original costume, as well as being the most beautiful dancer on the floor, she received the grand prize.

Then came calls and cheers for her to unmask. Seeing the Captain near by—with a rather amused smile—I went up to him and said, "Now, Commander X, I have helped you out, you will have to help me out"—and I told him we did not know what to do about the unmasking.

Quick as a flash, he announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, these Three Graces have come from out of the depths of the sea; they are the reincarnation of the three lovely Grecian goddesses; won't you let them disappear again into space and leave us with the vision of their transitory visit to the ball? Anyway, they probably dine on nectar and ambrosia, so all of you, of this earthly sphere, repair to the tables where they are loaded with food you will all enjoy."

We made our exits amid shouts of "No, No, No"—and hurried to my cabin rather than theirs, thinking we might be followed, but only a few saw us on our way. Earlier, we had made arrangements to have our clothes in our cabin, so after we dressed again, she and her sister walked out to the far end of the deck. Later, they went into a shaded corner of the lounge and watched the group, just as they had done many an evening before.

I went into the lounge soon after, and joined B. J. and some others. Of course I was asked where in the world I had been, and was told what I had missed. For an alibi, I tried to look pale and woe-begone, and even tho I doubted if any would be deceived, I said, "It would be just my luck to be laid low this evening with a miserable migraine headache, and miss the fun."

At this point the Captain went to the center of the lounge and said, "Will the Three Graces please come here." Rather

reluctantly, the two ladies went over beside him, and I joined them. Then he said, "These three did not like it so well where they came from, so they decided to return to this earth and have a good time with us here."

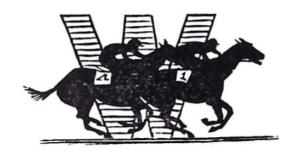
From that night on, the two women were a part of many of the activities on board, and all the passengers were most considerate of them. However, the one never was seen on deck without her veil, but during the days following that night, she wore lighter shades—sometimes even a sheer, pinkish net. Tho she was rather retiring at all times, she was, when contacted, a delightful conversationalist—all enjoyed her company.

We were to leave the ship at Auckland, New Zealand, and the morning before we left, the steward brot me a package. As we were leaving at a moment's notice, I did not have time to open it then, and just put it in my handbag, before I went down the gang-plank where our New Zealand friends were waiting for us.

Later, when I had a quiet moment at the hotel, I opened the package and found a small book entitled, In the Desert of Waiting, by Annie Fellows Johnston—a delightful little book—and on the fly leaf was written:

To my Dear Mrs. Palmer:
There never was any heart truly great,
and generous, that was not also
tender and compassionate.
Sincerely yours,
Margaret Graves-Burke.
5th October, 1930.





Windsor Lad

T was my birthday, June 5, 1934, in London.

My friends, Laurie and Vic, were in my room at the

Piccadilly Hotel the night before, and as something had been said a week previous, about what I would like to do to celebrate my birthday, Vic asked me again what I would like most to do that day. I told him I would love to see the Derby at Epsom Downs, so he made this arrangement for my celebration.

My brother Laddie was at that time in Scotland, and B.J. was in Germany, doing some research work, but we thot we might get in touch with Laddie and have him join us. We did, and he came to London early in the morning of the great event, and as Vic could not get away, Laurie, Laddie, and I went to the Derby. It was Derby Day—the great annual London holiday, on which one of the most popular and colorful of the English horse-races is run.

I have been in congested traffic, but never like that we found trying to wend our way to Epsom Downs—every kind of vehicle that could move was on the highway, and even tho our chauffeur knew some of the side roads and lanes, and managed to get ahead of some of the traffic, it took us hours to get there. The bobbies (policemen) were doing their best—they are most efficient, calm, and courteous—but with thousands upon thousands jamming the way, it was a difficult job for them, not only to keep their own heads cool, but the crowd's, as well.

As we entered the grounds leading to the great race-track, we saw many amusing incidents and people, as one could see only at such a place. Lunch wagons; many kinds of people from the seething area of London—people in all walks of life from the gentry to the habitués of the underworld; fashionably dressed men and women; mannequins displaying the latest from the best shops in London; ultra and others not so ultra were there.

Does it occur to you the vast area that the British Empire embraces? All its people are her subjects, and many of them visit England each year. One passes these people—many in their native costumes—on the streets, or they are housed in the same hotel, but none are stared at or embarrassed as they come and go thru the streets or in public places—except by the tourist—for Britishers accept them as they do their own. They are a part of England, and so they feel at home.

Naturally, the Derby attracted great numbers from abroad who came for the big event—many of them owning some of the finest thorobreds in the race. On that day there were potentates from the Far East; for instance, H. H. Aga Kahn, owner of many of the horses, was there with his retinue of forty—both men and women. Also, there were Rajahs and Maharajahs, exquisitely groomed in perfect London-tailored suits, with spotless white turbans wound gracefully around their heads.

The Indian women, with exquisite saris, adorned with much jingling, gold jewelry, and handsome pieces set with emeralds and diamonds, daintily tip-toed thru the grass, from their expensive limousines. Always at the center of their foreheads there is a red coin-like circle—the mark of Siva (Hindu), and always set in each pierced nostril, a brilliant ruby, or other precious stone, giving a most unique effect.

Then there were the Sikhs present—those tall, sad-eyed exiles from far away, sunny lands—in blue uniforms with bright orange buttons, and white-draped turbans.

The late King George, and Queen Mary occupied the Royal box with other members of the Royal family.

And the wealthy personages from various parts of Africa, cannot be left out; sheiks from Egypt with their fez, and flowing mustache, and the ladies in native costume; the Singhalese from Ceylon—the men with white skirts and their long black hair rolled into a bun at the nape of their necks; the owners

of rich rubber plantations from Malaya, accompanied by their ladies in their native dress, the penang (sarong)—a skirt gracefully draped—with colorful bodices, and wearing gorgeous jewelry; the black and brown races from the far-flung empire of Great Britain—all gathered at Epsom Downs for the Derby.

Last, but not least, lending additional color and uniqueness, were the costermongers—the pearlies—the hawkers of apples, vegetables, and gaudy gadgets, selling their wares from carts or wheelbarrows—the men's clothes were covered with shell pearl buttons, their hats—jauntily set on the side—completely covered by the same, and trimmed with small tip feathers; the women, with wide, flowing, and colorful skirts, wearing enormous wide-brimmed hats with huge willow plumes dangling from the sides and rear.



At no place in the world would one see such a display of humanity and yet, withal, a mutual camaraderie that surprises the average visitor.

Colorful wagons housing that great population of the roaming nomads—gypsies—swarm to the race-track, the men and women in gay, gaudy, and striking gypsy costumes, usually with smiling black eyes, but harboring, as well, a menacing countenance as they accost one and ask to "cross my palm with silver," or offer to "give you lucky charms" or to "tell you the honest truth as to what horse will win." We were amused with their predictions—each question asked meant another piece of silver.

When one of the gypsy women took my hand, I placed a silver dollar in her palm. Her eyes popped, she opened her mouth and her white teeth glistened as she gave me a broad

smile; then she took my hand, said nothing, but traced a "W" on the palm.

After being jostled about by good-natured crowds, hither and thither, we finally took our places close by the fence that enclosed the track. It had been too late to make reservations in the grandstand, so we had to take our chances with the thousands of others.

After we arrived, we learned we could "rent", for each race, a bench about four feet long, at a mere pittance. Laddie immediately made the "reservation" and we all took charge of the bench so no one else would "rerent" it; then, one by one, we would go to the outlawed "bookie" near by, with temporary stand and money bag, and there place our bets. We could not get near the betting stalls at the grandstand, but as we saw many others placing their bets with the bookies, we decided to take our chances with them, too.

During the preliminary races we placed shilling after shilling, and I think each of us came out about even. But later when we placed our bets for the big race, I thot of what the old gypsy had done. The only horse in the race with a "W" was Windsor Lad—so my money was placed on him. I had been reading for several days about the coming big event, and had noted that this time—the first for many years—a horse with a "W" in his name was to run.

It seems, according to what the papers related, that in an old legend (which some say is true) the elder Lord Derby always consulted the old gypsies as to the outcome of the races. At one special race, he placed thousands of pounds on one of his horses that was running at that time—the name I do not recall, but it began with "W"—because the gypsy had given him the tip that that particular horse would be the winner.

However, in his exuberance because of the old gypsy's prediction, he promised her that if his horse came in first, he would see that she also received a stated amount of money. The horse won, and brot huge sums, not only to Lord Derby but also to all others who had placed their bets on the same horse. However, when the race was over, he forgot all about the old gypsy and his promise. Then when she looked him up later, he refused to see her—time after time.

The legend continues that she became so angered with him

that she placed a curse on all his winnings thereafter, saying that never again, during his lifetime, would a horse with a "W" in its name win the Derby. Maybe the gypsy's curse was merely a "good yarn" conceived in the mind of some enterprising news reporter. I didn't know, and really didn't care.

Woman-like, I had decided to place my money on Windsor Lad, and I said, "All I have goes on Windsor Lad." Neither Laddie nor Laurie thot this so good, for as Laddie had been in Scotland and had listened to "race talk" there, he thot they had given him some good "tips" on other horses. "Well," I reminded him, "one of the best horses we ever had at the Kentucky Derby was Man-of-War, and look what he did." So they let me go my way, and they went theirs.

In my so-sure attitude that my horse would win, I even put up a good-sized stake for Vic. I thot, dear old Vic had to stay and take care of his practice in a stuffy city office, and here, at one of the greatest events ever staged in horse-racing, we are having the benefit of his great generosity.

So our bets were placed, our bodies tensed, and the eyes of all were on the hill where the prize horses were to race downward—each vying for the enormous purses that had been turned over to the betting stalls.

I wish I could pen you that impressive scene, not only of the race but of the throngs of people there—it was estimated that between 150,000 and 200,000 people were present. I have attended the greatest races in our own country, and realize that we witness such an event with much anxiety and intensity; but never before had I experienced the thrill of this race—it surpassed them all.

Every kind of conveyance that could carry a human being, filled the circle inside of the race-track—automobiles from the "vintage" of 1900, to the last word in both American and European cars; wagons, trucks, carts; tally-hoes with their coach and six, gay with pennants, filled with the élite of some district; bicycles by the thousands; drays with Clydesdale horses; gigs; dilapidated old hansom cabs; and buses with hundreds of people sitting on the tops or clinging to the sides like barnacles on a ship—every conceivable space was used.

The gong sounded, and away the horses came—dashing down the hill towards us, neck and neck for some distance—their speed terrific, they seemed to fly past us—and when I saw Windsor Lad pass the goal post, a nose ahead of all others, I fairly screamed, "Whoopee." I could hardly believe my eyes—I turned to several and had to have them verify it. "Boy," I said to Laddie and Laurie, "think of that—coming here to Epsom Downs and having my horse win! It's the thrill of a lifetime!"

'Midst this confusion, we all jumped off the bench and rushed with the surging crowd to our bookie for our winnings. We could not get close to the place where he stood—yes, stood—for Laddie had pushed ahead and called to me, "The bookie is gone!" "Gone," I said, "he can't do that!"

Many, like myself, were yelling, "Where is he?" "Catch him!" A pawing, mauling mass! I turned to a bobby (policeman) strolling near by and shouted to him, "Why, he can't do that—Windsor Lad won. What are you doing here—supposed to look after us, but instead you watched the race and let the man with our money get away!" He replied, with a rather silly grin, "Well, he is gone—isn't he?"

When we had calmed down enough to realize that we all were making a scene, to the amusement of others who were hanging on to another bookie who had lesser earnings but was too roly-poly to get away, we knew then, with downcast feelings, that the bookie and our money were *gone*.

My brother Laddie, to this day, laughs when he recalls how I turned to the bobby and shouted at him, that an old cockney woman standing by with all her finery, and wearing a broad-brimmed sailor hat covered with huge willow plumes, took off her hat and pounded the officer with it until the feathers flew in all directions, and said to him: "Yes, ye old scoundrel, the loidy is right. Why didn't ye take care of yer business?"

Another incident that Laddie likes to remind me of is that during the race, as Windsor Lad neared the goal, I almost upset the wobbly bench we were standing on, for I had, for some time, been balancing myself on the bald pate of an old gentleman in front of us; and such a spill as we would have had, for by this time, instead of accommodating three people, the bench held at least a dozen—all of us holding on to each other.

Laurie says she can still see me looking over the crowds ahead—trying to find the bookie—and saying, "He can't do that

to me!" However, she was busy most of the time, gathering her rewards on the "also rans", from the roly-poly bookie who couldn't move fast enough to get out of the crowd.

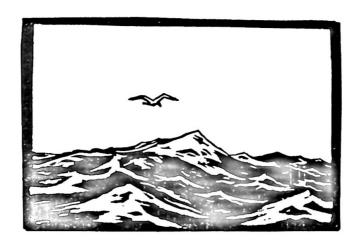
When it was all over, I recalled that it was the quietest race I had ever attended. Everybody, apparently, was too tense to break out into yells and cheers—all seemed to be glued to the spot, waiting for the inevitable. Even when it was over, tho the crowd ran in all directions, they were cool and deliberate and orderly.

Well, the great race was over. People were milling about the grounds. We went to a quaint lunch wagon, had something to eat, and held a post-mortem with hundreds of others. Later, we found our car and started back to London.

As we drove away, I looked back over Epsom Downs. A light, fine rain was falling, and when I saw the race-track and the beautiful green hills in the distance, my thots turned to that superb race, and I had a feeling that everything was receding into the soft mists beyond—thus closing another eventful chapter in my life.

As we wove in and out of the slow-moving, congested traffic, I also that of my big disappointment—that I was not taking to Vic, who was responsible for one of my most thrilling experiences—the money he won on that great horse of the day—Windsor Lad.





A Reverie

N board a liner bound for the Orient or the South Seas, one has plenty of opportunities to study human nature, and, at the same time, hours to spend in thot and meditation.

As I sit in my deck chair, I muse on the things about me—and I look out over the great expanse of sea and sky—and dream. I see about me, people—and what a conglomerate mass of human beings we all are! Over there I see an aged man reading—his head nods often—his glasses fall from his nose. Passing me are feet, feet, feet, of those who come on board for relaxation, but spend their time trying to walk their five miles or more daily, at a pace usually seen only by those who are rushing for the subway.

There goes Alfred with his mother—his mother, a quaint little old lady wearing flat shoes, and she always has on a veil to keep the stray ends of her hair in place—tho there is not a tiny waft of wind stirring; and Alfred—a tall, awkward fellow, wearing golf plus fours and always carrying a book. I see it is entitled, All Aboard the Lugger; he has had it under his arm since we left San Francisco—when he reads, I don't know.

Here comes that elderly deaf lady who carries a long ear trumpet and always wants to ask questions; she talks so loud that one would think we were shouting from one housetop to another—a dear little soul, but she selects the most inopportune time to stop and visit.

And there is the captain, strolling along leisurely, smoking a pipe, and chatting now and then to some of his passengers, then taking a child with him for a walk—both laughing. Now comes the chairman of the sports committee, trying to line us up for some special event. Mrs. So-and-so, in charge of the bridge tournament is hurrying along the deck, worrying herself to a frazzle because there are two people that she had arranged to have play with another couple, who do not play contract—just auction—so she stops and I suppose will ask us all, for the 'steenth time, if we will not join the group so that the tournament can start.

Over by the rail a short, stalky man is smoking a pipe and looking into space; we learned he is a German chemist going to Japan and that he is "vurra, vurra" brilliant, but we have not bothered to find out just how brilliant he is—he seems to be let pretty much alone by us all. Here come those young, pretty lassies, out for a lark, looking only at the young men, or some of the handsome officers who know their kind, having sailed the high seas for years, and who can read what is in their pretty heads, but are friendly enough to make it interesting for the girls. Over in the corner, with his back to us all, is the fat little Irishman who tells the same stories over and over—many times he tells you the story you told him the day before.

Some one sits down beside me with pencil in hand and frantically asks me for a five-letter word for a Mexican cat. I have been asked that a dozen times, for the crossword puzzle contest is on, and the librarian has taken all the dictionaries out of the library. I hear a bass singer in the lounge, getting ready for the concert tonight, and he thinks Asleep in the Deep would be quite appropriate. There is always some one at the piano—a while ago, some one was attempting the aria from Rigoletto, then he changed and made a try at Pagliacci. I know he thinks he is a budding Caruso, for he struts by, with the musical score in his hand, humming for us all to look in adoring wonder.

Two sweet little nuns go scurrying by, talking in low, subdued tones. Here comes the mother with her three children—all looking so spick-and-span after their afternoon nap. There's Professor Mitchell, of the astronomical division of the State University of Virginia; he is returning from the Island of Niuafou, a lonely place in the Pacific, where he and his men observed the eclipse of the sun last month. He has promised us a treat some evening—he will explain the constellations, Orion, the Southern Cross, and the major planets in the heavens, and their course thru the firmament.

Over there against the deck rail are several men; I hear, occasionally, a word about how such-and-such stock went down, and "I sold short." Four Chinese gentlemen are slowly walking the deck—their hands behind their backs—jabbering fast. Here comes that little pest again—she is freckled and has the wildest red hair—walking the deck rail as if it were a tight wire—we all hold our breath; and when some one tries to tell her again that he will tell the captain, she laughs and says, "The captain doesn't care, so there, so there"—and with that, she swings around the post like a monkey. Her weary mother, a United States Navy Officer's wife, going to Manila to join him, is down in her cabin nursing a sick baby, so we all feel responsible for the little freckled-face, but no one seems to be able to manage her.

Standing by the window and looking into the lounge is the Japanese Bishop with his retinue, returning from Washington, D. C. Other Japanese are buzzing around, all carrying kodaks, swung from their shoulders—I wonder if one of them might be the Japanese who was arrested at our Rock Island Arsenal for taking photo snaps of that great plant!

Sitting three deck chairs removed from me are Mr. and Mrs. "Kind Hearted"—Americans from Manila—talking again with the young American lad of Uncle Sam's Forestry Department, who is going to the Philippines to survey some of that waste land over there. They know what a lonely life he is going to lead; they have seen too many of our young men go there, and because of the dreadful loneliness they encounter, will sooner or later become involved with native girls. They are hoping he will not be too far away from Manila, for she wants to mother him once in a while.

A woman, near me, is telling her neighbor how she and her husband spent nine years on the Island of Guam, at the government station there—what a lonely place it is, and how she hopes that the United States will soon complete their plans for the new air base for the Pacific clippers which then will stop and break the monotony there. Also, she says that the women and men always dress for dinner, altho there are only twenty white people on the island; that they play golf with black balls so as to see them in the white glistening sands.

The ship's clock strikes eight bells and I know it is four o'clock—about time for tea—yes, here come the stewards, in their clean white suits, bringing us tea and appetizing sandwiches. I hear the orchestra tuning up in the lounge—that means the regular afternoon tea dance will soon be on its way. Some time ago, the basso finished his down-down piece, and is out on the deck now, munching sandwiches with two ladies who are talking with him about Lawrence Tibbett and other artists, and while they are talking, Mr. "Always-on-the-Dot" drops in a chair beside them and asks something about Milton Cross and the radio.

During all this passing panorama, Dave is playing deck tennis with a pretty young thing on the sports deck, and B.J. is pecking away at his typewriter in our cabin.

As I look over this small community, I cannot help but think -what prompted them all to board this ship-where did they come from—what is their destination? So many travelers about the world find a boat trip just a means of getting away from a humdrum life of every-day things at home; for others. it is returning home to their loved ones; some have been on a mission for their government; some are venturing into new fields—sent out by the large oil or other companies back in the States; others, perhaps, travel for the adventure that it holds; some are on the sea for their health; some, to relax from a strenuous ordeal which may or may not have been successful: some are on board because they have made themselves financially secure at home and are now realizing the dreams of their childhood; some are being sent to the Far East as good will ambassadors for our government; and some are escaping from a past that they hope to forget in a foreign land.

At least there is some reason why they are all here! I won-

der if any among them feel as we do—that it is a privilege to be able to take a liner and sail the seven seas, and we feel so grateful to our Creator that our affairs have shaped themselves so that we can avail ourselves of that great privilege. We have never felt that it is a debt due us, for we have always regarded travel seriously, and looked upon it as a means for enlarging our scope of vision, to learn how the people on the other side of the world live, to study other phases of mankind, and to be able to take back to our friends some of the pleasures we are enjoying.

Why do so many tourists complain constantly about the inconveniences of travel? Some see nothing but poor food, hard beds, and filth. They often tell us, "Nothing much to come so far to see—we have better at home." To one of these, B.J. said, "Well, why come so far away to be miserable; if you had all the things at home that you are seeing here, why not stay home?"

A Spanish proverb runs, "He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him"—so it is in traveling; one must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge. A long time ago, a wise man—Socrates—on being told of one who had not improved by his travels, said, "I very well believe it, for he took only himself along with him."

Those who visit foreign lands, but associate only with their own countrymen—change their climate, but not their customs—see new meridians, but the same men—often return home with traveled bodies, but untraveled minds.

I firmly believe that one reason why we have learned so much from our foreign travel is because we have taken every advantage to see our own country first. We are well fraught with the experiences we have learned in our own land, and thus our observations in travel away from our homeland are not merely to gratify curiosity and seek amusement, but to learn, to improve ourselves, and to gain an understanding into the hearts of other people. Haliburton said once, "The bee, though it finds every rose has a thorn, comes back loaded with honey from his rambles, and why should not other tourists do the same."

As I look out over the great expanse of water, where the water and the sky meet, I think: here we follow in our luxurious steamers the path of persistent pioneers, we reap the benefit of

their experience, we avoid the rocks and shoals which they have charted for us, and at last we reach the land of native indolence—and foreign haste—the home of the timeless oriental, and the sojourning place of the timeful occidental.

It is a land of dreams to which we are going, a land of rude awakenings, a land full of fascinations, a land rich in rude impulses. It is a land of wide diversities—diversities of color and costume; diversities of seashore and sky. Its seas are blue and yellow; its shores are a lone tame monotony, or the rugged fetters of volcanoes and earthquakes. Its skies—sometimes, cerulean, with the smile of heaven—sometimes, black with the dragon-conflict of the typhoon. Its natives are black, brown, or yellow; their costumes silk, cotton, or matted straw.

Slowly the ship plows thru the smooth seas—pacific in reality. I never tire of watching the albatross; several of them accompany us, then at times they seem to remain far behind us for hours, probably in order to search hunting grounds at some distance or to slumber a little upon the waves. Then, suddenly they are all with us again, as if the steamer had not advanced at all.

These birds of the high seas belong to the most wonderful species in the feathered kingdom. Tho not water fowl, they are rarely on the mainland; they rest upon the waves, they are borne aloft by the wind; to them the monotonous expanse of the ocean is a domain to be surveyed as easily as we might survey a district in our city. Somehow they seem to sense the fundamental facts of geography.

It is marvelous to watch how these living "sailing ships" cruise; their gliding flight seems perfection itself, and, once they are in motion, they never make a steering movement; the mere alteration of the angle of their wings is sufficient for them to produce, with the least expenditure of power, a speed which seems to be unaffected by time.

Daily we watch the flying fish—schools of them—darting high above the waves, then disappearing for a moment, and again, like silver ribbons, rushing to other crests; they are ever on the alert for food that might come their way. Some may doubt that there are fish with wings, but we have seen them and their wings look like transparent paper. These fish—a species of the grampus—gamboling with great glee near the

steamer, throw their bodies far out of the water, waving and curling their finny tails high above the surface of the waves.

Then, here and there—seemingly out of nowhere—I see schools of porpoises leaping out of the water, their awkward, cannon-shaped bodies as graceful in their movements as the flying fish. The porpoise has a habit of accompanying the ship for miles, leaping before its prow, often, too, they dive quickly out of sight, and before one can count ten they bob up on the other side of the ship, in as playful a manner as lambs on a green hillside.

Occasionally we see numbers of jelly-fish, thin and delicate as gauze, whose umbrella-like bodies flap to and fro in the midst of the rushing waters. Each day the ocean becomes more vast and more fathomless than we had thot it ever could be; its waters, like rich purple ink, have a depth, we are told, of five miles or even more.

Fortunately for us, we have seen the ocean in all its various moods, and those who would know it well, have need to study its varying forms and aspects. They must see it in the morning twilight when its broad surface seems contracted to a small dark lake, and then later note how, under the illumination of the dawn, it resumes its illimitable expanse.

They must see it during the day, with its ever-changing skies, when the air is soft and pure and clean. They must see the gorgeous sunsets when the sun, like a huge golden ball, drops behind the waves and beyond the horizon, and with the vision unconfined, the broad expanse of the afterglow holds them breathless—such is its splendor. Then again, at night, the exceeding brilliance of the stars and the lunar rainbows produce an ever-enthralling scene.

But the sea can be terrible, too, in its more serious moments by reason of its vastness, its darkness, and its powerful motion; but withal, so sublime that its grandeur cannot help but impress one's mind with deepest reverence for the Maker of the worlds, and indelibly stamp upon the mind the truth of the words of Revelation, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty."

Sailing lazily along, my mind turns to what I see as we pass the small, isolated islands dotted, here and there, along the great waste of water in the South Seas, and one wonders how they ever came into being. Perhaps the great continent of Mu left these waifs to shift for themselves, after Australia, New Zealand, and the lesser islands found they could withstand the deluge and emerged safe and sound when separated from their mother continent.

Continuing among the South Sea Islands, my eyes see strays of volcano peaks, towering high into the blue; many atolls, some of them palm crested—coral reefs—1,000 years old—that show a luscious pinky hue thru the waters; white beaches and placid waters where no human being has ever been, and occasionally some rat-infested island is pointed out. This morning we passed a lonely little island with one solitary palm tree—the sailors call it "Tree Island"—stores of water and food are kept there in case of shipwreck.

Also, from the ship we can discern, on the more verdant land, bananas, breadfruit, and cocoanut palm thickets; and in the distance, as we approach one of the lovely isolated spots, we are destined to be sated with the hibiscus, the frangipani, and other sweet blossoms; and at night we hear the ceaseless murmur of the booming surf as we near some tropical shore.

And always, the sea takes on a different color—every passing moment—with only the sun and clouds to paint these varying hues. No wonder an artist cannot catch the coloring which, like the elusive will-o'-the-wisp, flutters about. Surely, I think, each day when the golden sun sets and sinks into the beyond, and is followed by its magnificent afterglow, there cannot be another evening like this; but the next day again we see the same scene, nevertheless a changing one at that, for other clouds come and go, and the coloring has shifted to shades we had not seen before, making it more glorious than ever.

At night, from the promenade deck of a steamer, there is always something alluring and mysterious in watching the sea shimmer, like strands of silver in the moonlight. Here and there, the restless waves are fluted with sprays of phosphorescent green. Over head, the puffy white clouds float slowly by, between the stars. Occasionally, far away, is seen an outline of a ship; it can scarcely be detected, except by its lights that glisten—and remind me of little bright lighted Christmas trees blinking in the distance; we see it for only a few moments, and

then it slips out of sight as if dipping into the sea. Truly we are "ships that pass in the night."

The seemingly never-ending expanse of sea and sky, day after day, sometimes makes me feel as if I were groping with the unknowable. It brings to me forcibly the thot that Today at least is mine—Tomorrow may never come.

How easy it is to forget the rush of business and responsibilities back home; the streets teeming with laborers going to and from their work; the pleasure-seekers satiating their minds and bodies with exciting stimulants; the hopelessness of those in slum areas; the weary mothers with undernourished children; the dregs of poverty; the futility of the best brains of our nation working like mad trying to reform the world; the patient nurses in hospitals, bending over the hopelessly ill, their anxious loved ones pacing the floor—praying; the fury of wheel and motors on city streets—yes, it is easy to forget all these things for a while, amidst such languid and peaceful surroundings.

Everything we left behind seems so far away, and it is only human nature to push these into the background; yet if we did not have all that to go back to, what would be our purpose in life? True, we can get away from it all for a while, and rest, but we always return, refreshed, to take up again the many duties that lie before us.

In travel, all external connections which ordinarily bind one, are cut off. The individual is transformed by new surroundings in accordance with their own peculiarities, and one can never experience enough new environment, for he gains profundity with every metamorphosis. By feeling, in his own body and soul, how limited is every form, what sensations each experience gives him in particular, and how one is linked to another, the center of his consciousness gradually sinks to the bottom—where Being truly dwells.

One loses the exaggerated value of himself and learns to understand the special experience from the point of view of its universal significance.

But on returning home, one has great difficulty in leaving behind the scenes that have for months been a part of one's self—how to sever the links of the Far East—of China, where the soul renders the idea concrete; of India, where the psychic

sphere is paramount; or of Japan, where the understanding of nature is ever sought; yet how wonderfully soon one adapts himself to circumstances, and again becomes a part of America.

Our first impression, upon arriving home, is sometimes the discordant note of the rapid motion of the hustling city, the turmoil of events in the chaos of impressions, but, in time, we begin to take our part in the general uniformity. However, we find our vision much enlarged, for we are enriched by experience, and as we look back over the long road we have traveled, we find it has not only brot us a wealth of external insight, but also an inner change of mental conceptions, which has pushed any prejudices, principles, or dogmata which we might have had, far into the background.

One learns that the best way to deviate from self is to go away for a time, and get the vision of the far.

And to all who have the opportunity to travel, I say: "Grasp it when you can, for its value is inconceivable."

Gresly, the philosopher, aptly says: "The object of travel should be, not to gratify curiosity only, or seek mere temporary amusement, but to learn, to venerate, and to improve the understanding and the heart."





The Braided Rug

HEN I was a little girl, one of the stories that I loved to have my mother tell was about the braided rug—little thinking that years later, when I was married and had a child of my own, I would see the old braided rug on display as an antique.

I still love the story, and here it is:

Cousin John—he was always spoken of as Cousin John, even tho he was about a twelfth cousin of my mother—lived in the middle west. He was tall and handsome. When twenty-five years of age, he met and married Martha, who, of course, became Cousin Martha to us all. Martha came of a very rich family in Rhode Island, which seemed to me, then, as far away as Australia.

The marriage took place in Chicago, at the home of her aunt, with whom Martha lived, and where she had met Cousin John. As it was known to be a marriage not only of love but of fortunes as well, it was quite a social event of that day.

Wedding gifts came from all over the United States, but those from Martha's relatives in the East were exceptional: beautiful silverware such as the community had never seen, rare and unusual porcelains, laces and handsome embroideries from aunts and uncles of Martha, gathered from their many travels abroad.

Among those lovely wedding gifts was a braided rug made

by Martha's Aunt Kate Hemingway, in Rhode Island. Just a rag rug of a motley design, which showed time and patience in putting it together. Aunt Kate lived on a hillside farm where she had toiled hard for many years, for her Jamie had left the farm in 1863, to join up with President Lincoln "to help whip the South". From then on, Aunt Kate was left with their seven children and the care of the farm. Martha always remembered her, with hands crippled from rheumatism, yet always busy—and in her spare moments she could be found with colorful odds and ends, making rugs.

When a young girl, Martha visited the cousins on the farm and, with the other children, spent many hours helping Aunt Kate sew the pieces together and roll them into big balls. Aunt Kate always liked to tell the children where the colored calicoes or other strips came from, and how often Martha had heard: "This piece was a scrap from Aunt Minnie's bridal dress; this pink one, with the roses, was from Doris's pinafore; this snip with the forget-me-nots was from Cousin Maggie's dress when she went to the Philadelphia Exposition; this lavender fragment was from Aunt Penelope's going-away dress when she married the General; this remnant was from my beloved Jamie's waist-coat—who went away to join President Lincoln and never came back; these gay little pieces are from the frocks that all the children outgrew," etc.

Martha had loved the story, and heard it so often that she would ask Aunt Kate to tell her more about Aunt Penelope and the others. One day she asked her if, when she grew up and married a very rich man, she would make her a rug like that. Aunt Kate replied that she could have that very one she was then making, when she married the rich man.

Martha had long ago forgotten about the rug, and as she had not seen Aunt Kate after she "went way out west to live," had almost forgotten about Aunt Kate, herself—for her life moved in a far different circle than Aunt Kate probably ever dreamed of.

When the rug arrived, a few days before the wedding of Cousin John and Martha, a little note was pinned to it. This little note, written in a shaky, tiny script, on lined foolscap paper, described all the scraps in detail: "The little strip in gray was from Aunt Minnie's wedding dress; the pink strip with the

red roses is from Doris' pinafore; the blue remnant is from my beloved Jamie's waistcoat, when he went to join President Lincoln and never came back; and further bits about the other pieces."

As Martha looked at the beautiful silver, the great array of fine china and linens, and the other gifts, she wondered what she would do with the homely rug from Aunt Kate. She finally decided to leave that package, partly opened, at the far end of the table, and hoped that no one would notice it, for she felt it was too shabby a thing from this humble Aunt, to display among the other fine gifts.

But, when Cousin John saw a package wrapped in brown butcher paper among their gifts, he asked Martha, "What is this?" She told him it was a rag rug made by her old Aunt Kate, and added, "But we will not display it." By this time, Cousin John had opened the package, and read the note; then he picked up the rug very carefully, patted it lovingly, and said, "We must put this out for all to see, for, my dear, in valuing hearts let's forget the gold, and praise instead the good thots and love that Aunt Kate has woven into it. Her gift must lie with all the rest, for if Aunt Kate, with twisted hands and dim eyes, in patient hours made this for us, there is no silver or gold that can match it in my eyes."

Still Martha felt most uncomfortable about it, for when the guests went thronging by to view the gifts, she saw some of the curious smile, and heard others quip about "why should such a freak from the past be laid among these other gifts." So she asked Cousin John to please have a servant remove it from the table.

But Cousin John was adamant—he said it would stay there, if not for her—for him. However, on one occasion, when he, too, saw some of the grand dames smile behind their hands as they saw the old rug placed so conspicuously among the other things, he walked over beside the rug on the table and said to one who had stopped before him—not so much to view the gifts as to gaze upon Cousin John's tall, handsome form—"This beautiful braided rug was sent to us from our dear old Aunt Kate. She made it years ago when her beloved Jamie went to join up with President Lincoln, and never came back; she lives on a hillside farm way back East, and she knew I had always

wanted it for a wedding present. We value it highly, for we know it was wrought with twisted, worn hands, and that it was braided, stitched, and sewed with tears, and heart strings tugging with memories."

'Twas then the high and mighty guests stopped long to see the handiwork of Aunt Kate's rug, but Martha did not stay to see them linger over it; she fled in tears to her rooms—she felt so humiliated to think her John would flaunt the homely rug in front of all those gathered there for that great occasion.

Later, Aunt Kate's rug was taken to the new home—the mansion on Lincoln Drive where Cousin John took his bride. Cousin Martha relegated the rug to the servants' quarters. Thus it was not until months later, when Cousin John was alone one day and had occasion to go to the maid's room to close the windows during a hard rain-storm, that he saw the rug there on the floor. He picked it up and took it to one of his own rooms, and laid it carefully on the floor before his dresser.

Cousin Martha did not say anything about it for several days. Then one evening she approached the subject, and was informed, in a firm but gentlemanly way, that the rug would stay just where it was, as long as he was master of the household.

Several years later, Cousin John was called to the far-away west coast. Cousin Martha did not go with him, and as it was the first time they had been separated, it almost broke their hearts. One day, shortly after he left, while "browsing" thru some of his dresser drawers, she ran across Aunt Kate's faded rug packed carefully among his things. Taking it out this time, she, too, laid it lovingly on the floor of his room before his dresser.

Cousin John became very ill with a fever while away, and letters informed Cousin Martha that they did not think he could ever return home alive. Naturally, she was almost inconsolable. The only solace she found was sitting in his room overlooking the great Lake Michigan, with Aunt Kate's rug close by—praying.

But in time, Cousin John recovered sufficiently to come home. Everything in the house on Lincoln Drive was shining, to welcome his return, and Cousin Martha saw that Aunt Kate's rug was smoothed out, perfectly, before his dresser. When he came into the house and was taken to his room, the first thing he saw was the braided rug. Then his eyes brightened, and he said, "Now I know I am going to be well soon."

I presume my mother embellished the story somewhat, from time to time, for it always ended, "And they lived happily ever after."

* * * * *

It was in 1909, five years after I was married, when I was in Chicago taking a special course in one of the universities, that my mother came with Dave—then three years of age—for a short visit. As the room I had taken for the time I spent there was only a few blocks from Lincoln Park, on Lake Michigan, each day my mother would take Dave for a walk to the park.

One evening, we all went for a stroll toward the lake, and happened to pass by an old home on the avenue which had a display of antiques, given by some auxiliary for a benefit of some kind. We that we would drop in, so paid our admittance fee of fifty cents, and stepped inside a spacious home, where we admired the various pieces of furniture and the many other rare things of the early American days.

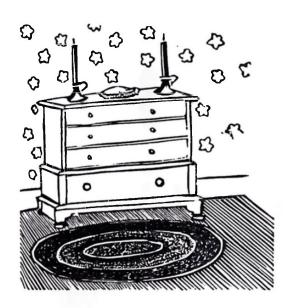
While stopping beside a large panel which depicted some early historical scene, we saw, next to it—on the wall—a large braided rug. It was faded, but many of the colors were still bright, tho in rather a hit-and-miss stripe. Fastened to the corner of the rug was this notation: "Loaned for this exhibition by Mrs. Katherine Hemingway Parker, made by her grand-mother, Kate Hemingway, in Rhode Island, in 1863."

My mother was startled and said to me, "Do you suppose that was Cousin John's wedding rug? It surely must be, for Cousin Martha's Aunt Kate's name was Hemingway, and she lived in Rhode Island."

I had long forgotten about Cousin John and Cousin Martha, for they had passed into the great beyond many years before. They had no children, and what became of their worldly possessions, none of the family ever knew. We studied the rug closely, and my mother continued, "Yes, there is the pink piece with the tiny clusters of red roses, from Doris' pinafore; the white with the forget-me-nots, that Cousin Maggie wore when she went to the Philadelphia Exposition." But the faded blue from Jamie's waistcoat—who went to help President Lincoln

and never came back—we could not find; it probably faded into memory when Aunt Kate joined him years later.

The braided rug which Aunt Kate had made so lovingly, with her little careworn hands, for Cousin John and Cousin Martha, was before us—priceless now. Instructions were to "not touch the articles in this room", but how we both longed to put our hands on it, remembering that Cousin John had said, "Silver or gold could not match it in my eyes!"





The Blond Lady from India

HEN we went on board an American liner, at San Francisco, on one of our trips to the Orient and around the world, there was the usual hustle and bustle of all types of people going on deck with their friends to see them off and wish them bon voyage—the great cargo of steel, cotton, silver, grain, etc., being loaded on board ship in their holds, and the general confusion that goes with the big Pacific boats starting out for the long voyage of thousands of miles ahead.

People were running to and from the ship, messages were being delivered, tons of flowers and packages being brot aboard, and then the gong sounds for all on board, who are not passengers, to leave. We bid our friends au revoir; then we stand, it seems for hours, waiting for the ship to break away from her moorage—over and over again waving good-bye to those at the pier—thinking, surely, we will soon be on the way.

Finally we realize that we are slowly leaving the last tie to our homeland, and a peculiar sensation is felt—way down deep—for when we look to the other side of the ship and see the endless sea ahead, we cannot help but wonder what is before us and when we shall again touch the shores of our beloved United States.

So, with all the confusion about us, we pay little attention

to those who are to be our fellow passengers for the next few weeks. When the ship leaves a port it has been our custom to go at once to our cabins, unpack, and make things as homelike as possible for our voyage; next, to the dining room to arrange for seating for our meals; then to the deck for our assignments for deck chairs; and after that, a walk to acquaint ourselves with the huge home that we are to live in for a while. This is the time that we begin to meet those who are to be housed with us, and possibly form hasty conclusions about this person and that.

Seasoned travelers as a rule are reticent about forming friends. True, we all have a feeling of strangeness as we begin to feel the closeness of so many people that we will often see—and of course we extend casual greetings now and then—but there are many passengers who become bosom friends at once, while, on the other hand, there are always others who hold themselves aloof, so that one does not feel free to stop and chat, any time during the voyage. Those "aloofy" people are bores to all on board.

On this particular trip, we found a motley array of people: English, touring the world, giving impressions of their trip thru the States—their viewpoint being colored as to where they went and what they saw—and their comparisons with what we have and what they have in their own country and possessions; missionaries, mostly young men and women going on their first assignment to China, Japan, or India—the majority of them carrying a sanctimonious, studious air, and a rather disapproving attitude towards the more frivolous ones near by.

Americans going to new posts to relieve their fellow Americans after their five-year term has expired; American wives and children, enroute to join their Naval or Marine husbands in Manila; French, Dutch, Japanese, and Chinese of high position, returning home; Germans, South Americans, East Indians, and many other nationalities—one soon learns to class people on board, for a ship is a veritable melting pot of humanity.

About the second day out, many activities are started for the amusement of the passengers. I remember in particular a tall, athletic, handsome young fellow—a former coach at Yale—who became quite popular, and I was not surprised later that he was selected chairman for the deck amusements, or that all the young girls had already chosen him for their own. Not every one entered into these sports, for there were always bridge, chess, contests, and other entertainment, for those who did not care for the more strenuous activities. Of course, Dave was always in for the sports, but B.J. and I enjoyed being onlookers or just being lazy in our chairs, reading, writing, or visiting with our deck-chair neighbors.

Now for the lady from India: Each day I saw her in a reclining oriental chair, far down the deck in a rather secluded spot, always alone unless the Captain, or some of the other officers, or the stewardess talked with her. She was most attractive—always dressed in pure white crepe de Chine, or in some dainty pastel shade of heavenly blue, shell pink, lettuce green, or mauve silk mull—and her accessories, slippers, and hose were always in harmony with her dress. During the daytime, she wore a wide-brimmed hat or, if the sun touched her, she carried a lacy parasol.

I was curious—as you would be—to know who she was, where she came from, and where she was going. That she was a seasoned traveler, there was no doubt. One day I ventured to ask my stewardess about her, but she only smiled and said, "An American going abroad"—so I did not press the question, as I knew it was quite unethical to inquire about passengers; also I realized that a stewardess, like a nurse, knows when and where to be discreet and tactful. Naturally, many other women on board were as inquisitive as I, and would often ask me if I knew anything about this blond lady, but I told them, just as casually as I was told, "An American, traveling, I guess."

Later during the voyage, I had occasion to see a lot of my stewardess. Rough seas kept me down many days, and the stewardess, in her spare moments, would often drop in for a friendly visit. When one is afflicted with mal de mer (seasickness), few people care to bother about you, for the cabin is not a very pleasant place to visit when there are many things going on, such as deck sports or being cozy in the reading room, attending the cinema, listening to the orchestra at the afternoon musicale, or enjoying the thé dansant about four o'clock in the afternoon. So you may be assured that I always welcomed the stewardess.

Our journey was almost over as we neared Yokohama, where

we were to leave the boat for a visit to Japan. Just a few days before we were to land, however, the stewardess asked me if I would like to meet the lady whom I had inquired about earlier in the voyage. I was thrilled, for I had frequently hoped to have a near view of her; she looked so sort of—ethereal—from the distance.

Then the stewardess and I went up on deck where the blond lady was having tea, and we talked about generalities—as one does at tea. I had the opportunity then to see that she was far more lovely than I had first thot. Her hair—masses of it—was a beautiful, golden blond, and her skin was like ivory, tinted with a faint pinkish hue that enhanced her lovely violet-blue eyes.

She talked frequently about San Mateo near San Francisco, and the Middle West, the former home of her people. Occasionally, when she was silent, I noticed a wistful sadness that seemed to tell of her inner-self—but in spite of this, she was gracious and had a delightful gaiety that was charming.

The next day the stewardess asked me to have tea in the sitting room of her cabin. Shortly after I arrived and was made comfortable, she said, "Mrs. Palmer, would you like to know about the lady you met yesterday? I think now I would like to tell you something about her." I replied that I would be most happy—and this is what she told me:

The lady, an American, was a former Miss, from a wealthy and influential family of San Francisco, who had always traveled extensively. One time she went to visit an American friend, married to an Englishman who was stationed in India. While there, she was fèted in a regal manner by the wealthiest of India's rulers and, being a vivacious and beautiful American, she was accorded many honors. It was during this visit that she met the Rajah—the adopted son of the Maharajah of This son was an East Indian, a wealthy prince, a graduate of Oxford, England, a world traveler, and one of the outstanding Rajahs of the East. (The name of the Maharajah, and the great wealth he spent in Europe since the war, have been mentioned many times in the newspapers.)

She married the Rajah—the prince—and after her son was two years of age, she made a trip to the United States—alone just a short stay, this time, with her parents. Then she boarded this American liner at San Francisco for her return to India, and met the stewardess who became her confidante.

She told her that she had discouraged her parents when they wanted to go to see her in the Orient, so this was the reason for her brief visit just made, as well as those planned for the future. She seemed so eager to return to her new-found home, her husband, and her happiness. She said she had been raised a rich, spoiled girl, and satiated with life until she found herself in India. This led into much talk about her studies under Brahman teachers, of the tolerance and wisdom learned from the age-old sages, such as Laotze and the Buddha. She seemed, the stewardess continued, so radiant and contented with life and all that life holds.

However, she confided, she had only one regret—she had never told her parents that the prince was a true-blooded East Indian, but she had given them the impression that he was from England and had been adopted by the Maharajah. She could not bring herself to tell them that he was a native-born East Indian, and they had just taken it for granted that he was English. That he was wealthy, they knew, so they were contented that she was happy and secure.

When it became known, during her stay in San Francisco, that she was a Ranee, the wife of a foreign prince—a Rajah—her friends had entertained lavishly; thus she became quite popular whenever she returned home for a visit—several, in fact—but she always came alone.

One time, while at home, she became very ill. Her parents, distracted, wanted to send for her husband and son. Even tho ill, she had insisted that it was too hard a trip for her son to take, because of the climate, and since her husband had to look after the aged Maharajah's affairs, it would be a great inconvenience in every way if he had to make the long trip. Finally, unbeknown to her, the parents, with the doctor's advice, cabled the husband to come at once.

Here the stewardess interrupted the story to tell me that she had had to leave her ship at Yokohama on one trip, and return to the United States. Thus she had sailed on another liner from Yokohama, bound for San Francisco, and 'twas on this boat that she met the Rajah—the lady's husband—and his little son, going to San Francisco to see the Ranee who was so ill. Because of her friendship with the Ranee, she saw much of them on this voyage.

She said the little Rajah was a handsome young lad of twelve—a light cinnamon color, the image of his father except for his hair, which was golden blond, deeper in shade than his mother's, but just as beautiful. He was a most interesting and intelligent child.

It was an anxious time for the prince. Few, outside of herself and the Captain, knew of his anxiety, tho later some of the officers learned about him, for there was not a morning, noon, or night that he did not cable for word from his wife. They finally arrived in San Francisco, and were met by the Ranee's father. As the stewardess had taken much care of the son during the voyage, the prince asked her to assist him, upon landing.

She went on to say that when she saw the father scanning the faces of those going ashore, looking for his son-in-law, she went up to the father and introduced them. Never, to her last day on earth, she said, would she forget the expression that came over the father's face—he turned deadly white, but said nothing; and when the little son—after his introduction—called him grandfather, the man really staggered. And tho her heart ached for them all, she soon had to leave them and return to the ship.

About a year later, the stewardess saw the Ranee—the Rajah's wife—board the steamer at San Francisco, and then she learned what happened when her husband came to see her while she was so ill. Tho she still showed the result of her illness, she was almost her beautiful self again—but a saddened woman in many ways.

As the Ranee was appreciative of the care given her son, she felt she wanted the stewardess to know the circumstances that had taken place, so she went back to the time when her father brot her husband and little son home. The doctors had prepared her for their coming by saying her husband came as a desperate man, and as she was too ill to counteract anything that had been done, she lay there waiting for events to shape themselves.

The Rajah and son stayed in a hotel at San Francisco—just ten days. During that time he saw his wife daily, and only the parents and physicians knew who he really was. They told friends that he was a friend of the Maharajah—the prince's foster father—who, being in the States, had called to see her before returning home. However, the shock to her mother was so great that she never recovered, and just six months from the time the Rajah arrived, she died of a heart attack.

The Ranee then returned home, and at that time she had never expected to go back to San Francisco again. But she did go back—and it was on this trip with us that she was returning home to India again.

She had been called to San Francisco because of her father's illness; he died soon after her arrival, so she stayed on to settle the estate, and this was her farewell trip to the States, for she said, "Now I am going back home to stay, where happiness awaits me."

After the stewardess had finished, I felt as tho I had been privileged to peep behind the scene of a real-life fairy story. I saw the Ranee several times before we landed—and later, when she bade me good-bye as we left the ship in Japan, and at these times I could not help but read deeper into her heart—I sensed the reason for the sad-happiness that she expressed—and I thot: yes, "East is East and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet"; but this is a case where race, color, or creed does not matter—it's the heart that speaks and makes us all brothers and sisters under the skin—for with all that had transpired, she, the Ranee, and he, the Rajah, had found happiness together.





Footprints in the Sands of Time

T was seventeen years ago when we were in the Continental Hotel at Saigon, Indo-China, that we heard about the magnificent ruins of the lost city of N'Angkor, in Cambodia. Certain travelers at our hotel, who had returned from N'Angkor, gave descriptions and pictures of the ruins, which stirred our enthusiasm to such an extent that we decided—God willing—that we, too, would some day go that way.

The itinerary for our world tour had been so planned that it was impossible for us, at that time, to alter it and make the trip from Saigon to N'Angkor, 350 miles away, but seven years later when we were on another extensive trip—this time to the South Seas, New Zealand, Australia, and the Dutch East Indies—we arranged to return home by way of Penang, Siam (Thai-

land), and Cambodia, that we might visit the ruins we had so longed to know more about.

We arrived at Bangkok, Siam (Thailand), where we spent only a few days, for we were eager to be on our way to N'Angkor, so early one morning we left Bangkok, reaching the border station, Aranya, about six o'clock, where we stayed for the night. We had previously made arrangements for a guide and a car to meet us in Aranya and then motor to N'Angkor—600 miles away.

We started out at four o'clock in the morning, and the trip was long and very hot, but as we had never been in that part of the world, we found much that compensated us for that rather uncomfortable drive. The people and their customs, as well as their costumes, were different and the scenery most unusual. We passed thru great wastes of land; isolated villages; muddy pools as large as lakes, filled with enormous lotus blooms of all shades; timber lands of rosewood trees, varying in color from ruddy brown to purple—the fallen wood streaked and grained in dark red and black layers; coconut palms, bamboos, banyans, and wild fig trees; streams with clear running water, whose banks were dotted with numberless long-legged pink birds much like the flamingo; then came miles and miles of rank jungle growth—most foreboding.

We stopped the first night at Phnom-penh, the capital of the Kingdom of Cambodia, but as we arrived quite late we could not see much of the city until the next morning. Then we visited several buildings of Cambodian architecture, the shops, parks, and the zoo. The city is made up of three parts: the European quarter, the Chinese quarter, and the Cambodian quarter—the latter surrounding the Royal Palace, a most pretentious building, perhaps better described as a group of buildings comprising not only the Palace but the temples, administration buildings, and the museum—which contains some very beautiful and unusual pieces of Cambodian art and regalia of the past rulers of that country.

As it was early in the morning when we visited the palace grounds, we were privileged to witness the royal dancers, a part of the royal ménage, as they practiced in the court. This was our first introduction to the Cambodian dancers whom we were to see much more of later, at N'Angkor.

There were many places of interest in and about Phnom-penh which we wanted to visit, but as we had a long journey ahead of us and much of it the same kind of road that we had traveled the day before, we decided to postpone our sightseeing in this city until our return trip, for we wanted to reach N'Angkor before sundown.

Ever since we had first heard of N'Angkor, years before, we had searched for and had read everything we could find on that subject; so as we neared the ruins, we knew that we had before us a rare treat, and thus as we approached the deserted city at sunset, and saw in the distance the towers of the great temple—Angkor Wat—towering above the tall jungle trees, glorified by the mauves and pinks of the sun as it sent its last rays over this ancient structure—I prepared myself to live, for the next several weeks, in the ninth century—the time of the mighty Khmers who so gloriously ruled that country, ages ago.

First we entered the environs of N'Angkor, known as the Park of Angkor, and as we drove thru jungle lanes for some distance, the great temple spires grew larger and higher, as if they were exposing themselves more to our view, to welcome us at that hour. At last we reached the dak bungalow, the rest house, at dusk.

Picture for yourself our surroundings: the finest architecture perhaps of all ages, almost buried in the depths of the jungle in one of the most remote countries of the world, and for centuries an unknown tract where only wild beasts have blotted out all traces of man; an area where the silence is broken only by the roaring of the tiger, the harsh trumpeting of the elephant, and the howling of monkeys; where the grounds and the temple crevices, at night, swarm with the snake world—those hooded cobras of the jungle, and others of the reptile family—a place, silent as a tomb, except for the nocturnal animals.

Each morning while we were there, we would rise about four o'clock, for from that hour until about nine-thirty was the only time to visit the ruins with any comfort, for the heat after ten o'clock became so intense that it was not only impossible to withstand such temperature, but we soon learned it was dangerous to go outside, as well.

Yet, we did attempt it on a few occasions, for we wanted to take pictures of some of the ruins when the sun shone full upon them, and even tho we had taken every precaution, we realized, upon our return, that it was a hazardous thing to do. However, about four o'clock in the afternoon the heat became less intense, and so from then until dark we could feast our eyes on all that this ancient place had to tell.

In this story, it will not be possible to describe adequately all the splendor, the magnitude and vastness of N'Angkor (also spelled Angkor)—but, in passing, let me mention briefly somewhat of the grandeur of several unusual places of interest, something of the type of its people, and what became of the millions of population who abandoned N'Angkor when it was at the height of its glory, and left it to the malevolence of the jungle.

History tells us that N'Angkor was a flourishing community long before the ninth century, and the Khmers—the ancient Cambodians—were its mighty builders. These were people of small stature, who had graceful body actions, black, wavy hair, and straight-set eyes—not slanted as found in many types of orientals. Tho these Cambodians are credited with having been mighty builders, designers, and artists, today one finds their ancestors a weak, vacillating, and idle lot, and their language monosyllabic—quite different from the early Khmers who spoke the Indo-Chinese dialect fluently.

This ancient race must have been highly skilled architects, for their stupendous works and magnificent carvings surpass all undertakings in history, and even rival those of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar, or, for that matter, any other before or since his day.

As one approaches Angkor Wat (Angkor Vat) and the Bayon—two of the most imposing edifices—he is impressed by the great masterful sweep of huge gray masonry that rises like tall symbols of the great past, higher even than the tallest of trees in the jungle, and the nearer one comes to them, the greater they grow in size, until one appears like a pigmy beside the lofty towers.

Indeed, the sight of these massive temples—including even the lesser ones—seemed to crush our minds and stagger our imagination, and so we just gazed in wonderment and respectful silence, for where indeed are words to be found to praise such marvels of architectural beauty which perhaps have never been equaled in the world? Who were the geniuses among the Khmers, the ancient Cambodians, who had so much vision, foresight, wealth, and skill; who conceived these mighty works; who could have co-ordinated all parts with the most admirable art, and supervised their foundations to the topmost stone with such infinite harmony and variety and grandeur; and who were the artists who adorned the thousands of sculptured designs of the history of this lost people?

Who could have devised the hundreds of cloisters and the staircases with enormous ballustrades of the Nagas; the extensive terraces with life-size elephants cut in such intricate basreliefs; the perfect proportions in the pyramids, minarets, and towers? Who created the idea of the pointed vaults with their horizontal joints; who adorned these gallery walls with such remarkably fine frescoes and bas-reliefs, lace work of rock as fragile as a spider's web—all unique of their kind? Surely the minds that dreamed all this were truly great!

There has never been found any trace of the history of their arts, sciences, or traditions; their story is portrayed only in the miles and miles of bas-reliefs that adorn the walls in solid continuity upon, and within the edifices.

Outstanding among the ruins of N'Angkor are the monuments found in Angkor Thom, a city which was one of the ancient capitals of the Cambodian empire, and the residence of the Khmer sovereigns for five centuries; Angkor Wat, the great temple dedicated to the god Vishnu; and the Bayon—a many towered edifice—the temple of the Four Faces of Siva. (Since the mammoth ruins of N'Angkor are designated as monuments, hereafter when such are mentioned they refer to any or all of the ruins of pillars, towers, terraces, edifices, and other stone work.)

N'Angkor in its day, with its cities and environs, covered an area of two hundred miles square, and had a population of approximately thirty million. To date, within its confines, only 848 monuments have been unearthed, so no doubt there are many hundreds more that lie sleeping, which some day will be brot to light for future generations to view.

The masonry for these huge monuments was brot from quarries of stone, twenty or forty miles away, by slaves, and as the heat they encountered was most intense, and driven by brutal masters, a terrific number of lives must have been sacrificed at that time.

Angkor Thom, built in the ninth century, was only one of the cities that comprised N'Angkor proper. It was the largest and wealthiest city in the world at that time, having a population of one million. When it was built, the city was surrounded by a moat, and outside of this moat were causeways built of huge stones. On either side of these were fifty-four stately gigantic stone genii—one hundred eight in all—a sacred number. The parapets of stone were carved in the shape of the nine-headed serpent—the Naga.

The city had five main gateways, exactly alike, each flanked by oriental side gates, and on both sides of each gate were lifesize carved stone elephants and enormous stone heads of the Buddha. The ruins show that a great system of underground tunnels supplied water to all parts of Angkor Thom, and it is quite probable that they carried the water to all the countless bathing pools and park lagoons as well.

The main streets of the city must have been at least a half-mile wide—some of the roads show even a greater width. One of these wide roads was most likely the promenade of the sovereigns, for looking from the west to the east, down this long avenue, the ruins of the royal palace can be seen.

Angkor Thom must have been a great city, teeming with people, shops, schools, hospitals, market places, coliseums, public bathing houses, parks, palaces, temples, race-tracks, etc. Within its confines today are found some of the finest monuments—four or five hundred in number—and among the better preserved ones is the Bayon, which I shall describe later on.

However, there are several other monuments in Angkor Thom, besides the Bayon, which deserve attention. Among these may be mentioned the Baphuon and the Royal Palace of Phimeanakas.

The Baphuon was known by Ta-Kuan—the Chinese chronicler—as the copper tower, because its huge central shrine and tower were covered and plated with sheets of gleaming copper. This monument has suffered most at the hands of time, and especially of vandals. However, with all this maltreatment, the gallery walls show remarkably fine bas-reliefs and carved scenes from the Brahmanic poems.

Traces may be seen of the magnificent entrance which once stood within an enclosed wall, with side pavilions extending at great length to the right and left, with carvings lavishly spread over hundreds of feet along its walls.

The Palace of Phimeanakas must have been a most pretentious edifice, for Ta-Kuan, who visited N'Angkor in the twelfth century, writes: "The palace was a magnificent structure with its golden tower, its great verandas, the window frames in solid gold, and over the royal dias—the golden throne—were two long metal mirrors. Outside the palace in the enclosure, over 600 yards deep and 300 yards wide, were numerous buildings—small palaces in themselves—which housed the Royal wives and children, the concubines, the dancing girls and their attendants."

Today, most of the buildings and grounds are in a dilapidated condition, tho the chapel and the surrounding terraces are the best preserved.

The Royal terrace—the Terrace of Honor—a platform running along the eastern front of the palace, is approximately 1,000 feet long and about 20 feet high, evidently used as the Royal grandstand from which were witnessed the parades and games held in the central square.

The walls of the terrace are carved in a continuous series of alternating figures of the huge Garuda (king of fabulous birds on the mount of Vishnu), the lion and the Naga head, and at either end is found the famous terrace of life-size carved elephants, which continues for several hundred feet—called The Terrace of the Elephants, each adorned in ceremonial paraphernalia, a crown on his head and a perfectly sculptured howdah.

Another terrace, known as the Terrace of the Leper King, depicts many fine carvings of small human figures on its walls. Close by, in the royal courtyard, may be seen an heroic statue of this afflicted ruler, seated on a stone pedestal, and surrounded by several other figures, who historians claim were his faithful attendants.

Outside the city of Angkor Thom are two other monuments that are worthy of mention—The Prah Khan temple, or the Sacred Sword, which is in a rectangular enclosure, three quarters of a mile long and about a half mile wide. Its concentric galleries exhibit many scenes of the Brahmanic deities carved on the doorposts, friezes, niches, and walls.

The Néak Pean temple, known as the Intertwined Naga, stands in what was originally the sacred lake of the Prah Khan.

This is evidently a Buddhist temple, intended for the rites of purification. Here, remains may be seen of the golden Buddha, the square golden tower, and dozens of smaller stone structures, bronze elephants, oxen, horses, and lions.

A huge banyan tree, with its great spread of leafy boughs, almost conceals the temple, while its huge roots tightly embrace the edifice, as tho in its attempt to destroy the temple, at the same time it seeks to protect it.

These monuments and many others—all a part of N'Angkor—altho in a pathetic state of decay, are well worth the effort one makes to visit them, for each is distinctive and one cannot help but realize the great religious conflict that must have prevailed during those two or three hundred years when Brahmanism, Hinduism, and Buddhism were striving for supremacy.

The Bayon temple, one of the most imposing monuments, is found in Angkor Thom, and was dedicated to Siva (Shiva) of the Hindu faith. This edifice must have stood in the center of a great park in the city, for it shows plainly it was originally laid out on a horizontal plane, and mathematically centered in the city.

The Bayon is perhaps the most original and striking in appearance of all the monuments, set among groves of huge wild fig trees which have gained a foothold everywhere, their branches climb like locks of hair to the top pedestal, and their countless roots drape themselves around the whole structure like thousands of fringed tendrils that seem to smother and crush it in on all sides. Groups of monkeys often gather there for shelter, and squat around in circles, but strange to say they do not hold their usual chattering council—it is as tho in a place like this the silence must not be broken.

The Bayon opens on to a fine terrace which must have been quite extensive and elaborate. The exterior and interior of the temple show designs in the façades most intricate in their several parts, which form an ensemble—unique in its kind. The towers are splendidly proportioned and, rising gradually above the galleries, produce an extraordinary effect by adding their wonderful mass to that of the central dome, giving the appearance of a single pyramid—the finest masterpiece of all.

The engravings in the galleries and on the outside walls of the Bayon, as well as on all the other monuments, afford the only information as to the life of the former Cambodians; these basreliefs are very life-like and show us the Khmer people in their market place—shooting, fishing, and hunting big game; lying prostrate before their gods; soldiers riding on elephants in battle or procession; and lovely little ladies dancing before their monarch.

The home life of these people is well depicted—from the simplest of domestic duties to the birth chamber where the physicians and women attendants are shown assisting the mother in travail, and later the birth of the child. Death-bed scenes, too, are portrayed clearly, with the priests and priestesses anointing the dying, and the family mourners in expressions and gestures of agony.

Also, these bas-reliefs indicate that the Khmers were lovers of music, the theatre, and the dance, and there are many scenes sculptured on the walls, of all these amusements, including the dancing girls, lovely and graceful in the portrayal of the characters they represent. Every detail is worked out with such finesse that one marvels at its perfection after all these centuries.

The predominating features of the Bayon are the enormous towers—fifty-one in number—each, nearly two hundred feet high. It is recorded that during the reign of the Khmers they were covered with gold. Each tower has four carved faces—one on each side—known as the Four Faces of Siva. Now these towers are wrapped in fringed greenery, and the roots of the wild fig, bamboo, and banyan trees wind around them, as if they were trying to break the stone walls asunder.

As we raise our eyes to these huge towers, a sort of sudden unknown fear causes us to shudder, for we see a huge icy smile from the face high above, looking down upon us, and presently, as we look at another tower, the same smile meets us again—and another, and yet another—as if we were being observed on all sides.

These heads and faces are of such superhuman proportion, and their carved masks are so high up in the air, that it takes a second or two to realize what they are. They smile and smile—their big flat noses, their eyelids, half closed, together portray a rather ironic good nature—yet with it all, a certain grimness—which is disturbing. They are images, we are told, of the gods worshipped by men whose history is no longer known;

images whose expressions have remained unchanged during these hundreds of years—unaltered by the slow hemming in of the forest or the heavy dissolving rains.

Angkor Wat (Vat), the noblest of all these monuments, the most imposing and best preserved of the Khmer art, stands alone—some distance away from Angkor Thom and the other monuments. It is a stately edifice, built in honor of and dedicated to Vishnu—the Hindu deity—by the sovereigns of ancient Cambodia. It baffles description—in truth, our admiration grew deeper and deeper as we gazed upon it—the bas-reliefs, covering every inch of this huge edifice, are so perfect and exquisite in design, its beautiful pillars and lofty square columns all in one piece, many of them admirably polished, and its porticoes and roofs rounded into domes—a noble temple, built of huge blocks of stone which must have required an army of men to have carried them there—the stones speaking a language all their own.

The great temple of Angkor Wat, surrounded by dense, impenetrable jungle growth, rests in the center of an area covering eleven and a half acres. Built of a gray sandstone, arranged in the form of a parallelogram enclosed within a vast outer wall, it is surrounded by a moat, seven hundred feet wide and three and a half miles long, whose muddy waters are filled with pure white lotus blossoms.

This temple is laid out with four three-storied, tiered towers which rise to a height of 180 feet; these towers form a rectangular pyramid which serves as a pedestal for the central top tower, that encloses the shrine, thus the edifice is 250 feet high. Steep steps connect each floor.

The three stories, floors, or enclosures, consist of cloistered galleries, colonnades, terraces, and mouldings, their stone work solidly covered with intricate bas-reliefs. On the first floor the walls of the eight galleries present two and one half miles of bas-reliefs which depict the history of the Khmers, from the lives of the simplest of its people, to the pageantry of its sovereigns. Also, religious epics of India, the entire, seemingly endless, epics of the Ramayana—the Iliad of India—and the Mahabharata, as well as battle scenes, dramas and historical incidents are all distinctly portrayed.

A whole gallery is given to the story of heavens and hells—

very vigorous scenes which feature the Judgment of the Dead, presented as thirty-seven heavens and thirty-two hells. There must have been, at one time, exquisite coloring on the carvings and frescoes found thruout the whole edifice, for even now traces of gold and crimson and cobalt blues can be seen embedded in the engravings of the carved figures.

The main entrance of Angkor Wat is from the west, and flanked on either side are walls, with high stone landings, where the elephants could load or unload their burden. Then several wide steps bring one to the great causeway or avenue, seven hundred feet long and forty feet wide, whose entrance is majestically guarded by two huge Nagas looking into space, and, in a rather uncanny way, they greet all who approach the temple grounds, with their seven or nine cobra heads raised,—arranged like a huge open fan—each head dressed in plume crests of intricate carving, which unite to form a halo. They are such enormous figures and so impressive that they must have been of very great importance to Angkor Wat—indeed, they still stand majestically as guards to the sanctuary, as tho jealous of us who dare intrude upon their past.

The avenue—causeway leading to the temple—is paved with enormous blocks of sandstone, and from end to end on either side are the ballustrades, adorned with the long, supple body of the serpent Naga, which trails its entire length—seemingly endless. This magnificent avenue was probably the main chariot road to the temple proper, and used exclusively for the great sovereigns of that day.

Approaching the first floor, one sees before him twenty flights of narrow steps, each step varying from two to three feet in height. At the end of these, one enters the central rotunda on the second floor, which opens into numerous chambers, galleries, colonnades, and cloisters, all bordered with magnificent bas-reliefs and frescoes. The approach from the second to the third floor is made possible by three large stairways, each with forty carved steps, two to three feet in height. These lead into the third enclosure, where again are seen galleries and chambers with exquisite frescoes and carvings covering every inch of the walls.

It was not an easy task to ascend these carved steps, because they were steep and so narrow that many of them were just wide enough for the toes. As we continued, we found that few make the ascent, and those who do often undergo great fatigue. Consequently, we saw several suffering from giddiness, who had to be carried to the level floor below. A few more steps bring one to the top tower, the Bakan—the sanctuary or shrine, the Holy of Holies. Here one feels well repaid for the hard climb, for the great jungle, spread to the west, east, south, and north, presents a marvelous panorama which unfolds itself before the eyes, stretching away to the far foot-hills beyond the forest, the sacred ponds, the towers and spires of the neighboring monuments, and the dwellings of the Buddhist bonzes—altogether an awe-inspiring view.

An old legend of Chinese history, which tells of Angkor as the great capital of the Khmer people, and the finest city in all Asia, relates an incident of a Chinese official who, as a visitor to Angkor in the twelfth century, stated: "When I visited the tower of the great temple" (evidently referring to Angkor Wat), "there was enshrined in the Holy of Holies a great statue of the lord Buddha, sitting upon the throne, the statue fashioned out of emeralds so cunningly matched and cemented together that the whole work seemed as one solid emerald and shone with its green light so intense that none but the faithful may look upon it."

At the present day, in the center of the Holy of Holies, a bright light burns constantly, day and night—called the everlasting light—kept burning by the bonzes, the Buddhist priests. The natives, however, claim it has burned brightly since the Khmers left and the jungle and the gods took it over. During our stay, each night before retiring we would look over to Angkor Wat and see the light shining in the top tower, and it seemed to shed a blessing of peace over the great silentness that pervaded everything.

It would require hundreds of pages to describe in detail the exquisite portrayal of the story of the Khmers, the beauty of the carvings in bas-relief, and the variance of the many monuments which are found in N'Angkor—all so worthy of attention—but I must pass on, for I should like to relate a unique experience I had one evening when I went alone to Angkor Wat, the great temple, to see the sunset from the high tower of that edifice. But before I do this, perhaps I should briefly tell

some of the theories given as to why this prosperous race left its city so suddenly, and why it has remained hidden from human eyes for so many centuries.

History is vague regarding the terrific warfare that was waged between the Cambodians and the Siamese, following the desertion of N'Angkor. Some historians claim that the Siamese occupied the city, and while here pillaged the palaces and temples and carried away their spoils to Siam where they rest today in some of their shrines. Ere long the city sunk into oblivion, the ruthless jungle began crowding in—the all-enveloping jungle that struggles for supremacy—soon had N'Angkor in its grasp. Having accomplished this, it then began its destruction, closing within its clutches the lovely edifices, and burying them in its terrible embrace.

For centuries, N'Angkor was forgotten. Then one day, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a French naturalist penetrated the forests around N'Angkor, as he searched for specimens for the French Government. Wandering around, he became lost, and later found himself confronted by huge towers above the jungle growth, which had not yet become entirely submerged.

He was thrilled, but frightened by the grandeur and size of them. He tried to force his way deeper into the heart of the jungle, but found by doing so he was out in the open space again. Hurriedly and excitedly, he went to the native village and tried to gain information about those huge towers, but they knew nothing except that "at one time temples were buried there, but they had been swallowed up by the gods."

He then went to the coast city and tried to interest the officials there in his discovery. They, too, paid little or no attention to him, so finally he returned to his homeland—France. After investigation, the French Government began quietly and stealthily to gain control of that territory in Cambodia, and by 1884 it had finally secured a protectorate over this area, but it was not until about 1900 that the work of excavation of the hidden city was begun. Then a few of the larger monuments were brot to view, tho the work was not extensively started until 1908.

Reliable references state that it took six hundred years to build this monumental area of N'Angkor. Some structures are so huge that they alone must have taken a century to complete, and others portray so much artistry in their fine bas-reliefs that they also must have taken many years. Is it any wonder that one marvels about the artists of the Khmer day? History relates that this race reigned in great pomp for two hundred years, then, at the height of their glory, the whole population suddenly disappeared, leaving nothing behind to tell their story. Many theories have been given for their disappearance. Surely, one thinks, there must be something that could solve this mystery, but to date nothing has been found—only the silent sculpture on the monuments remains to portray the story of how they lived there centuries ago.

Many have asked: Could there have been a civil war, with strife existing between factional sides until all were annihilated? Could the downfall of the Khmer sovereigns have begun when Sivaism, which seemed to have gained supremacy in the eleventh century, was then challenged by Buddhism, and thus caused a revolt among its people who were won away from the superstitions and idolatry of Siva and Vishnu, by the simplicity of the Buddhist teachings?

Others wonder: Could hordes have come in from the West or North, and waged a terrific warfare until those few, who might have survived, were carried away as hostages? If so, then these invaders must have taken with them all the wealth that N'Angkor had at that time, destroyed their libraries, their arts, their legends, and all that would leave a trace of this great race, so that their history would be lost forever. Did a plague sweep thru the great country, taking the lives by the millions, entirely obliterating the race? Could there have been a deluge from the mighty river Mekong which runs not far from N'Angkor? Or, could an earthquake or some volcanic disturbance have caused the overflow of the great river, and submerged the total population? Yet no lava beds are found among the jungle or the soft sandstone that pervades the area. Could there have been a great drought which caused wholesale starvation of its people? Could superstition, which ran rampant in those early centuries, have caused the whole populace to move to far countries, upon the advice of their astrologers and seers?

Many other such questions have been asked from the time these monuments were unearthed, and will continue, perhaps, until the time when future generations discover the secret of the lost city of the great Khmers.

At present, all one knows is that they were mighty builders and skilled artists, and that in departing they left the world's most astounding collection of monuments to attest to their glory. Also, one realizes that their lives, depicted in the inimitable bas-reliefs, echo, only in silentness, the mystery of the exodus of an entire nation into the unknown.

All of these thots were in my mind as I left the dak bungalow the last evening we were there, for I was on my way to see the sunset from the top tower in the Holy of Holies of Angkor Wat. I walked the short distance from the rest house to the steps that led to the entrance of the great avenue—700 feet long—and from here I could see the light burning brightly within the high temple tower at the far end.

I stopped for a moment before the great serpent-like figures, the Nagas. Surely, I that, they guard the temple with a triumphant air; they must have had great influence, for they are not satisfied to stand as huge sentinels at the very entrance, but their long trailing bodies extend the length of the avenue, forming the ballustrades on either side, and thus close in all those who walk that stately road.

I went slowly from one floor to the next, and finally ascended the high steps to the top tower—the Bakan—not meeting anyone all the way. For some time I stood at the entrance of the sanctuary, looking toward the west, over the jungle growth, at the setting sun, whose changing hues filled me with awe at that hour.

Everything was so still—one cannot realize what a silent place Angkor Wat is until he goes the way alone. This stillness crept over me as I looked out over the expanse of the environs of N'Angkor, and the tall towers of the Bayon in the distance—with the icy smiles of Siva still fascinating and disturbing me with their ironical expressions.

Over Angkor Thom I visualized the splendor of the day when the Khmers ruled that city—a blaze of light, of silks, of flashing jewels—the finest the world could produce—and wealth; the exquisite little dancing girls in their gorgeous costumes, with graceful gestures dancing before the thousands of the populace gathered in spacious coliseums for entertainment; the elephants

with their velvet and gold-adorned howdahs, used to bring the potentates to view the whole affair; the temples and palaces ablaze with golden domes; the avenues strewn with masses of flowers for the sovereigns' pathway; the profuse perfume of the sandal-wood trees; the great shading branches of the Sacred Bo tree; these and many more were the thots that flooded my mind as I stood looking over N'Angkor where centuries ago the great Buddhist and Brahman rites were performed in all solemnity. Then thots of the doctrine of rebirth—reincarnation—and the lines from the Upanishads came to me:

"I do not know what kind of thing I am— Mysterious bound, my mind wanders."

Wonder after wonder flashed over my mind as I attempted to leave that sacred spot and descend the high steps to reach the rest house before dark. But the sun was almost beyond the horizon, and I knew that I must leave—it was like saying farewell to something I had been a part of—as a life that might be leaving for the great beyond.

As I came down the last flight of steps, I saw a yellow-robed Buddhist priest sitting on the lower step, his hair clipped short, his bare feet encased in one-strap sandals; he was humming in low tones, and in his hands he held a lotus blossom. Quietly, I went down those last few steps, lest I disturb him. Evidently, I thot, he does not see me—but he knows I am here, of that I am quite sure.

By the time I reached him, the sun was out of sight and darkness was coming on fast, but still I wanted to speak to the priest, tho I doubted if he would understand me. So when I came to him, I said: "Good evening," and to my suprise he answered me in English, with the same greeting. I then told him where I had been and why I went to the Bakan this last evening I was to be in Angkor, and he said he had watched me from the time I entered the causeway, and had come over to wait until I came away.

For a few moments I felt rather uncomfortable. Then I questioned, "Do many come at this hour to Angkor Wat?" He replied, "Very few come until the moon-time, then they come to see the dancers perform before the temple."

"You have a lovely lotus flower in your hand," I said, and

added that I had noticed and admired the many thousands of blooms we had seen all around N'Angkor. "Yes, they are beautiful," he replied, "you know the story of the lotus, do you not; and why it is used in the Buddhist rituals?"

I had not heard the story, and this is what he briefly told me: The lotus grows in muddy and murky waters, with its roots embedded in deep mud and slime. When they rise above the water's brim, their long slender necks and pure white buds reach up to the sky. In time the bud opens, and there, in all its beauty and perfume, it demonstrates to the world how a flower can become so graceful and lovely from the mud and filth below. "Like human beings," he said, "who may be born amidst the dregs of life, but they, too, can rise above adversities and prove to their fellow beings that from such a beginning can a lovely life blossom forth." He continued, "The Buddha rests on a lotus flower—a symbol of chastity and pureness—so in the rituals of Buddhism, the lotus is symbolized as the process of the growth of the individual until he reaches the state of perfection—in this or the next world."

I told him we had been in N'Angkor several weeks and we were still confused, that with all the temples dedicated to Vishnu, Siva, and others of the Brahman deities, we found the Buddha among them, side by side. "Yes," he said, "there is a decided contrast; but Buddhism was brot to Cambodia many centuries ago and, as in India, many of the Buddhist teachings had become perverted, yet there were many adherents to the pure Buddhist teachings here during the reign of the Khmers; but when the dark night of the Khmers began, in the year 1201," he continued, "Sivaic and Vishnuic Brahmanism ceased, and it was then the Buddhists set up the pure teachings of the Buddhist faith. Yes," he said, "the peaceful Buddha has held his own firm place thruout the centuries."

Finally I started away, for it was getting too dark to linger any longer, and the denseness of the jungle, crowding in, frightened me. I felt much better, tho, when the priest started to walk beside me down the long causeway. As we passed the huge Nagas, on either side of the entrance, I asked why the Nagas were always in evidence all about Angkor Wat, for, I said, there must be a reason for their presence at this great temple.

"Yes," he replied, "the Naga is the king of serpents and was an inhabitant of the subterranean kingdom under the rule of Sesha. It symbolizes, in Hindu mythology, the name given to the semi-human deified god who presides over the earth's forces of the waters, and who is always found at rivers, streams, bridge crossings, and causeways. However, by many of the early Khmers, the Naga was called the great ancestor.

"The Naga is represented as a serpent with many heads, each head representing a Kalpa, several thousand years, or infinite space of time.

"According to Brahmanism, there are four ages of the world, known as the Yugas, consisting of about five million years, and we are at the present time in the fourth and last Yuga. This will be the darkest and briefest of them all, and at its end the world will again become but a vacuum; then after a period of rest—perhaps eons—there will begin a new cycle of creation, maintenance, and dissolution of the Universe."

After this explanation, I realized that in the eastern philosophies there is a meaning for the many, but a hidden, far greater meaning for the few who are thus initiated and instructed.

It was dark when I left the priest and started for the rest house, whose lights I could see in the distance. The shadows and stillness of the jungle seemed to be following me, but, even so, I looked back for a moment at Angkor Wat. The temple was lost in the darkness, but its gray towers, resembling fleecy clouds in the distance, raised their impressive heads most mysteriously. The light in the topmost tower shown like a star, and I thot, "Oh, Angkor, you alone possess the secret of the great Khmers."

As I slowly wended my way to the dak bungalow, I could feel the jungle constantly closing, hemming, and creeping in with sinister motives, as if to assist the great city in keeping the secrets of its people from those of us today.

The closing lines of Don Blanding's poem Vagabond's Road came to me:

"Death so-called is but an old matter dressed In some new form. And in a varied vest From tenement to tenement though tossed, The soul is still the same, the figure only lost." My last view of this great temple was the bright light burning in the shrine—the Holy of Holies—its illumination seemed like a beacon lighting the way for all the lost people of the Khmer kingdom, and beckoning its followers to return and again take up their abode where they had so gloriously lived, centuries ago.







Jim and Annie

(As Told to Me by One of Their Granddaughters)

VER a hundred years ago, a boy and a girl, neither over fifteen years of age, neared the shores of New South Wales, Australia. They gazed with wonder at the beautiful shore line and the settlement beyond. Neither knew the other as they stood at the deck's rail looking into that new land which was to be their future home, tho they had made the trip on the same boat and were now thousands of miles from their birthplace—England. Both children were victims of that barbaric system which England practiced for many years, that sent innocent persons, as well as felons, on the prison ships to Australia.

Aside from criminals who were put aboard, any man, woman, or child—whether guilty or innocent—who was a witness to a crime or an indiscretion (very commonly committed in those days, by anyone in power), was sent, without warning, on one of the prison ships to far away countries. This was done to prevent the jeopardization of the political positions of those higher up—those who sought favors from the Crown.

Living conditions on the boat which carried these poor, dazed people away, were terrible. Besides the wretched condition of the ship itself, there were many deaths from fever and other diseases, and the victims were ruthlessly thrown into the sea, as there was then not only one less mouth to feed, but it also made more room for some one else.

Often whole families were on board, and if grief were shown when some member of the family died, the whole family was sent to the dungeon of the ship, below. The mental and physical suffering of all on board was beyond human conception.

Also, these prison ships were sailing vessels—not large, possibly 150 feet long. They had an upper, a middle, and a lower deck. Sailors were picked for their brutal strength. Men and women were not separated, and all were pushed and crowded in until the suffocation point was reached—knowing well that before they were very far along on the voyage, many would die, and thus make room for the others.

As they were sailing vessels, it took many months to go from England down the western coast of Africa, across the Equator—where the heat below decks was unbearable—and around the southern point of Africa to Australia. No prisoners were permitted on the upper deck during the voyage, for only the crew had that privilege. The only ventilation was thru a few small portholes; water was scarce—little being given to the prisoners—and the food soon became unfit—for in those days they had no refrigeration.

At night, all were ironed together so that none could escape by jumping overboard or by crawling out thru portholes to drown—for anything was better than existing under those torturous conditions. If an insurrection did occur, or if the prisoners screamed to demand attention, the ring-leaders were herded into one room and hot steam was turned on. This soon subdued any rebellious ideas they might have exercised.

True, many of these prisoners had committed some heinous crime; others, some offense against the Crown of England, and therefore had lost their citizenship; thus, so far as the government was concerned, they were actually worth less than cattle. So, to rid their country of the scum and dregs of the lowest degenerates, and the political offenders, England would send these criminals aboard the prison ships. However, there were others so treated who were refined people, who were guiltless but, as mentioned before, had been unfortunate, innocent bystanders of some crime committed—a crime in which they had no connection whatsoever—but since they had been on the scene when it had taken place, they too, were suddenly seized and sent away with the real criminals.

Leg or ankle-irons used on board ship, and then later in Australia at night when asleep in their bunk houses, to prevent their escape, caused callouses and bruises as well as running sores on their ankles, from which few recovered. This use of leg-irons caused the ankles to grow smaller, and so later when the prisoners were released to farm prisons or elsewhere, men acquired the habit, observable for many years, of always pulling down their trouser legs when sitting, to hide their calloused, bruised, scarred, and deformed ankles.

On this particular ship, this boy and girl who stood at the deck's rail—both innocent victims—were now orphans, as they had been snatched from their parents and cruelly put aboard in England, for some unknown port. It was the first time they had been privileged to be on deck, and as they looked into the distance, some of the horror of the long journey left them—for on land they saw the sun shining and it seemed as tho a new world was welcoming them.

The girl never knew—until later years—why she was sent away. She said that all she remembered at the time was that she had been a match-seller on the streets of London, and that one evening she ran across several men whom she recognized from their dress and paraphernalia as belonging to the upper class. She recalled that they were engaged in a brawl and, child-like, she stood there and watched them. Then she heard oaths, a sword was drawn, and one or two of the men fell to the ground. Frightened, she started to run, but some one picked her up, and later she found herself in a dark room. From this room she was carried, blindfolded, to a ship, and when far out at sea, the blindfold was removed and she knew she was on the ocean.

The boy said that he had been playing around the docks at Liverpool one day, when several men in a boat stopped beside him. He heard them quarreling, and soon saw them throw one of the men into the deep waters below, beating him with clubs until he drowned. When the boy started to run away, these men grabbed him and the next thing he knew, he, too, was aboard a ship, bound for a place—he did not know—until he heard some one on the boat, months later, say, "That's Australia; there we are going to land."

As the ship neared the shores of the penal colony, Botany Bay—where the city of Sydney now stands—the officials came

aboard to interview the prisoners and decide their fate when they landed. One of these officials approached the children and when he found that they were alone—had no parents on board—he told them the custom—that if they wished to escape a miserable existence on shore, their only solution was to get married before the ship landed. For married couples, he said, were given a small plot of land and the government provided shacks for living quarters. However, if they did not marry, they would be sent to the prison mines or farms where untold suffering took place. The children looked at one another—both saddened little folk—and the boy turned to the girl and asked, "What's your name?" She replied, "Annie," and he said, "My name is Jim."

In the meantime, the officer kept on herding the passengers into groups, preparatory to landing, but he returned soon to the children and said, "Well, have you made up your minds?" The boy asked the girl, "Shall we be married?" Tearfully, she sobbed, "Yes."

A brief ceremony was held, and when the boy was asked his last name, instead of replying, he looked out over the land a few miles away, and said, "What is that shrub growing over there?" The officer gruffly and impatiently answered, "That is none of your business; what's your name?" Again the boy said, "Please sir, what is the name of the plant I see growing there?" To end the matter, the officer said, "Saltbush." The boy turned to him and said, "My name is Jim Saltbush."

Jim and Annie Saltbush worked the soil of their new home. They prospered and, years later, went into the mercantile business—sold small wares at first, but thrived until they owned several large stores. They raised eleven children who, in time, also became influential merchants.

Today, in various cities of Australia, there are large establishments known as J. Saltbush and Sons, Ltd., and Saltbush Brothers, Ltd.—a family that is respected and beloved, for Jim Saltbush was one of the influential men who laid the groundwork of the mercantile business in that new country.

His philosophy of life is found in a motto on his tombstone, which reads: "Let those who follow me continue to build with honor, truth, and integrity, and with justice for foundation stones."



Kismet

E motored thru Syria and Palestine. Perhaps you visualize us in luxurious cars, rolling along, viewing the scenery with comfort and peace of mind, but let me assure you it was quite the opposite. To begin with, the cars were ancient Fords or some other type of years-gone-by automobiles, and we wondered if many of them would hold together until we arrived at our destination. Then, to make things more interesting, we had Mohammedan drivers—and a wild lot they were! The Mohammedan is a fatalist—a fact we became well aware of before we finished our trip.

One day while motoring from Beirut on our way to Damascus, we had several mountains to cross. When we started in the morning, the air was clear and sunshine greeted us, but as we began the ascent to Mt. Lebanon, where we were to make a side trip to The Cedars of Lebanon, it became colder and we

encountered first rain, then sleet, and before we reached the summit we were in a blinding snow-storm.

The roads are very narrow, with no paving, and sharp turns are found thruout the way. By the time we were but half way up the mountain—which is 9,000 feet high—we realized that if we could not make our driver understand that he must drive slower—or, at least, not take the sharp curves so fast—we would have to turn back and go by train. The sleet and snow were making the highway hazardous, and after we had had several experiences of skidding to the brink, from which we could view a precipitous drop of several thousand feet below, we knew that the trip was to be one not of pleasure but of terror—and thru all this, we were wondering just where a turn of the car could be made on the road, should we decide to return to Beirut.

When we tried to inform our driver that he must be cautious, his only answer was: "Ha, ha, quicker we go, quicker we get there." Finally, after several close calls, we told him we would get out and wait for a passer-by—tho there were few traveling the highways—who would inform the officials at the next stop to send for us. Again he just laughed and, in no polite terms, told us there were no cars in the next town, and anyway the town contained mostly his relatives. So there seemed to be nothing to do but keep going, hoping against hope that we would arrive safely at the top.

Can you imagine riding up a precipitous mountain side, with the roads so narrow that a Ford car has barely room to travel, with the mountain side on the right and a sheer ravine on the left, and with the rains causing debris to fall and obstruct the highway?

Can you feel our concern as we encountered a blinding snowstorm, with a man at the wheel occasionally breaking into loud laughter when the slushy snow caused the car to reel and skid to the road's edge—where a drop of several thousand feet could be seen—with us knowing, too, that there were sharp turns ahead which might bring us to a crash with another car coming in the opposite direction, with the same kind of driver at its wheel, and with protestations on our part having no effect whatsoever? Well, that was our experience that morning, and we were glad when we reached the village from which we were to go and see The Cedars.

The Cedars of Lebanon have been of interest for centuries, but unfortunately the day we were there the snow-storm prevented our seeing the surrounding country; but we did have the opportunity of seeing the trees themselves, tho there are but a few that can be said to be the remains of the early trees mentioned in ancient works, as the noblest of trees.

The Israelites especially admired them and during their time, enormous forests produced thousands of cedars, covering acres and acres on the mountains of Lebanon. But this area, now, is practically bare, except at the foot of a mountain called Cedars—a precipitous and bald snowy peak—where a small group of The Cedars of Lebanon can be seen. Here, about four hundred of the trees are contained in a wall enclosure, the tallest being about eight feet high. Tho they grow on white limestone rock, the decaying pines, cones, and other matter have formed a dark-colored soil around them.

The oldest trees—only seven in number—that are supposed to have belonged to the original ancient group, are stubby, and ragged, and bent from the stiff winds that blow their way during the year; but withal, they are a memory to time and well worth making the trip to see. These cedars mentioned in the Bible were known as true cedar, and were prized for their durable red wood. It is related that much of the interior of Solomon's temple was brot from these forests; this explains its brilliant red carvings which have been the marvel of architects for centuries.

Our stay at this ancient spot had to be brief because of the weather, and, too, we saw ahead of us the long descent of the mountain and, according to our fatalist driver, "the down side is much worse than the up side"; so we were anxious to get over the "down side".

Indeed it was worse, and the tortuous curves made us hold our breath many times! One instance, particularly, while speeding down the road into a sharp turn ahead, almost resulted in our striking the opposite wall of the mountain and throwing the old car close to the shoulder of loose dirt on the other side. It was then that all three of us decided we had had enough. But the only way B.J. could force our mad driver to stop was to tell

him the Madam was sick and wanted to get out; and at last he brot the car to a standstill, with such force, however, that it threw us in a heap in the car.

When the three of us, and Mr. Jamel, our guide, were out of the car we informed our driver that we were going to stay right there; that he should go on with our baggage and we would get it later; and that we had had enough of his wild driving. Furthermore, when Mr. Jamel, who was a Syrian and with the Raymond Whitcomb Agency in Jerusalem, also told him what it would mean to him from then on, as a driver for the company, he began to see that we were in earnest and very much angered, so with apologies that were quite superficial, and much bowing, he promised us he would be careful from then on. By this time, the wind was blowing such a gale and the snow so blinding, we knew the best thing to do was to get back into the car and make the best of it, and he did do better from then on.

Finally, when we saw the lovely valleys and plains in the distance before us, where the sun was shining, and realized that we were at last leaving the snow-storm behind, we tried to relax—but not for long—for when we looked below—about three hundred feet—we saw a car overturned, and some one moving about, trying to right the car.

We soon reached the road, from which we could walk to the car which was lying on its side. Fraught with anxiety, we hastened, for we saw that it had been a bad accident. When we arrived on the scene—after climbing over undergrowth and rocks—we first found the man walking around in a daze, his face bleeding. Then I looked into the back seat and saw a woman with a great gash, bleeding profusely, which extended from her scalp over her eye to her neck. Dave went over to the side of the car and picked up a baby lying on the ground—about two years of age, we thot—apparently she was unharmed except that the little thing was stunned. B.J. tried to talk to the man—they were English—but he was too fogged, mentally, to give any information except that they were on their way from Damascus to Beirut.

I went immediately to the suffering woman, having sent our driver to the car for my "trick bag"—as my traveling case had been called on our long trip, because it contained everything imaginable—and then I took out my first-aid kit and did the best I could for her. It was a rather anxious experience; the wait seemed long, for Mr. Jamel and our driver had gone for help, hoping to find a way station where aid could be summoned.

We stayed with the injured until the doctor and a nurse arrived, and as they took charge at once, we left, knowing we had done all we could. We were thankful we had arrived there when we did, for tho we could do little, yet we took care of the emergency the best we knew how.

After we were back in the car, B.J. proceeded to give a lecture to the driver. He pointed out the complications, should we have been in such an accident, but the driver laughed and said, "Ha, ha! In our land it would do no good, for you are foreigners and 'that' (snapping his fingers) with you all." B.J. then tried to appeal to his own sense of judgment, that not only our lives might be in jeopardy, but what about his own? His answer to that was, "Allah looks after me; all things are ordered by Allah. If I go over, I go."

His creed—as laid down by Mohammed, the Prophet—was: "Whatever may happen to thee, it was prepared for thee from all eternity; and the implication of causes was, from eternity, spinning the thread of thy being, and of that which is incident to it."





Bali

OR months we had been looking forward to going to Bali. We had heard it called, among other things, The Last Paradise, The Garden of Eden, The Pearl of the South Seas, The Isle of Beauty, and The Queen of the South Seas, so we were more than anxious to see this island which everybody we met had attempted to portray with their ravishing descriptions.

In the writing of this story, I have no particular person or circumstance to tell about; but because the charm of this beautiful island, its people, and their customs, are so intriguing, I want to make a record of our visit there, to place along with my other stories.

That you may know where the Island of Bali is, let me say it is one of the Sunda group, in the Archipelago of the Dutch East Indies, south and east of Java. Few people realize what this enchanting island holds in store for the traveler, for it is a small island—not more than a hundred miles across—but it contains, for all that, over a million contented people.

Nature has been most lavish and generous in every way there, and it is difficult to describe its beauty and wealth of flora and the romance that it holds for one going there the first time for, as some one said, "The romance of the isle invades you almost at once when you touch its shores." But for me, I sensed the beauty of it when I awakened early in the morning and, at sunrise, saw Bali in the distance appearing like an exquisite topaz, with the sun's rays playing upon it in pink, purple, red, and gold hues—surrounded by the smooth, shimmering, blue-green sea. Everything appeared so peaceful and calm on its shores, and it seemed so remote from the world.

As our ship slowly moved to the water's edge, we were captivated with this gem of an island set amidst lovely scenery, with people strangely picturesque in dress and customs, yet having an individuality unspoiled by foreign contact—a unique attraction for travelers.

The climate is never oppressive, for any time of the year one finds it delightfully cool. In the hill sections, the air is always bracing and refreshing, and its nights require blankets.

Bali is largely mountainous, with seven volcanic peaks—some of them active even at the present day. The mountains range from 500 to 10,000 feet, but instead of rising as sheer and precipitous peaks, they ascend gradually, with table-lands here and there on which tea and coffee are found growing. One might say the island resembles a patch-work quilt, the different colors being produced by the varying conditions of the crops; for green or young rice will be found side by side with the full-grown plant, and next to it will be seen grain ready for harvesting, while near by one can see the brown stubble of reaped fields.

Bali seems to be a continuous never-ending process of one field being sown as the other is being harvested. The same is true with coffee and tea—there is never a time when the ripe is not being gathered while the new is being grown, and in all our travels we have never seen a more efficient system of irrigation.

The climate is warm and moist, for there are always showers at some time during the day or night, but they are light and a rainbow always follows. With this kind of climate, there would naturally be a very luxuriant growth of vegetation, and so almost every inch of land has been put under cultivation except the mountain tops and craters—even here one finds shrubs, reed grass, and brushwood in profusion.

Such products as maize, every kind of tropical fruit, tea, coffee, rice, and vegetables of all kinds grow on this island. Its fruits include oranges, bananas of all colors and sizes, pineapples, limes, sapodillas, the rambutan (resembling a plum with prickly spines on the outside, the pulp sweet and delicious), cocoanuts—the milk to drink and the meat prepared and served several ways—passion fruit, custard apples, papaya, the pomelo, jackfruit, persimmon, and berries—from huge strawberries to all varieties of black and red raspberries.

And I must not omit the mangosteen—that most heavenly of all fruit! It is about the size of a small orange, with a thick, hard, dark-purplish rind that is very bitter, and which, of course, must be peeled off carefully. Within the center is the fruit, pure white, with sections like an orange or grapefruit, which must be carefully lifted out so it will be intact; then it has the appearance of a small white ball. The flavor is difficult to describe. Many descriptions have been given, but after having it day after day, I decided that to the best of my knowledge it tasted like apples, pineapples, peaches, strawberries, roses, and—snow.

Years before, while traveling thru India, we had enjoyed this delicious fruit. It is peculiarly significant that this fruit cannot be exported; it is said that Queen Victoria demanded that the mangosteen be served her in London, so, time after time, experts went to India to procure it for her, shipping or carrying it to her as fast as transportation could be had in those days, but even at that it spoiled on the way. Then they brot the seeds to England, thinking they could probably succeed in growing this elusive fruit for her, but all attempts failed—thus it was the only fruit from her whole empire that she could not enjoy.

When we were in Malaya, we were introduced to the durian, so in Bali we tried again to eat it, but it is such a contrast to

all other fruits, that even tho some say its taste can be acquired, we never learned to like it. The durian is about the size of a large cantaloupe, of dark green color, and thick skin. Inside it is divided into sections that form the pulp, a yellowish, clabber-like substance that tastes like—turpentine, asafetida, and castor oil. Perhaps one can learn to like it—they say it is fattening—but somehow we never cared for it.

The vegetables are many—such as potatoes, parsnips, turnips, tomatoes, beans, carrots, radishes, onions, lettuce, and cabbage—plentiful on our table, at all times.

Besides the many fruit and flower trees, the flora includes beautiful, tall tree ferns, bamboo thickets, the eucalyptus, mangrove, teak, sandal-wood, banyan, cocoanut palms, and the celebrated, age-old waringin tree—honored as sacred—resembling the wild fig or the Bo tree of N'Angkor, which covers large areas with its great breathing roots. One waringin tree had spreading branches so wide that it is said it could shelter one thousand men.

Flowers on the island form a riot of color, and surpass all beauty of description. Here one finds the wattle—a yellow blossom about the size of the syringa—growing profusely in huge clusters on trees; the waratah, as high as our apple trees, bearing dark wine flowers; the jacaranda tree with deep purple blossoms; temple flowers—a five or seven-petaled, lemon-colored flower with the scent of an orange blossom—growing around the temple grounds; orchids, orchids, orchids—all sizes and colors: black, green, violet, deep purple, yellow, pink, red, and white; numerous nasturtiums, on bushes as high as plum trees; the begonia and hibiscus trees; and the lantana—a shrub which spreads and sprawls over everything its tendrils can take hold of, forming a profuse thicket which becomes a menace. We saw some lantana jungles so dense that many lives had been lost within.

There is also a flower called the deadly night shade that resembles the calla lily—a beautiful white blossom—the source of belladonna, but is most poisonous to touch; and the lovely lotus in all colors, blue, pink, yellow, maroon, white, and a deep ivory yellow, which lends enchantment to the pools, creeks, and small streams.

The animal kingdom, too, is well represented in Bali. There are thousands of monkeys; the black ape is native to the island,

and many narratives are woven around his antics. King tigers and panthers, both black and spotted, hide themslves in the tall reed grasses; dwarf deer and bears are often seen, as well as lemurs, curious little night animals; flying squirrels; the flying fox; and millions of bats which inhabit the caves. We were told that there were few snakes—the python is sometimes found—however, most of the reptiles are shy, so poisonous snake bites are rare—more noteworthy when one observes that the majority of the natives go barefoot.

Bali, like the other islands of the Sunda group, is famed for its wealth of birds. Brightly plumed parrots, cockatoos, and beautifully colored small birds and butterflies in great numbers may be seen flitting about the shrubs and thru the grass.

All of this riot of color in the flower, animal, and bird world, blending or contrasting with the cocoa-brown people, the thatched roofs of their gabled homes enclosed in stockades, and their fantastically carved and sculptured temples, lends an atmosphere that is unequaled—anywhere in the world.

Bali is noticeably a land of women; it is said that they make up seventy per cent of the population. They have perfect freedom, often choosing their husbands. They are skillful weavers of cloth, make exquisite jewelry and hand-made silver pieces; they are the buyers, sellers, and traders in the markets; and the head of the household, keeping careful account of all expenditures—necessitated by the fact that most of the men are inveterate gamblers.

The Balinese women are small of stature, their bodies beautifully molded, and as they walk, their muscles move in perfect, natural, undulating rhythm. Their skin is a light cocoa-brown color, as if deeply sun tanned, and the texture is as fine as velvet. Their eyes are large, soft, brown, and expressive—a shy, delightfully modest type of femininity. Their beauty is enhanced by the freedom of their bodies—supple as a willow—wearing no clothing above the waist; their bosoms are full and rounded; and their backs, straight as an arrow.

They wear a sarong—a batik cloth in gay coloring, draped artistically around their slender hips, and they walk gracefully along the roadside or streets, often carrying on the top of their heads heavy loads of flowers, fruit, and rice cakes, in a basket piled four or five feet high. Yet with the greatest of ease do

they swing by! Many lovely Bali maidens wear a most fantastic, gold head-dress, circular in form, about two feet high and eight to twenty inches wide, made of quivering, tiny gold points and flowers, which are very effective.

One wonders, when so many women are always in the great outdoors, going somewhere, if they have any home duties, or if they do any work at all, but they are indeed an industrious people. However, their homes are small, enclosed in a stockade or compound, and as they rise early and retire late, they have plenty of time to do other things. Balinese are widely different from any other native race—they have an inherent devotion for carrying on the artistry of their fathers, and in all this there is charming sincerity.

The men are fearless, with strong, well-formed bodies. Their garments consist of a long, narrow cloth, wound around the loins—the upper part of the body is usually uncovered—and a wide waist-belt (waistband), that frequently reaches up under the arms, serves to hold the abdomen firmly in place. Their only weakness in dress is found in the flowers which they love to wear in their hair, especially the Balinese young man when he goes a-wooing. They care for the crops and the cattle, are dispensers of wares in the shops, and are promoters of cock fights which are held daily—being passionate lovers of all games of chance.

We were told that the spirit of both men and women is "help thy neighbor", put into practice; for while one man's crop is being harvested, the neighbor sows the seed for his next crop.

We saw no beggars, no lepers, no poverty on this island, and we were assured there were none of these unfortunates, which are so prevalent elsewhere in the Orient. There was never a sign of discord, strife, or bickering—true, they are born bargainers in shops and markets, but it is always done in a good-humored manner. Peculiarly, we saw few old people; those we did see, maintained their poise and erect carriage.

The morning we arrived at Boeleleng—the landing village—small row boats came out to meet us. We could see them at some distance as our ship neared the island, appearing along the shore like corks bobbing about in the clear blue-green water.

From a distance, we were fascinated by the palm-fringed shore line, looking so fresh and green.

When we went ashore, we were met by a Balinese princess, known as Patimah, who, we learned, served as the official hostess of the island. She greeted us warmly and graciously, and out of courtesy to her foreign guests, was fully clothed. We had expected to see, at once, the native women in costume—bared to the waist—as portrayed in the folders given us before sailing, by the Dutch Chamber of Commerce in Sourabaya, (Soerabaja) Java.

Princess Patimah was a very attractive woman, well into her fifties. She quickly ushered us to the waiting limousine and we were taken to her home for coffee and the cool refreshing drink of cocoanut milk, with a dash of lime in it.

The dress she wore was a bright colored print. The waist—a yellow and deep red batik cloth—was semi-fitted, fastened high to the neck, with eleven American five-dollar gold pieces serving for buttons down the front; her skirt, a graceful, purple, woven cloth with gold threads spun thru the material. On each arm was a bracelet of several American five-dollar gold pieces, and, naturally, we were interested as to where such gold could be found. Indeed, one does not wonder, after having toured Bali, Java, and Sumatra, where all of Uncle Sam's gold has gone, for in all parts of those three islands we saw thousands of dollars—in not only five, but ten and twenty-dollar American gold coins—worn by the women.

Before leaving this subject, let me say it was not an unusual sight to see women wearing gold pieces—like Princess Patimah—for buttons on clothes or as bracelets, belts, necklaces, earrings, and even as anklets jangling around their feet. Often we saw as many as ten.or twenty bracelets worn on their arms—apparently they were weighed down with the heavy gold.

Upon inquiry, we learned that the traders on ships, years ago, used our gold, as well as English gold, for exchange of merchandise; evidently gold was the only medium of exchange, and as years went by, women—and men, too—of the East Indies bought these pieces as a means of increasing their wealth. At one time when we were in Sumatra, waiting at the dock for a large English liner to sail for its home port, we saw several hundred native men and women dressed in holiday attire, the women wear-

ing so many gold pieces that B.J. counted—or rather estimated as nearly as he could—the value of the jewelry worn on twelve women standing near us, and he thot it amounted to about five thousand dollars. As there were several hundred women at the pier, B.J. said if he could take away the American gold exhibited there, and sell it for face value, he could start a bank.

I tried later, in Bali and in parts of Java, to buy a twenty-dollar gold piece, for I learned there were shops which sold not only American gold coins but many English coins as well. When I found that a twenty-dollar coin could be had for \$350, I changed my mind. The date on the piece I had asked to see was 1880.

Now, back to Bali. When we arrived at Princess Patimah's home, part passangrahan (rest house), and part shop, and after coffee—served with American and English cookies and biscuits sent there in tins—we then looked at the things she had for sale. Knowing this would be an authentic place to buy articles, we had her lay aside several things, and upon our return, after a tour of the island several days later, took them back with us to Java.

There were handsome woven materials, beautiful hand-made silver bowls, vases, spoons, trays, and jewelry on display; she also showed us her collection of the kris (dagger), many of their handles being of hand-beaten gold, studded with jewels. Many of these she sold for a goodly sum—and of course B.J., being a collector of sabres, swords, and knives, bought three. After spending about two hours there, we reentered the roomy and comfortable limousine and drove to Den Pasar, several miles up into the hill country.

At Boeleleng, (Buleleng) where we landed, the natives have picked up enough of the foreign ways to disappoint the visitor, but at Den Pasar and other towns they are contented to live their own simple and natural ways, and they look upon the visitor as purely a part of the scene about them. At Den Pasar we found splendid accommodations and the table was always laden with delicious fruits of all varities, and vegetables, chicken, or meat. Generous was the manager of the rest house there. Tho we made several tours out from Den Pasar, we were always pleased to return at night to this comfortable home where our stay was all too short.

Thruout Java, we found the temples beautiful—of Hindu char-

acter—with exquisite carvings and intricate and fine artistic sculptured work. They are built amid a picturesque cleft in the hills, or among a magnificent group of trees—a setting which can be seen only in Bali or its neighboring islands. One cannot help but love the Balinese temples, not only for their form, lines, and ornate façades, but also for the temple blossoms that scent the air, and for the peace and stillness that pervades everything about them.

Almost daily the temples are thronged with natives, bearing offerings of rice, fruit, and flowers, a grateful recognition of their thanks for prosperity; they do not resent your staring at them or their ceremonies, rather they seem pleased that you care to witness what is going on.

Often each member of a family has his own temple or shrine, made of bamboo stems, placed at the entrance of their homes, and as we would drive by, we could see small cups of rice which had been placed there each morning—the bamboo tassels waving in the wind. Also along the roadside were small shrines adorned with flowers.

We were fortunate to see three of the larger cremations while in Bali. A cremation is the Big Event, for a body is not cremated immediately after the person dies; a mummifying process, known only to themselves, preserves the body for years. Owing to tradition, the younger members of the family, upon dying, cannot be cremated until the elder members have passed away, so the remains are kept until the death of the oldest of the family, and sometimes that member does not die for years after the first has gone—particularly, if the deceased is a child.

We followed one of the funeral processions one day. We had passed them on the roadside a day or two before, so after meeting them again, that it might be interesting to see what really took place at their destination. They wended their way thru valleys, over hills, appearing again on another hillside, and finally reached the river—miles away.

We learned that the procession had been on its way for two nights and three days—but no wonder, when one realizes the distances traveled—all by foot—and their superstition never to cross a bridge of any kind—so in many instances the procession must go for miles—if the stream is too wide to cross—until they find a place where they can get over to the other side of land.

At the river, a funeral pyre had been built, similar to those in India. Here the body was taken from the litter, which, covered with flowers, had concealed it from view, then placed on the pyre and burned; the ashes are later gathered and strewn into the river. Another procession which we followed took us to the seashore, where the same kind of ceremony took place.

The Balinese are fond of music, comedy acting, cock fighting, and dancing—the latter done by professionals. A play called the "wajang" or shadow play is interesting; it resembles the "No" plays of Japan that are done in pantomime, and tho not a word is spoken, the onlooker can follow the story closely. The dancing is done by young girls, trained, from three to fifteen years of age; the men play the accompanying music. Folk tales, both serious and of a comic nature, old legends, and historical dramas are portrayed. Many of the dancers often wear grotesque masks, and the dances, like the plays, can be followed easily, for their gestures make the scene quite vivid.

We have heard music and song in many parts of the world. Our occidental music with its beautiful symphonic rhythm appeals to most of us as familiar and lovely; while the ukulele and guitar belong to the Hawaiian Islands; the Fijiians, the Tahitians, and the Maoris of New Zealand have their native form of music; the samisen of Japan; the high, screeching sounds of the two-string banjo and guitar of China; the dull, monotonic tones that accompany the Nautch dancers of India; and the alateeyeh (orchestra) in Egypt, etc., and they all give to their own people music which soothes or stimulates the emotions.

However, aside from the Hawaiian wistful melodies, never has music impressed us as the gamelan orchestra in Bali and Java.

It is outstanding and much different from that of the other tropical sea islands. With native music, it is more the harmony of pleasing sounds that impresses the visitor. I am glad we heard the gamelan for the first time in Bali, for there, amid such a setting, it lent a charm that will always make it a memorable occasion.

The gamelan orchestra is composed of the gamelan—a kind of xylophone—numerous gongs with a sweetness of the tones of many bells, flutes, drums, and the two-string violin; and in all this there is something difficult to describe, but which nevertheless haunts one—long after he leaves the scene where it has been

heard. At first it sounds like a monotonous drone, but with its various crescendos, pianissimo and smooth rhythm, it soon grows on one until you do not want to miss hearing it at every opportunity that presents itself. There does not seem to be a written score for any of their compositions, yet it is carried thru to perfection with perfect time and harmony.

The players are all seated on the ground; the leader—a stalwart, fine looking young man—with great flourish of the baton, directs the orchestra, and seated by him is another young man who relates the story in a most impressive voice. We that he was reading from the score, but later learned he was referring to the manuscript for the various intonations necessary in his dramatic rehearsal of the story.

While in Den Pasar, we listened to the orchestra each evening, and with the setting in such loveliness of nature, and the picturesqueness of the natives, it made a scene never to be forgotten.

Years before, while we were in Sorrento, Italy, we were entertained one evening at the hotel by a Balinese portraying his native dance and plays. We watched with interest; there was no music, but his interpretations of the play and dance were excellent. After the performance, we were told he was deaf and working his way to London to see a specialist for his hearing. Some of the audience were bored to distraction, but he made an impression on us, for we could not help but observe how well he was describing the story in pantomime.

Later, in Bali, when we watched the players there, we could well understand how beautifully the lone artist in Italy portrayed his part.

About a year ago, a Balinese troupe arrived in America after a long and tedious trip from Europe. War breaking out in those countries compelled the players to change their itinerary, and tho they were scheduled to perform all over the Continent, their plans had to be altered, making it necessary for them to return home by way of the United States; so while here they attempted to bring to the American audience their plays and ballet.

When the gamelan orchestra started to play, several like us were enthralled—but the majority of the New York audience laughed. It seemed almost sacrilegious, for we had seen these little brown people in their native surroundings a few years before that time. We knew the serious and splendid character of

their plays, and we appreciated the long and wearisome training necessary to portray their parts, the body gestures which required infinite patience, and the artistry that takes years to accomplish such finesse—all of which was being brot to us here, miles and miles away from their country.

Many in the audience saw and heard only the primitive side of these artists; they could not grasp the beauty and naturalness of their age-old drama and music. I could not help but think that these simple, loving people from far away Bali needed their own environment to portray their lives, and not the false standards set up by the average American; they were so out of place in such stiff and blasé surroundings. How they must have longed for their own people and for those who could appreciate their art!

I have felt the same way about the Hawaiians. They come to our shores bringing with them their songs and music as handed down to them by their ancestors of centuries ago; they are here for a short time; then to meet the demands of the average public listener, they are compelled to change the tempo and alter the harmony, for here in America their music does not always fall on sympathetic ears. Americans want it to conform to their idea of music, so, in time, much of the sweetness of their song is lost, and a mixed combination of jazz and modern rhythm impregnates the ancient lyrics of the Hawaiian Islands.

We brot home from Bali several phonograph records of the gamelan orchestra, and the accurately recorded, we find we lose much of the beauty of tone as we heard it when played by the Balinese in their native land. I presume it is because native music—like the native dances—to be enjoyed and appreciated to the fullest, must be heard and seen in their own surroundings where they live and portray the emotions of their story—inherited from their primitive ancestors in years gone by.

It was with regret that we had to leave the beautiful Island of Bali, but time and schedules wait for no traveler, and at last we had to leave this lovely gem of the South Sea—all fringed with palms and bound up with memories of its shy and loving people, their kindness and simple charm, their strange exotic dancers, the carved lacy temples, the starry nights where one feels so near to the firmament, and where the air is refreshing and the flowers are so generous with their fragrance and profusion.

It was sundown when our boat slowly moved away, and, as we glanced back at the golden yellow mists, and heard the last strains of the mad, glad, sad, crooning, heartful music of the gamelan, everything faded into nothingness; and with many others we realized we had had a vision of one of the loveliest of the South Sea Isles, where we shall probably never go again. Twas then we felt a wistful sadness that sank deep and left us with a longing to go back—and stay.

While there, I had gathered several temple flowers—they were still fresh and their fragrance sweet. When our boat was out of sight of land, I carefully put them away; and even as I write this, under the glass on my desk is one lone little dried temple blossom, which never fails to bring back to me the memories of the lovely enchanted Isle of Bali.





The Yellow Flag

N leaving Shanghai, China, one must occasionally take a small boat, a tender, on the Whangpoo River, to meet the big liner waiting at sea. Many have the idea that all ships tie at anchor in Shanghai proper—and some do come down the river—but often others are too large, so in that case it is necessary that passengers take the tender.

One time when we were leaving Shanghai for Japan, on a bitter cold morning—it was the middle of January—we found the small boat crowded inside, where a small wood stove served to keep us warm. It seemed that one of every nationality under the sun was on board; among them we noticed an American and his wife, and their large chow dog. They came inside for a moment, and then went back out on deck where they stayed during the trip to the steamer. Tho they were muffled to the chin, we wondered how they could stand the cold, biting wind. However, we decided that either they were just two of those fresh air fiends, or they stayed outside because of the dog.

We did not see them when we boarded the ship at sea, about an hour later, for it was necessary to be assisted up the steps at the side of the ship; indeed, the wind was blowing such a gale that all we thot about was how to reach our warm cabins. That evening at dinner, the American and his wife were seated at a table close to us, and we could not help but notice his face, which was red and swollen. He ate little, and left the dining room quickly.

As our ship was the *Shinyu Maru*, a coal-burning Japanese steamer, we had been informed that it would stop for fueling during the night, at the Harbor of Nagasaki, and that we need not be alarmed if we heard a commotion at that time. We had also been told that if we desired to watch the procedure, it might be quite worth our while.

About midnight, we heard the noise and decided to see what was going on. It certainly was a sight—gangs of young Japanese girls were passing baskets of coal from hand to hand, with amazing rapidity, into the ship's hold—a nasal singsong accompanying their work. We went to bed before they had finished, but later we learned that in the three-hour period necessary for this task, they placed 1200 tons of coal in the ship.

When daylight came, B.J., realizing that the ship was not moving, looked thru the porthole of our cabin and saw that we were still in the harbor of Nagasaki Bay, anchored about a half-mile from shore. He called Dave and me and told us about it; also, he wanted us to see the beautiful scenery—tiny islands like miniature paintings were dotted here and there, surrounded by water that glowed with iridescent coloring from the rays of the sunrise.

B.J. dressed and went out on deck, but soon returned and said, "Well, we are between the devil and the deep blue sea, for the yellow flag is up and we are in quarantine; there is a small-pox case on board—no telling how long we will be here, for it all depends upon the officials on shore, whether it will be a few hours or days."

At breakfast, on our tables were small printed cards which read, "All those who have not been vaccinated within the last six months, must report to the ship's surgeon within an hour after receiving this notice. Those who have been vaccinated, please bring your certificates with you at noon to his office."

B.J. went to the ship surgeon's office at once, and here he was told that a man and his wife, with their dog, came on board at Shanghai, and that now the man was down in bed with small-pox. Then the surgeon said to B.J., "I suppose you have your family well taken care of?" B.J. did not answer his question, but said, "Well, doctor, I hope we won't be here long; but should you need any help, call on me." When B.J. told me that, I said, "For

heaven's sake, what will you do if he calls on you?" "I don't know, myself," B.J. replied.

Fortunately, he did not have to assist the surgeon, for when the health officials came out to the boat, they took the man and his wife and dog with them to shore. The doctor said the man was very sick, but we never heard what became of him.

The ship was anchored, and we had to stay there until midnight before it was released, but "What is one man's loss is another man's gain" certainly fitted this occasion, for a short time after the sick man went ashore, we saw several small boats—sampans—coming out to us. We soon found they were Japanese tradesmen who had their boats filled with beautiful merchandise. At first the Japanese were not allowed to come on board, but later in the day the doctor gave them that permission, and then we had the opportunity to see what they had for sale.

We learned that Nagasaki is noted for the manufacture of tortoise-shell articles—the finest in the world—and also that the city is a center for the beautiful culture pearls brot there from the Mikimoto Pearl Culture Farm.

As Nagasaki is a port where few vessels stop, we were able to buy their wares at a very low cost, and, tourist like, we all indulged in wild buying. As B.J. said to a fellow passenger, "You might know some kind of a sale is on—see that wild look women get in their eyes when they are out to buy something."

Well, it was a temptation just the same, for there were beautiful strings of culture pearls—the same quality that may be seen in shops on Michigan or Fifth Avenue, but tho they sell there for large sums, at this little port they could be had for a mere pittance. In addition, there were gorgeous cloisonné, ivory objects, tortoise-shell necklaces, toilet sets, all kinds of bracelets, and boxes of all shapes and sizes, as well as handsome embroideries, blue and white porcelain, and painted fans with exquisite handles.

Everybody on board bought—even the men, in time, became interested—and when some would say to the Japanese that they had no more money, the tradesmen would laugh and say, "Give me pants." When word got around that the Japanese would take clothing for their wares, some one would dart to his cabin and come back with trousers, or a hat, cap, or coat, and the women would bring even some of their underthings or other

apparel. We soon found that anything we had to offer would bring us a string of culture pearls, or something else among the curios.

B.J., at first, just watched the carryings-on of the rest of us, for he had told Dave and me to do all the buying, but toward late afternoon he, too, got into the melee. He remembered that he had a pair of trousers in the cabin which had been scorched when he placed them on the radiator one day, so he brot them up on deck. When I saw him, he had not only the trousers with him, but some other articles as well, and to my amazement he had some of my clothes, too. However, I salvaged mine—but for his own belongings he came away—delighted—with several strings of pearls.

Even the crew started to barter, and many were the odds and ends they brot up from their quarters for exchange. To an onlooker, it would have made a comedy picture, but to all of us on board, it was a carnival. We were all loaded with our "loot", by the time the little boats left for shore, and we set sail for other ports in Japan.

With some anxiety, we waited for several days to pass, for we knew that if another case of small-pox should break out before we left Japanese waters, we would he held indefinitely. But fortunately none did, and we continued our voyage across the Pacific for the U.S.A.

I know there were many happy homes in Nagasaki the night we left, since these tradesmen, with their beautiful wares, have few opportunities to meet foreigners; for the city, as mentioned above, is somewhat isolated from the usual sightseeing centers.

On board ship, we, too, were happy, for we were laden with gifts for friends at home, and we had purchased them at such a low price that we felt we could be generous to all.

And, furthermore, we had seen these picturesque islands—every moment changing in their coloring—and it gave us an insight into a port and surroundings, without which we would have been the losers, had not the man, woman, and dog decided to leave Shanghai that day with us.





Christmas Eve and Far Away

T was Christmas Eve in Medan, Sumatra—that far-away island in the Dutch East Indies. We had arrived there early in the day, and were at the Grand Hotel.

The day had been like any other, as far as life goes in that part of the world. We had done nothing of importance except to see the city and visit the interesting places—for to us, by that time, it was just another native city in Sumatra and a place to stop for the night before sailing next day for Penang.

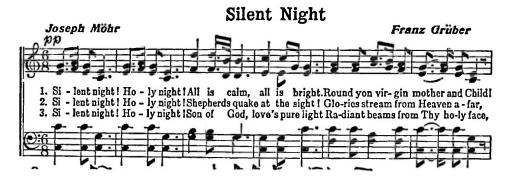
My thots turned homeward many times that day—I could see my dear ones making preparations for that momentous evening and for the festivities next day—they all seemed so very, very far away from me.

When the air was cooler, about sundown, we decided to go to the shopping center. We hired a car from the hotel and soon found ourselves on their Main Street, where thousands of natives were just coming to life—which is customary after the hot day.

B.J. went into a shop for something, but I decided to stay

in the car and watch the moving throng, for I always had an intense interest in studying native life. Night comes on suddenly in the tropics—it is as if a black mantle were being drawn down—and just at the moment, 'twixt the last flickering of light and beginning of darkness, I heard a voice singing in a near by shop. The song was most familiar—I listened closely and, floating out into the air of that tropical night was a phonograph record of a lovely, deep contralto voice—some famous prima donna of that day—singing Silent Night, Holy Night.

Peculiarly, as I sat there, there seemed to be a lull in the traffic stream. I seemed to be alone in the car—the driver sat slumped in his seat, half asleep. The voice of the singer which reminded me of Madame Louise Homer, appeared so far removed from that part of the world—she was singing in English that beautiful song, with notes so clear and pure—and I felt I was the only one who understood. It was a bit of home to me.



Over me came a feeling of loneliness. Here we were in a foreign land, thousands of miles from home, the natives not knowing, and caring less, whether we existed or not—little brown people in their colorful garments and bare feet pattering by; the mothers trudging along, carrying babies, and other little tots—just babies, too—hanging to their skirts or dragging behind—one wondered to what kind of a home they were going.

Some of those passing by were talking in a foreign tongue with harsh nasal tones, others in dull undertones, while the majority were just walking along in dejected silence.

On the street were oxcarts with poor, dumb beasts pulling heavy loads; push-carts and wheelbarrows—top-heavy—pulled by young boys or girls, their faces sullen and pinched; and nu-

merous snarling dogs stopping to pick up the dung dropped by the oxen.

Occasionally, a big Packard or Mercedes car would go racing by, compelling the little brown folk to hasten out of their way. These cars carried fat and pompous Dutch officials—who glanced neither right nor left, but just stared straight ahead—apparently very much bored—with an expression of disdain assumed to impress the natives—and us too, probably—of their importance in that land which the Netherlands rule.

Indeed, everyone in this so-called pagan world, seemed oblivious of the great event that took place nearly 2,000 years ago in Bethlehem.

As I watched the moving throng, there were many emotions rising within me, including a longing for home, and a yearning for kindred souls—I felt so isolated and apart from humanity, for the world seemed to be divided by a great wall—theirs and mine—and I was on the outside. As I listened to Silent Night, Holy Night, with its sweetness and loveliness, I felt grateful for the many privileges we enjoy in our land, and it somewhat lessened my loneliness as I watched those little brown strangers go by.

I looked into the shop where the record was being played, and saw two natives standing by the window, watching the mechanics of the machine. I knew that the song and words meant nothing to them, for they were making gestures as to how the disc was whirling around the center peg. The song finally came to an end. I was in tears—I had never felt so homesick before in my life. How I longed for wings that would carry us back home that very moment! No one apparently paid any attention to me in the car—the patter-patter of bare feet went constantly by.

Soon B.J. came out of the shop, glanced at me, and, very surprised, said, "What has happened?" I was about to tell him, when the record started playing again, so I just whispered, "Listen, you've never heard anything as beautiful in your life."

He stood still for just one moment, then hurriedly said to the driver, "Back to the hotel, I have had all I can stand." Later, he explained: "Didn't that song seem out of place down there in that street? I was afraid if I stayed thru it, I would be in the same state of mind you were, so I that it best to get out of there."

All evening we had a touch of that loneliest of feelings—homesickness.

At dinner, the dining room was decorated—a huge coffee tree covered with cotton snowballs, and adorned with silvery figures made of tin foil; trellis-like hangings of tea leaves surrounded the columns; and here and there were branches of the coffee tree with their red berries—the coffee bean before it ripened. Even tho it made the room rather colorful, it seemed but a pathetic substitute for our cedars and holly and snow.

Many of the Dutch residents came for cocktails, but few stayed for dinner. They were all in festive mood, the portly men and women laughing and singing some old familiar carols in their native tongue—many of them, no doubt, also longing for their homeland—the Netherlands.

There were but two other foreigners, besides ourselves, staying at the hotel, who, fortunately, had some friends where they went to spend the evening. Soon everyone left. The Dutch clerk disappeared as well, and B.J. and I were there alone, with just a few natives boys, to spend Christmas Eve. It was not long until B.J. decided that perhaps he could forget it all by going to bed, and reading and sleeping.

I stayed on for a while, then decided I, too, might find that the best thing to do. I went into the lounge, but found only Dutch newspapers and magazines there. I went into my room—the only readable thing, I had read from cover to cover, so I took up the guide book and tried to find it interesting, altho I had read those pages a few days before. Reading matter of any kind, especially a magazine in English, is very difficult to find in Java or Sumatra. Occasionally, however, one does find an ancient magazine that has been left by an American or Englishman passing thru—I found nothing available, so I went to bed. But sleep would not come—my thots were back in Davenport, U.S.A.

Finally, I that I would go for a walk—perhaps I might see some one that had drifted into the hotel, with whom I could talk. So I dressed, went downstairs and out onto the veranda. Everything was so still, and the moon was bright as day. I looked across the street and saw the proprietor sitting on the

steps of his shop—the barber shop. As I had been in there during the day, I knew that he was a Dutch resident and spoke English quite well, so I sauntered over to his steps, feeling I could converse with him—at least for a few moments.

He greeted me as I approached, with "You are not celebrating tonight?" I told him that unfortunately the hotels provide no entertainment for their foreign guests, and that we knew no one there. He offered to go into the shop for a chair, but by that time I had sat down on the broad stone steps where he was. He seemed glad for companionship.

I said, "Christmas Eve at our home has always meant much to me," and then I told him about the record I heard in the shop window, and that now I was homesick. "Long, long ago," he replied, "I had that same home longing—even tonight my heart is back there with my kinsmen." With this beginning, he told me about his life there in Sumatra. Briefly, this was his story:

He came to Sumatra forty-five years ago with an engineering crew, intending to stay five years, when they were to be relieved by fresh recruits sent out from Holland—but at the end of the five years, none came. As there were no further instructions, and as they were finished with their assigned jobs, several of the crew left for other parts, to work; but that summer he became ill, and for weeks his life was in despair. He was cared for, at the time, in one of the few, poorly equipped hospitals there, but later as he began to improve, he was taken to Brastagi, up in the mountains where it was much cooler.

Brastagi, at that time was just a hill station, but at present is one of the exclusive and fashionable resorts on the island. There was not much of a hospital there in those early days—it was small and overcrowded—so as soon as he could, he left it and went to live with some natives.

Time went by, and no word came from Holland for him to return, so he knew he must find work. As he had learned the barber trade in earlier years, he decided to resume this occupation, catering to the Dutch and to the foreign trade that came his way.

He went on, "Madam, you may think you know what loneliness is, but never, never will you really know loneliness until you live thousands of miles from your own people for years and years. It is solitude. You know," he continued, "one cannot

isolate himself, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation—we need companionship. Alone one is only miserable and of no use even to himself; so I began making friends with the natives who had been exceptionally kind to me thru all my illness.

"But remember, many years ago Sumatra was not the Sumatra it is today. Few, if any, tourists came our way; there were only people from Holland who came as colonists or as agents to improve the highways which were then marshy and a tangled growth of forests. Many of the roads you have been over were, at that time, jungle growth and impenetrable—so the villages and cities were great distances apart. You know," he confided, "Sumatra is still an island of cannibals and there are many places where, as yet, my own people dare not go.

"In time," he said, "I married—according to the custom of the people here—a native girl, a pretty young thing of sixteen. I did not realize, at the time, just what that would mean to my family back home, or to a future family I might have. It is true that I was, to some extent, ostracized by my countrymen; just a few of them had brot their wives with them, for it was not a fit place for a woman of the white race to stay, and those few who did accompany their husbands were here only a short time, then returned home, as living conditions were deplorable."

I asked him if he had a family. He said, quite frankly, "Oh, yes, seven children." He said his oldest son was in Holland in school, studying to be an engineer; he hoped in time to send the other boys there, too. His oldest daughter was sixteen, and he had a photograph of her which he wished me to see. From the photograph, badly taken as it was, she looked like a creole from one of our Southern States, and I could see that she was a very pretty girl.

He told me she had studied three languages—English French, and German—and that her one desire was to go to Africa and enter a French or English hospital.

I asked him many things about the customs of the better class of Sumatrans, for he had emphasized several times that there was a higher class of natives, and he told me many of their characteristics that I had not learned before. The evening soon passed and I was resigned to go back to the hotel, but before retiring I wrote my notes on his story.

Next morning, Christmas Day, we left early for Belawan-

Deli, from where we were to sail for Penang. However, before leaving the hotel, I went across the street to say good-bye to my friend, the barber. "I am so glad you came, Madam," he said. "My daughter is here and she, too, is always anxious to meet Americans."

I met Gruelda, his daughter. She was a true Eurasian—the offspring of an European father and a native mother—but Gruelda was fortunate in being well educated by a loving father. So often the Eurasians, when grown to womanhood or manhood, find themselves marooned on the Island of Eurasia, for no country has any use for the half-caste, and as a rule Europeans look down upon them all.

Gruelda was a striking-looking young girl—large blue eyes, a skin as if browned by a deep sun-tan, jet black hair, and a soft accent which was fascinating. Tho she talked rapidly, she spoke English very well. She laughed often, but a peculiar laugh—it did not seem to have merriment in its tone. From her father she had inherited a pretty dimple in her cheeks which would come and go when she smiled.

I thot how favored this girl was to have her European-born father's protection. Most of this type of children are a people of shadows blown by the harsh winds of destiny across the face of the earth, where they can find no permanent resting place. We had seen many of these young men and women in the Asiatic countries—most often, untidy and restless—the women with black hair, usually straggly, and their blue or brown eyes soft and haunting; and the men usually handsome, having few morals, and therefore a most irresponsible lot.

As I stood there talking to Gruelda, I wondered what the future held for her. Perhaps, indeed, the thing she wanted to do most, now, was to devote her life to the care of the unfortunate—the ill and injured ones—yet I was sure that some day she would want to marry. But where could she find one who was an Eurasian like herself—tho as a rule they seldom intermarry—so, if not her own kind, then she may marry a fair-haired and blue-eyed European—and, if so, what of their children?

True it is, as an oriental proverb says: "Strange, but attractive, are the flowers that bloom out of season."





Repentance

(Dear friends: I shall have to disguise the names of the persons and omit the localities in this story. Peggy is a friend of mine and a woman of prominence at the present day, so I cannot cause her the embarrassment or revive the painful memories which the story would reveal—but the circumstance and all the participants are real.)

T all happened twenty-six years ago. I did not, however, meet Peggy until two years after the following event had taken place. She was twenty-seven years of age then, but she looked so much older, that when I met her and her husband, I could not help but notice the apparent difference in their ages, for tho he was thirty-eight, he appeared to be much younger than Peggy.

I was impressed with her marvelous intelligence, her vivacity, and her charm, and the I saw her many times, for three years, she never revealed anything concerning the tragedy in her life.

Several years later, we were in Peggy's home city, and of course contacted her. Upon meeting her this time, we noted

such a change in her appearance—she looked years younger and had a radiant expression that convinced me that now she was a happy woman.

While having dinner with us at the hotel, Peggy had asked me to have lunch at her home the following day. "I want you to meet my adorable sister, Louise, as well as some other guests," she added "but before meeting Louise, I want to tell you something about her—something that I have wanted to tell you ever since you and I met, years ago."

Soon we went up to my room in the hotel, and she began like this: "My sister and I lived fifteen hundred miles from each other, so one time, when I was twenty-five and Louise thirty, I went to spend the month of July with her and her husband, Gordon, as I had often done before. July was their vacation time, as Gordon was a professor of languages in the University of, and my sister, that year, was taking a special course in at the same University. She was never satisfied without some new degree attached to her name.

"Their home was beautiful, situated in the hills overlooking a great body of water below. They always had many guests, for they were both brilliant conversationalists, thus their home was a Mecca for all celebrities who visited the University. That summer, a young South American was their house-guest. He, too, was a master of many languages, also a congenial guest in every way—the true Latin type, talented, gallant, and charming.

"One evening as we were about thru with dinner," Peggy continued, "we began to discuss the contrast between the men from South America, and those from the United States. The conversation became quite spirited, and the South American said, 'Permit me to cite one distinct difference: In my homeland, no gentleman would ever think of allowing his wife to stroll in the park in the evening alone, or go unattended to a ball or the opera, as you Americans do here.' 'Well,' said Louise, 'what would you do, should your wife not agree with your code of ethics and go just the same?'

"He replied, 'In the first place, no Argentine lady—the wife of a gentleman—would go out alone; but should she go and be accosted, her husband would kill the offender.' I said, 'Would he be freed of the crime?' 'Certainly,' he returned, 'for he would have saved the honor of the lady.' 'And,' retorted Louise.

he would be applauded for the act, I suppose?' 'Oh,' chimed in Gordon, 'I don't think that should be necessary, to go so far as to murder the man. Here in the States, our women know how to discourage an intruder and can jolly well take care of themselves. After all, our conception of marriage is on a fifty-fifty basis and we each give much latitude to the other.'

"The South American said, 'Well, just to prove my point, suppose, later this evening, you permit your wife or her sister to go for a walk in the park which is near by. This morning when I was taking an early walk there, I saw that much of the park is shaded in the far end with tall ferns; suppose the Señora chooses that rather secluded part of the garden for her stroll. It would be a most likely place to be approached. This is a beautiful evening, and I dare you not to interfere if the Señora or her sister is accosted.'

"'I'll take that dare,' said Louise, laughing.

"It was late," Peggy continued, "when Louise put a light shawl over her shoulders and we all started out. It had been arranged that Gordon would stay in the background and the South American and I would loiter some distance away from them. Shortly after we went out, the night became cloudy and few people were seen in the park. For some time, Louise walked back and forth alone. No one seemed to be in that part of the park. Then the South American laughed and said to me, 'Out of this we will have to prove my point, so let's make it a cinema scene, I will leave you here and go and speak to the Señora myself."

Peggy said, "I, too, that that a good idea, and that we could all afterwards enjoy the fun and consequences."

The dire circumstances that actually followed, Peggy said were certainly not anticipated. But, continuing, she said that after a short interval she heard a shot and, thinking it to be back-fire from a car, paid little attention to it. Soon after the shot, tho, when she heard a woman scream, she was frightened and, thinking something was happening in some other part of the park, ran toward where she thot Louise might be. When she reached the spot, she saw a man on the sidewalk, and Gordon standing by with a small revolver—glistening like silver—in his hand. Louise was bending down over the South American and screaming.

Things happened fast from then on, Peggy said, but she re-

members that she ran to the street and found a traffic officer, and they both hurried to the scene where the three of them were. Gordon, by this time, had dropped the gun and he, too, was trying to revive the man. After the officer inquired hastily about the shooting, he called a car for them, helped the South American into it, and they rushed home. Soon a doctor came, but the man died a few moments later.

Then came neighbors, other policemen, and newspaper reporters, but amid such confusion—the two women hysterical and both Louise and Gordon placing the blame on themselves—little could be learned.

In time, a trial followed and then came many weeks and months of agony. After about a year, Gordon was charged with manslaughter and given five years in the State Penitentiary; and Louise was given two years, as an accomplice. As both were prominent people, it naturally proved to be a much-publicized affair.

Gordon was released sooner than had been expected, and Louise served only one year. Before Louise married Gordon, she had been a teacher for mentally-deficient children, so when she was dismissed from the state institution she again took up that work, going as far away from the scene of the tragedy as possible. Gordon also accepted a meager position many miles away, and, separated at great distances, both started out to rebuild their lives.

"Now," said Peggy to me, "you will meet Louise tomorrow. She and Gordon are spending their vacation here and both are to leave in a few days for, where at last they have found positions with splendid possibilities for their future."

I met Louise next day—also Gordon. I expected to find the two of them carrying the marks of the awful tragedy that had broken their careers and their lives. I met her first—she was a striking looking woman—her hair jet black, streaked with white, adding a distinguished look that was charming. As she was very much at ease, one gained the impression that she had known nothing but comfort and pleasure all her life. I liked her immensely.

Later in the afternoon, Peggy's husband came in the back door with Gordon. They had been playing golf. Gordon was an athletic type of man, affable and gracious; and tho a slight stoop could be detected about his shoulders, and the sides of his hair were gray around the temples, he was a very well-preserved man.

It was heartening, looking at them both, to think how they had left the past behind, and now confidently faced a roseate future. I that:

"They had both looked out through prison bars; They saw not puddles, they saw only stars."

Now I know, after having read their story, that you are asking the questions I later asked of Peggy: What did the South American say or do to Louise on that fatal night? And why did Gordon have that small firearm with him?

I am sorry, but the answers to those two questions, I must omit from the story, because—Peggy never told me.





A Soliloquy

I wrote this story, March 15, 1938, when the building mentioned below was being razed. B.J., Dave, and I had lived there ten years. In this soliloquy, we are known as the Little Builder, the Wee Lad, and the Hurry Lady.

In 1837, The United States of America sold a patent of land, known as "Smethem's Land", to Antoine LeClaire, for \$100.

This property, located in Davenport, Iowa, has passed thru many hands—seventy-two to be exact—during the years between the time it was purchased in 1837, to the present date, March, 1938.

It was in the Courts, time and time again.

It was recorded in several wills, and at one time it was in a torrid legal contest over ownership, which lasted for years. On another occasion, it was bequeathed to a Home for Friendship.

It was on the Sheriff's block several times.

It was divided into seven shares, at still another time, to satisfy discordant families.

In front of this property was Brady Street, named for General Brady. On one side, in the early days, was Cherry Street—on the other side was Newcomb Street.

A small house was built on the property in 1848—the cost was \$400. That house was later torn down, and a large red brick building was built, known, when the city numbered its streets, as 828 Brady. This was in 1865—during the turbulent Civil War times.

It is this building that is telling the story.

KNEW it would come to this some day, for during the last few years I have heard various people say, as they walked thru my rooms, "Some of these days this old place will have to come down," so I was not surprised, a few months ago, when Verne Link—the man who has supervised me for some time—and some strange men, went all over my rooms and talked about my being a fire hazard and also that I was dangerous to the surrounding buildings, and all that kind of rubbish. After I heard Verne make some kind of a business deal with them, as to how and when I should be brot to the ground, I knew then my time had come.

Now I am in the process of being torn from limb to limb, but I still have my spirit left—that, they cannot destroy—for even if they raze me, I'll still be here; my roots are too firmly embedded in this ground where I have lived all these years—I love it all too well here—for them to destroy the real me.

All my beautiful and substantial brick and timber will be drifted to the four corners of—who knows where—but my spirit is staying right here, because—well, you see it goes back many, many years ago. I was a grand home in those days. The man who built me was rich and proud, so he built a house that would do justice to his position and his family. He saw that my foundation was solid and my frame strong, and that my bricks would

last for centuries; these strange men will find this all out when they begin tearing my walls apart—I'll not yield as easily as they think I should.

Of course, when I was built there were not the modern conveniences that, from time to time, have been installed in my rooms; yet, I was glad to be modernized—one had to keep up with the fashions, you know.

In the early days, grand ladies and gentlemen walked thru my stately halls and rooms. Here were concerts, wonderful gatherings and feastings, and you should have seen the children of the gentry of those days. But I shall hastily go over such times, for tho they were days of grandeur—days when noble folk owned me—it's my present owners—the ones who are seeing me torn down—that I want to talk most about.

When those grand folks who lived here wanted to move away from the rapidly growing street called Brady, they sold me to a man who, I had been told, was pecuniary-minded; that he cared little for anything but money. But I found that he was upright and had a most kind heart when he was his real self—somehow, tho, I felt he never really loved me as my other folks had. I was just a place, for the time being, for him and his family. However, I guess they all liked me—in their way.

'Twas one day in 1905 that my present owners, the Little Builder and his Hurry Lady, came to look me over. I liked these folks, just the very moment I saw them. I heard them talking about using this room for this, and that room for that, and I just knew that if they came here to live that I would be in for a rapid and interesting life—how I hoped they would buy me!

I knew I could never again complain of monotonous and dull days—I could see that things would hum now—but I was glad. For, you see, I knew that I was built strong, and that whatever use they wanted to make of me would be all right, and, anyway, I've always wanted to be useful and have always shrunk from becoming just another house for "renting folks"—to be constantly moving in and out of, until I fell into decay.

And then, Happy Day! The Little Builder and his Hurry Lady bought me. They had little money, poor dears—really almost nothing. One day I heard the father of the Little Hurry Lady say: "It's a big mortgage for you young folks to take on, you know a mortgage means 'death grip'." "Oh," said the little

bundle of nerves, the Hurry Lady, "we're young and we'll make it, don't worry."

You see, both she and the Little Builder had faith in what they were doing, as well as in me, who was to house them, and I knew then I had to make good for their sakes, so I plunged in and helped them clear that thing they called "the mortgage".

Much to my surprise, one day I heard them talking about buying the house next door—to the north of me. Somehow, I never cared much for that house, but I knew if the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady wanted it (and really, I was just bulging, trying "to make room" for all those people who were coming to our place), I might as well be agreeable, so I smiled and said, "That's fine—it will be my sister house." And I have never been sorry, for when they made great openings in our walls and joined us together with long halls, my sister house and I had lots of fun telling each other about what we saw and heard, in our own respective parts.

I could tell lots of stories, both humorous and pathetic, of things that have happened here. Oh, the romances that started right before my very eyes—some, I felt would last a lifetime, but others have given me plenty of worry. I was just sick when I saw several homes being broken up, but I promised all those folks I would keep their secrets—however, I always felt that the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady knew most of whatever happened.

Shortly after these two busy folks came to own me, I heard whispers of the little new one about to come into the world—"in a few months," they said. I was thrilled. You see, for years I'd wanted little folks in my rooms, but I was afraid to breathe what I had just heard—even to myself—for I wondered how my little Hurry Lady could ever find time to have a baby. She was always on the run—why, her feet seemed to have wings; that is why I called her my Hurry Lady.

Millions of steps she ran daily, and still always so much to do! Many times I have heard her say, "Why are the days so short?" But you couldn't stop her—she even made her days run into the nights. And do not think for a moment that the Little Builder was not rushing around, too. My, but I had a hard time some days to keep my eyes on them—at times they'd

swish past each other so fast that I'd think, for a moment, it must be the wind.

One snowy afternoon in January, I was so excited that I paid little attention to anybody else, for in that little room over there—the one on the south end—the Wee Lad was born.

My little Hurry Lady smiled, and so did the Little Builder, for they really wanted this little one who had come to gladden their hearts. A man whom I had seen several times before, such a serious but lovable man—a doctor—Dr. Hender, they called him, was there with them. Of course, my Hurry Lady's dear father and mother were in and out, also D.D.—the Father of Chiropractic—looked in occasionally. Later, my Hurry Lady's sweet sister, Beth, came to see the Wee Lad; and her cute little brother—they called him Laddie—came, too. When he heard them tell him he was an uncle now, he thot that made him a real grown-up man. My goodness, but he was proud!

And I was just about delirious with joy about it all, too. I knew I would love this Wee Lad, for already I could see him spending his babyhood and early boyhood days in my rooms. I watched over him many times when the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady were busy, and many's the time I talked with him, for I knew that he had come into our house, which was his home, a new-found soul. And I wanted him to know that we all loved him and that he meant great happiness to the Little Builder, and especially to my little Hurry Lady—a special mother happiness to her.

What changes these folks made in me! Seemed, really, that from early morning until late at night something exciting was always taking place. Often I saw wrinkles on the forehead of the Little Builder, and a certain seriousness on the face of my Hurry Lady, but I could see that all those things they were doing meant progress (tho I doubt if they realized it at that time). I knew, too, that all those people that were passing in and out of my doors were making history.

I learned early, when these two came to own me, that the word Chiropractic was my new life; that it was a new science, and that it was being opposed on all sides by those who did not understand its greatness—I was so glad that I knew all that from the beginning.

I could see from the way things were moving, that soon there

would be more buildings, and that many hundreds of new faces and voices would be mine to see and hear. However, I did begin to feel a little sad when the thot would come to me that the Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad might decide to leave me some day, and move some place else.

One day I heard them talking about building a new room, for the people they called students. They called this room the Drill Hall, and it was to be built on our back lawn; that pleased me, for that meant my family would still live with me. But soon this Hall, too, was overcrowded and I could see the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady and the Wee Lad (who was always in on everything) were rather uneasy as they talked about enlarging, "to make room".

"To make room"—how often I've heard those words—how many times I've wished I was a much larger building. Why they even used my basement for a class room—sometimes the rain came in on the students' feet—and they used my top floor for a class room, too (we called it the attic when those grand folks of early days lived here). Then they fixed up another room in the basement; here they held what they called public lectures, and the Little Builder would always dress up in his fine clothes for these affairs, for we invited the people of Davenport on those occasions. You see, he wanted to "show off" to these people, for they sort of made fun of us—of course not all, for there were some people in Davenport who believed in us. My, but we held our heads high on those lecture occasions!

Yes, they used every inch of my space, from time to time; for offices, clinic rooms, and living quarters for my family and the students, and for sick folks, too—lots of them—who came to get well. The Little Builder and my Hurry Lady tore away my inviting niches and cosy corners "to make room". Why, they themselves moved here and there so often that they never lived long enough in one room to be able to call it their very own; and I used to think so many times, when I saw how tired and weary they were, they should have one room as a sanctuary.

Often I would hear them up, bright and early, and before my eyes were hardly open, they had moved to another room in the house—sometimes they went to my sister house for the time being—all of this "to make room" for a sick patient who took a notion to come in unexpectedly. Then, as always, the Little

Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad had given up their quarters "to make room" for others. Of course, the Wee Lad was always tucked in with them, and he thot it great fun to have a bed in a new room, every so often.

And of course we had pets—all kinds of them—but we liked dogs best. I remember one dog we all loved—her name was Corey. She was a faithful collie, but when the Wee Lad first came to us, Corey was quite jealous, tho later she loved him dearly. You see, she had had five puppies two or three days before the Wee Lad came to us, and we had given them lots of attention, so when everybody in the house showed all their attention to our Wee Lad, Corey didn't like it so well. I, too, (tho for a different reason) jealously watched these people when they would carry the Wee Lad all over the house; of course, I wanted to share him with everybody, but just the same, I felt he was more mine than theirs.

I literally shivered when I learned that the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady had bought the house to the south—I was afraid they might go there to live. But one bright morning when I saw the students tearing the house down, bit by bit—just as these strange men are doing now to me—I really was relieved when I saw them razing that south house, for I knew then that my trio were not going to leave me.

That day, I saw my Hurry Lady, out in the kitchen making all kinds of good things to eat, and other ladies were helping her carry all this food to the busy men next door who were working fast and furious to bring the old house to the ground before evening. The Wee Lad was doing his part, too, in carrying away the debris, and the Little Builder was bossing the whole business—my, he surely could tell them just what to do with this and that, and I thot—he makes this all so simple. Then I would see the Little Builder stand still for a while and gaze up and down—a dreamy look in his eyes—and I knew he was visualizing the new structure that was soon to take the place of the old house. They later called this the Memorial Building.

I was proud, too, to see all this, but I also felt the dark clouds coming, for there was no doubt but that the Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad would find, some day, that our house had "to make room", and I dared not think of the

day when I would lose them. My sister house and I talked it over many times, for she, too, began to have apprehensions.

How I loved to see the Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad talking of the future! No matter if there had been heartaches in my rooms, and no matter if many obstacles loomed ahead of them, they were always talking of the future—they were always looking beyond the horizon, for they seemed to have abounding faith in the future—I did, too—I had seen too many of their plans come true, for me not to believe in them.

In the meantime, my goodness, the carryings-on in me and my sister house! We had all kinds of changes—even new rooms. One large room included the post office, the store, and the lunch counter, all in one—a large room where, some years ago, my sister house and I were joined together. Merry Bess was in charge—such a jolly girl—and this room was a great gathering place for everybody. I have thot so many times, when the new-fangled lunch room (they called it the cafeteria in one of those formal buildings that my folks built later) had its customers, that those who gathered there could never appreciate the good times we had here.

When the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady came to my place, they brot all kinds of bones and skeletons of man and various animals. I expect I just stared in amazement as they came to my house. At first I couldn't bear to have them around me. But when I saw them being moved from one room to the other, I began to feel sorry for them—for the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady just had "to make room" for other things.

These "specimens", as I learned they were called, were used for study by the students, so I became quite agreeable about their being placed most anywhere. In fact, I looked forward to what room they would be in, because my Hurry Lady always took charge of them. I think she looked upon them as one looks upon the sea shells—only the frame is there, but these frames once held a soul—so she was kind to them and handled them gently.

My Hurry Lady had to work hard those days. What good things she used to cook and serve to those sixty or seventy people—sometimes more—whom they called patients. She watched over them at nights, too, when they were very sick, and all the while she taught classes and helped the Little Builder

reach those stars he was always looking toward; but with all of her busy hours, she always found time to give much of herself to the Wee Lad.

My Hurry Lady and I were the only ones who were aware of the sleepless nights the Little Builder spent, working out new ideas as well as fighting so much opposition that was constantly harassing him. Sometimes he would be very weary and discouraged with it all. I wondered, myself, how he would come out, but when I would hear them talking, each one encouraging the other, I was certain, from past experiences, that they would find a way—they usually did.

So many things happened daily that it was rather hard for me to keep my eyes on all the goings-on, and my sister house was just as busy. One summer our house was so crowded that the Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad had to live in a tent in the back yard. The Wee Lad liked that fine, but it made lots of work—really, it was a hardship for my Hurry Lady, especially when it stormed. Later, when it became too cold outside, I was glad they could come back to me.

My sister house and I could never tell, from day to day, what changes would be made in our rooms; for example, one day all kinds of machinery were carried into a room that I had seen being done over for some purpose. I soon learned that this machinery was for printing, etc.—we called it the fine name of The Printery. Also, in that room were noisy typewriters, clicking away fast and furiously, but as it meant that our business was growing, I decided that all those noises were inevitable.

One time I discovered that in a room upstairs—toward the back of the house—big things were going on. 'Twas a secret for a while, for no one believed in the Little Builder when he said that he was going to take pictures of the spine—spinographs, he called them—pictures which would show what was wrong with all these sick people. So we kept that room locked for a long time; only those who would understand were allowed inside. 'Way late into the night, the Little Builder and my Hurry Lady would work in there, studying all those pictures. But finally the day came when they convinced others of their value, and from that time on, that room became such a crowded place that we had to move everything to a room in my sister

house, where we fixed it all up fine—it was called the Spinograph room.

By now, more and more students and patients were coming to live with us. We had an amusing experience one day—one of many experiences, I should say. It happened like this: we had a woman who was sick, in that little room over there in the corner, and before we could say "skat", a very pompous looking man from downtown came to the door and told us that he was from the Health Department, and that he had been given orders to quarantine our house. My goodness, that meant closing us up tight for weeks! He said he was The Law.

At that time, we had several students, in the one large room downstairs—that one toward the back door. Of course, as we were one large family, everybody rushed to see what the excitement was about. The Little Builder took charge. He demanded to know why this intrusion! The Law said it was reported to him that there was a case of—I think he said scarlet fever—in our house. The Little Builder said it was not true, but The Law wouldn't listen; said everybody would have to have some spray medicine put on them, and that they must leave the house, and he also said something about filling my rooms with some smelly stuff that was supposed to kill germs. I did not like that idea, for even I knew we had nothing of the kind.

And very soon, the pompous man lined up all the students and the patients—some of them were quite sick, too. He told them to meet him at the front door, and after he had sprayed them they must leave the premises. "My goodness," I heard my Hurry Lady say to him, "where do you think these people can go?" But he did not answer her for he was too busy by now, with all of the people in the house passing him. Do you know where they went? Well, they just went around to the back door and kept up this line until *The Law* ran out of his spray stuff. We all worked against him, for we knew there was no contagious disease in *our* house.

Another amusing incident was the time when The Law came to our house one night and said he was going to close us up again—this time because we had a small-pox case in the house. A long, long story, but the part of this episode that has long remained with me is this: we were having what they called a Grand Opening, to show off some new part of our house that

we had enlarged and made beautiful. Hundreds of the city folks came to see us that night, and while they were in here and while we were enjoying ourselves because so many had come to see us, *The Law* came in and, as I said, ordered us to close. At once!

I looked around and, much to my surprise, the Little Builder had invited the officer, himself, to see how fine we were. Then he gave him one of the cigars that were being given to all the men who came to visit us that evening; and my little Hurry Lady, who was passing out beautiful red roses to all the ladies, just as casually stepped up to *The Law*—smiled sweetly, and pinned a large red rose on his lapel. I was sure then that he would not go very far that night in his search. And he didn't! We were all thrilled with the way it was handled—you see, these false reports were just two of the many dastardly and cowardly ways our enemies were trying to worry us with all the time.

I could tell you many, many more stories like these—but I must pass on.

One day—and a sad one of my life—I learned that my Little Builder and my Hurry Lady had purchased the big mansion on the corner south of me, beyond the Memorial Building, and I realized then, from what they were saying, that they and the Wee Lad would move there—again to make room. How I detested those three words now. But when they talked it all over, and said that, tho they would live over there, they would still be in my place as often as before, (I'd felt that time was coming sooner or later) I very reluctantly, but selfishly, I fear, gave in—but I had to muster up all my courage to help them.

I remember, very distinctly, the night they left me, how the three of them—taking the last of their few belongings with them—went thru my rooms; they laughed and joked about the large size of the rooms in the mansion. At present, they said, they only had things for two or three of those many rooms over there, and anyway, they confessed that they had rather liked being cooped-up here in one small room. "Suppose we'll have to lock ourselves in the big room tonight," they said, "for the mansion will seem spooky." Well, I thot proudly, they never had to do that here with me!

Before leaving, I heard them say that they were "making room" for the new correspondence department, as well as for more students that were coming. I could see they were sorry to leave me, but since I have heard the modern phrase, "Time Marches On", I know now that it was my Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad marching on.

Of course I missed them, but there was so much going on around here, that I soon resigned myself to their absence. Really, I saw them almost as much as before, except at night; and the Wee Lad and his playmates still romped thru my rooms and halls and up and down my stairs, as much as ever, so I felt I even yet owned them.

Well, much has happened here since my little family left me to go to live in the mansion, but I've heard from others that they were doing big things over there, too.

Another sad day came to me when I heard them arranging to move everything away from me into those large formal buildings that had just been completed to the north of me. Of course my Little Builder and my Hurry Lady and the Wee Lad were building them, for that was one of the dreams they had talked over when they lived with me. My sister house and I spent many hours talking about their going to take everything away from us, until at last we would be deserted by all those laughing, happy folks whom we had learned to like so well.

Then came hectic days—have you ever thot how you would feel to have been at one time a beautiful velvet robe on the shoulders of some magnificent grandee, and then later find yourself a discarded piece of cloth in a ragman's cart? Well, that is somewhat how my sister house and I felt when they began using us for storage—filling us up with things discarded from those formal buildings next door.

For a while, my sister house had a flurry when they decided to have a brand new bakery in there, but it did not last very long—and we were just as glad—for I do not think those who worked there ever realized that at one time we had housed my Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad, and all those other fine people who lived within our walls. At least, the things I heard them say, and what my sister house would tell me, were anything but flattering—and, anyway, I was certain that nothing that they ever baked in that bakery could compare with what my little Hurry Lady had made in our kitchen, here.

When the bakery ceased, my sister house and I were again buffeted around. All sorts of things were jammed into us—somehow, they always found something to place in our poor, badly neglected old rooms; but just the same, I welcomed them. I was glad to know that my Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad were still looking up at the stars. Soon, tho, I heard, from those who would come and go in my rooms occasionally, that my little family was having more difficulties; that there were some who had been working with them for years—some who were faithful, they thot—that had deserted them in their hour of need. How I wished then that my family were back with me as in the early days, for I would help as I had before, and I would sympathize and tell them to keep that same faith—to always see the stars above.

* * * * * * *

I knew it would come to this some day—and so it has.

A few weeks ago, when Verne and those strange men were in here—I heard them deciding what they thot would be worth while saving, and what would be useless (of me and my sister house)—just as if any part of us could be useless—I saw then it was only a matter of a few days—that our time had come and soon we would be torn to pieces.

Well, they are here now, and they are working hard to bring us to the ground. Each day we are less of our former selves, but we are holding fast and I know they are finding that we are much stronger than they thot.

However, I have three happy memories that happened recently, and these memories are making up for all this upheaval in my heart.

Last week, before these strange men came to destroy me, I was weeping silently, knowing that soon I'd not be here any more—when I heard a footstep in the front part—we called it the Lanai—we started calling it the Lanai after my Little Builder, my Hurry Lady, and the Wee Lad had returned from a beautiful place called the Hawaiian Islands. I remember well when I heard them talking and planning about building a front porch on me and my sister house, and they said, "But it won't be just a front porch, it will be a Lanai," and when they explained that, in Hawaii, a Lanai is a lovely, enclosed porch, and that we

would have a fountain, and fish, and flowers, and birds in ours, I that: of course, we won't have an old front porch, it will be a Lanai. I could tell lots of stories about things that happened in that place, too.

Well, as I have just said, one morning—quite early—when everything was quiet and I was feeling so sad, and dreading what these strange men were going to do, I heard a footstep on the Lanai. For a moment I paid no attention, for I was used to the caretaker going thru my rooms and never giving me a thot; then I sensed a familiar sound, I looked—and there was my Little Builder. At last—he was coming to see me before I was torn down. He went all over my rooms, he looked high and low—he always was one to see everything. He paused here, and there, reliving the days he had been here with me, and it seemed to me there was sadness as he reviewed each place.

How I longed to tell him that I'd always known that some day he would come in and look me over this way, but that when that time came, he would have gone many steps higher in growth and development—not only in his buildings and in his science, but in growth and development within himself—and that I was just a stepping stone in that past. Furthermore, I wanted him to know that I was honored and proud to have been associated with him from the beginning; also, I wanted to assure him that I was holding the secrets he often thot out loud—those struggles and disappointments he had gone thru to gain what he had for himself. And I wanted so much for him to hear what I was telling him—that I saw greater things yet to come.

Somehow, I think he heard me, for he stood still and silent before he went out the door, and as he stood there I saw in his eyes the vision of even more glorious accomplishments, and I was happy that he was still looking toward the stars. I knew he would never come again to see me as I was that day, so I lived, to the utmost, that short time he and I were together. Those were sacred moments.

My second happy memory—one that I shall always hold dear—occurred shortly afterward, the day I heard another familiar step coming to see me, and when I saw the fine, big lad—my Wee Lad of early days—I was filled with joy. I showed him this room and that; I showed him the room where he was born—but why should I say I showed him—he knew them as

well as I—not as grand as they were when he was a Wee Lad, but I could see they were more beautiful to him now than ever before, for he saw beyond my neglected rooms and my rickety staircases and deserted halls—he saw the beauty that was there in his childhood.

As he went thru my rooms I know he recalled the great, perplexing problems his parents had worried thru when they lived here. He reminded himself, too, that in the early days when he was just a little boy, he had often wondered why those worries should make them sad. But this day, as he walked from room to room, he seemed to understand the reason; he, too, was beginning to feel certain responsibilities, and the parts of me where his mother and father had worked were dearer than ever to him.

He lingered long in some rooms—I think I know why. He was saying good-bye to his birthplace. Tho the Little Builder had been in here, and memories both happy and sad had passed thru his mind, yet it was in the eyes of the Wee Lad that I saw love and tenderness displayed—I was so happy to have him here with me. He will feel my loss more keenly than my Little Builder or my Hurry Lady, for here, with me, were memories of his hopes and ambitions, and here he lived that enchanting time in that lovely land—called childhood.

I tried to tell him that some day he will build a large, monumental structure where I am now. He will build it with my spirit, for this will be his building—that which he has longed to create himself—and it will stand on this spot and I will live again.

That is why I say that they may tear me down materially, but they cannot destroy my spirit; I've been too long a part of this, and as I have said, I will live again, I know, in a splendid structure that the Wee Lad will some day build on his birth-place—hallowed ground both to him and to me. And I will be part and parcel of all this again—the memories of the struggles that my Little Builder and my Hurry Lady have experienced will give him mighty inspiration to carry on.

Then I waited and waited for my little Hurry Lady to come and say farewell. I knew she would not fail me. Finally, late one afternoon, about sundown, I heard her step in the hallway—how could I forget it? She hesitated, and I felt she was lis-

tening—yes, listening for the voices of all those who had come and gone. Slowly she went thru my rooms, looking longingly and lovingly at all around her—in every room she relived all that had happened there in the past. This day she did not hurry, and I was glad, for she said so many things that only I was supposed to hear.

But there's one thing I am keeping to myself, for I do not want my Little Builder or my Hurry Lady, or even the Wee Lad to know it, and that is—I could not help but see how the years had told on those two vivacious, spirited, young people who stepped so lightly into my doorway and rooms—thirty-three years ago.

I longed to tell them that if they will only look back, as I have done so many times; if they will but realize that the things—wonderful things—they have accomplished in the past would have taken seven lifetimes of the average person; if they will just have patience and keep that same faith, they will be a part of many more wonderful things to come. For the Wee Lad has not even started yet—he is laying up treasures within himself—treasures that my Little Builder or my Hurry Lady have never dreamed. But his time is coming—then they will know what I mean.

As my little Hurry Lady went thru my rooms and halls, and up and down my stairs, that late afternoon, she really talked to me—I tried not to listen when she visited the Wee Lad's birth-day room—but I knew why those tears came—I understood everything. Little Hurry Lady, you loved that room, didn't you?

"Oh, Memories that bless and burn"—yes, I know how you felt that day.

Everything was still and sweet while she was here with me. When she tenderly touched my side walls in the room where the Wee Lad was born, and said, "Good-bye, old room, you gave me the greatest happiness in my life"—only then was I satisfied to let her go away and leave me. My little Hurry Lady went away, leaving me a sad happiness.

After all three of them had been here and said good-bye, then and then only was I willing to be torn down. And now—day by day—these strange men are pulling me apart.

I hear people going past me on the street, saying:

"Well, the Palmers are tearing the old place down."

"Glad to see those old shacks out of the way."

"That old building has surely weathered the storm."

"Well, it will look better with that old eyesore out of the way."

"I can remember way back when Dr. Peck lived there—a fine old brick building it was."

"Well, it is just as well to tear down the old and 'make room' for the new."

That's it—"make room"—"make room"—"make room"—. How I wish I could shout to the blue heaven above (which I can see now, since they've taken my roof away) and I'd tell them: "Don't you know that I have always 'made room', from the very first day that my Little Builder and my Hurry Lady came and claimed me for their own? Don't you realize I have always helped them 'make room' for greater and more wonderful things?"

No more can I stand so stately and give a welcome to all that would come to my doors; yet I have a supreme heavenly happiness:—my Little Builder and my Hurry Lady, and my Wee Lad are the ones who are watching me go down, and even as



they watch, they are loving me. They realize that I am more than walls of brick, mortar, and wood; they think of me as a

living spirit that represents the realization of their ambitions and hopes and dreams.

In return, I've promised them that the space I occupy—this hallowed ground—will some day have a greater and grander structure—that I'll rise with it and bring to the Wee Lad, to my Little Builder, and to my Hurry Lady all that which they have left unsaid, but all which is deep in the hearts of these three.

Yes, my Little Builder, my Little Hurry Lady, and my Wee Lad, I am still glad "to make room" for you. I am ever thankful that you three have owned me to the very last moment of my material existence, and I go down with a proud, grateful heart—and I'll be waiting, waiting - - - - -



A Memoir

HIS is a story of a wonderful old lady—Mrs. Mary E. Abbott—a dear friend of B. J.'s many years before I knew him. She lived in a small room on the third floor of one of our large downtown office buildings, where B. J. lived on the whole of the fourth floor. She had been a wonderful friend to him, counseling him at all times, and guiding him gently but firmly from the book of her own experiences; also, her little room became the haven for him many hours when he had to escape from the inharmony of his own home. Too, many times, thruout his life, she had not only interceded for him, with the rich landlord, but also had defended him from the cruel and unjust criticism from the business men of the city.

I came to know of her after I met B. J., and she took me to

her arms at once; and from then on we were the dearest of friends. When I met her, she was seventy-five years of age, but her faculties were as keen as a woman of fifty.

Let me describe, if I can, this lady of Virginia—of the old days in the South. As I said, she was seventy-five years of age when I first met her. She had small features, was a little above medium height, and held her body erect—straight as an arrow. Her snow-white hair, naturally curly, was always beautifully in order. A patrician nose, slightly aquiline, and sparkling eyes, black as jet, which set off her ivory skin and the dainty, pinkish tinge of her cheeks, were marks of her former beauty. Her soft, tiny hands, whose blue veins showed prominently at all times, were quite as noticeable as were her small feet—she often boasted that a number two shoe was entirely too large. She had never lost that soft accent of her Virginian days, and her memory was marvelous—including every detail from the time she was a child; she had retained many of the classics, and would quote poetry beautifully, by the hour.

One predominating trait of character which I always admired in Mrs. Abbott was her fine sense of justice; she had no patience with anyone who would not play the game square, she condemned any underhanded methods used to accomplish a purpose, and she despised fraud and deceit. I have often heard her say, "Do right because it is right to do right, for in the long run, Honesty always pays."

This lovely old aristocratic lady—with a background of a Virginia belle—spoke often of her father—a proud old Virginian—who had owned plantations with several slaves at his beck and call, all his life. He had occupied several high official positions in Washington, and at one time, she said, she had accompanied her father when he was sent to France as a special delegate for the President, James K. Polk. She told me much about her early life, her training, as a young woman, in the best private school the country possessed at the time, where she was trained to be a lady—and a lady only—such as the old South had before the Civil War.

The first break in the family tie came when she announced that she was to marry a Northerner—a man of wealth from Massachusetts, many years her senior. Knowing Mrs. Abbott as I did, I could quite understand how indignant she must have

been when, for the third time, her financé called upon her father and asked him for her hand, knowing her father and mother were bitterly opposed to their alliance—but Mary was just as defiant on the other side.

Finally, she told them she would leave home and marry Robert if they did not consent, so after weeks and months of stormy sessions and heartaches on both sides, her parents' pride came to the rescue and they reluctantly agreed that she be married, at home. This wedding was known, far and wide, to be one of the largest and most elaborate that that part of the South had ever known.

Secure with letters of introduction to certain high officials in France, and elated with the anticipation of renewing acquaintances she had made on her previous visit, they went to Paris for their honeymoon. They were entertained royally while in France, not only by the élite but by King Louis Philippe, himself. She kept several mementos in a small packet in the lower dresser drawer, and often she would take these out and read some of the letters from those she had known in Paris—among them were even letters from the King.

When she and Robert returned from Paris, they lived with his people in Massachusetts for some time—her own father and mother having closed their door the day she "stepped across the threshold of her old home when they left for abroad." She seldom referred to the break between her father and mother and herself. One day, however, when I asked if she had ever regretted not seeing them again, she just raised her little proud head with its patrician nose, snapped her black eyes, and set her lips in a firm line—this told me the story without any words.

About a year after they had returned from their honeymoon, her husband was given the supervision of the building of the railroads in Western Illinois, and in time they moved to Moline to complete the work. He died there, and she was left a widow at forty-four years of age, with a son Ned, twenty-two years old, who at the time was attending Yale University. Ned was the apple of her eye, so after her husband's death she went East and stayed at New Haven, Connecticut, during Ned's entire time at the University.

She returned to Moline, Illinois, greatly reduced in circumstances; she had never known the value of a penny—she told

me one time it made her impatient, and she had never known or cared where the money came from in her early years, and until her husband's death she had always been extravagant. Consequently, the small fortune that her husband left was soon spent on herself and Ned, while in New Haven. So she opened a boarding house in Moline, but this was not a successful venture, for she knew nothing about handling money, and she was soon forced into bankruptcy.

In the meantime, Ned had gone to Chicago to obtain a position of some kind. Tho he had a degree of Doctor of Medicine from Yale, he had not the means, when he graduated, to open an office. Unfortunately, too, in the meantime he had become a slave to drink. But after his mother's failure in the boarding house, he went to Chicago to obtain work, and she had great hope and faith that she could soon join him. Days and weeks and months, and finally even years passed, but no word came. Of course, she tried, in her limited way, to trace him, but he seemed to have disappeared into space.

When I first knew her, she had not heard from her son for over thirty years; yet she was always looking for a letter, or thinking that he would some day drop in and surprise her. She always spoke of him as in the present—never in the past.

Finally, when she became desperate for funds, she appealed to the Odd Fellows Lodge—her husband had been a life member of this organization. They looked into her needs and established a pension which lasted until the day she died. Tho her pension was small, it was enough to rent a small room for the few possessions she had retained—most of them had been sold before she went East to live with Ned.

For a while, she did fine needle work and hand-sewing, but much of what she earned went in letters addressed to "Ned Abbott, Chicago, Illinois"—no street address, no general delivery—just Ned Abbott. What became of these letters is hard to tell, for none were ever returned.

As time passed, she became too feeble to work steadily, even if there had been a demand. It was then that B.J. started to give her some financial assistance, and this, with a small allowance from a friend in Moline, and her pension, enabled her to live quite comfortably. When I came into B.J.'s life, Mrs. Abbott was given to me as my responsibility—a duty I was faithful to until the day she died.

Finally, she became ill, and it was impossible to care for her in her little room below us, so we had her removed to Mercy Hospital, but she was so unhappy there that we decided to find a home for her in Moline. We succeeded in finding a private sanitarium where she was happy, and I visited her almost daily until she passed away.

Mary Abbott was a proud old soul to the day she died. Never once did she complain of her later years and her dire need, or for friends or family. Her lips were sealed in regard to her former name. I tried many times to have her tell me whether she had some living relative, but outside of a grandniece whom she mentioned a few times—and from whom she seldom heard—I was unable to get any information of any kind. She would always say, "Just think, here I am in my eighties and I was supposed to be the weakest, physically, in our family, and I have buried them all—except Ned."

After she was taken to Moline, we dismantled her former room and I went thru her papers and keepsakes, hoping to find something tangible regarding her relatives. I did find an old address of a "Mary" in Virginia, and of course I took a chance to write to her about her aunt. Weeks later, I had merely a few terse lines from her, saying she was in no position to do anything for her aunt, but she did specify that when she passed away, I should send on anything that was of value, for as she was the only relative, it would belong to her.

There were a few things I should have liked to have had—not so much for their value, for there were only two or three articles that could have been considered valuable—but because she had shown them to me so often and seemed to treasure them greatly. The only possessions which I felt had real value were some small, ivory-handled knives and forks, a wedding gift from James K. Polk, the President of the United States, and a coral cross and chain from Italy, presented to her baby daughter on her fifth birthday—the day the child died—a gift from a member of the then royal family. I wanted to keep these articles, for I felt their value was such that they should be presented to a museum, where they would be preserved for posterity.

Then there was a picture of Ned, with his mother, on the day he graduated from Yale, also an old daguerreotype of Mrs. Abbott, herself, on her wedding day. This was enclosed in a

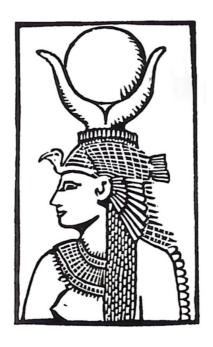
heavy carved case with gold fasteners, set with a pearl in each clasp. Such a lovely old photograph. It showed her a proud, reigning belle, with her features tinted just enough to show what a beautiful young woman she must have been. But, regardless of my feelings, I wrapped all the things together, with several old letters tied in a small packet by themselves, registered them, and sent all to the niece—I never received an acknowledgment of any kind.

When Mrs. Abbott passed away, the Odd Fellows Lodge took charge of the ceremonies. They buried her in Moline—beside her husband, Robert.

B.J. and I missed the old soul. She had endeared herself to us in every way, and even today—years after her death—we find ourselves talking about her, remembering, particularly, the advice she gave B.J. when he was a young lad and needed a mother's care.

Mary Abbott will always remain in our memory as a wonderful, proud old lady who was never soured on the world by adverse circumstances, and who kept her proud aristocratic spirit to her very last breath—at the age of eighty-six years.





Out of the Past

N EGYPT, we went to Luxor from Cairo—a distance of 418 miles—and stopped at the Winter Palace Hotel. While there, we had a magnificent view of the surrounding country, with the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings and the Queens in the distance, and the River Nile close by, where small pleasure crafts and ornate house-boats could be seen plying up and down the stream.

While in Luxor, we visited many of the ancient ruins. However, the outstanding, which, surprisingly, is today in a good state of preservation, was the Great Temple of Karnak, about a mile away from the hotel. Altho this temple had its origin about 2160 B.C., most of the buildings now in evidence go back only to 1500 B.C.

The building of this Great Temple engaged the attention of

kings for nearly five hundred years; probably this is the reason for its being a combination of temples.

Its entrances or gateways are formed by pylons, truncated and pyramidal in form, 370 feet wide and 142 feet high; its walls are 50 feet thick—altogether, an awe-inspiring edifice—and our view from its top at night, with the full moon shining over the ruins, was a most memorable experience.

Standing on one of the pylons, gives a wonderful bird's-eyeview, not only of the majestic ruins of the temple which extend for more than a quarter-mile, but also of the stretches of the Nile River, and the monuments of ancient Thebes on its opposite side, with its avenue of sphinxes leading down to the water. Originally this avenue continued for several miles, evidently connecting the two important cities of that day—Luxor and Thebes on opposite sides of the Nile. In its glory, Thebes must have been a most inspiring spectacle.

But it was the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings and the Queens that we had been long looking forward to see. So one day, amidst extreme heat, we started for Thebes—about three miles away—an ancient city of upper Egypt, founded at a period too remote for history, and at one time that to have been the capital of all upper Egypt.

The trip seemed long and tedious. First we ferried across the Nile, where our dragoman (guide) met us with a rickety wagon drawn by two donkeys. The heat, as mentioned before, was intense and the hot sands thru which we passed were penetrating. Aside from this heat, we had another ever-present abomination—flies. Consequently, it was necessary to carry flyswishers made of horsehair or reeds of slender grasses, everywhere we went in Egypt. On this trip to the tombs, these flies—large and repulsive—seemed to be out in all their fury—biting, stinging, and buzzing unrelentlessly; their persistency was a constant annoyance to our comfort.

On the roadside, the children's faces—mouths and eyes particularly—were covered with flies; in fact the great black patches on their mouths looked like smeared blackberry jam. Apparently, these poor little urchins had had them all their lives. Later we were told that the prevalency of blindness and eye disease among the Egyptians is due to this miserable pest.

We stopped frequently to inspect the various points of inter-

est on our way, such as numerous terraced structures built against the cliffs, many containing some very fine carvings; the Ramesseum, built by Rameses II—a great red granite monolith standing sixty feet high, which showed engineering of high order; and the colossi close by—two gigantic statues which originally had stood on pedestals based on sandstone.

Now, these colossi are about fifty feet high, but with their pedestals, they must have been nearly one hundred feet. At the time they were erected, their bases were set in soft ground close by the River Nile, and so they were inundated during the years. Much must have been the wonder of all who heard sounds emitting from them every morning at the rising of the sun. These "vocal" sounds, we were told, gave forth a mysterious peal resembling the breaking of a harp-string or the ring of metal.

Many theories have been given for these resounding vibrations—said to have been heard for miles—but the most reasonable is that they were caused by the action of the sun upon the cracks in the cold stones, wet from the heavy dew, and the swish of the water below. However, within the past few centuries, few sounds have been heard, for the waters of the river have receded far from where the bases of the colossi were submerged. But occasionally, still, it is said that when the river overflows and floods the whole area, sounds of a soft whistling nature can be heard for some distance.

Leaving the colossi, we climbed, for some distance, thru deep lime and sand banks, until we finally reached the tombs in the Valley of the Kings and the Queens, hewn from the solid rocks of the hillside. One enters a tomb thru narrow passageways, at the end of which are openings leading into the various chambers where the regents of that day were buried. Sometimes the ceilings are so low that it is necessary to stoop over.

All the sides of these passages are profusely covered with hieroglyphics, carvings, bas-reliefs, and paintings, which portray the story of that particular dynasty. One marvels that these carvings are still so beautiful and, at this late date, so well preserved, for vandals have ravaged that country for five thousand or more years.

The paintings mentioned above as decorations on the walls, are not the usual kind—that is, oils done on canvas—but are

the colorful decorations of the sculptured figures of the history, depicting the lives of the potentates who ruled Egypt thousands of years ago. These intricate carvings in bas-relief—raised design—or low relief, give the appearance of spatial dimensions, and communicate in arrangement the sharpness or contrast of lines and shadows.

Beautiful pigments known only to the Egyptians, spread over the fresh plaster or the limestone figures, produced these lovely effects. And, as the endurance of this coloring depends upon the pureness and dryness of the air, the difference in the tombs that had been opened for years and those that had been recently discovered was quite noticeable—the latter, of course, were brilliant and vivid. Each frieze found on the cornices and colonnades of the temples portrayed the same effect in bright hues.

Few mummies are found in any of the rooms, for the majority have been preserved and are now on display in the Cairo Museum, others have been carried many miles away to rest in foreign museums, and still many more have been lost altogether.

Of all the queens entombed in the Valley, there were three that impressed me more than any of the others, namely, Queen Hatshepsut, Queen Ty-ti, and Queen Nefertari.

The beloved Queen Hatshepsut, or Hatshepsu, was known as the peace-loving queen. Several historians consider her the most remarkable woman that Egypt has produced—a domineering regent, but beloved by all her people. Her tomb is really a tomb-temple, which she called "Most splendid of all", and on the walls and ceilings are hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs depicting "her long record of 'Kingly' deeds, for she discarded feminine attire and wore the crown, and assumed an artificial beard. She belonged to the XVIII dynasty in which time Egypt was at its zenith, and she possessed rare administrative power, tact, and diplomatic skill." Hatshepsut was larger than most of the Egyptian queens represented, and she must have been a splendid and powerful woman of her day.

Queen Ty-ti (Thyti) was considered second to the interest and beauty of Nefertari. Indeed, Queen Ty-ti must have been a gentle queen, for at her tomb can be found the inscriptions of her many kind deeds. In its adjoining chambers—called "The Place of Beauty"—the wives and children of a probably little-known Pharaoh were buried.

It seems strange that Queen Ty-ti's tomb has been known only about sixty years, for there is no doubt that she was a queen of the Ramesside period. Some historians claim that she was as brilliant as Queen Tyi (Thiy), the consort of Amenhotep III, 1411 B.C. But the Royal Ty-ti, in her later years, seems to have fallen from eminence and splendor when she became the comparatively obscure wife of the aged Rameses I, of the XIX dynasty, whose reign was of short duration. Perhaps this is one reason why so little is known of her life.

Queen Ty-ti's Tomb is not as impressive as some of the other queens' tombs, but this may be attributed to the erasures and obliterations of her deeds, which took place after her entombment, this being not an uncommon procedure when the succeeding ruler came into power. However, there are many fine reliefs which portray her life. In one of these series, she is called Royal Daughter, Royal Wife, and Royal Mother; this signifies that she was the daughter of a Pharaoh.

Unfortunately, few of her true portraits can be found, for they all show some degree of mutilation, but one of the many paintings that are found along the walls, which I particularly admired, shows the queen of fair complexion, with a retroussé nose, attired in a white robe edged with blue, and wearing a green wig and a vulture head-dress. As she stands before a tree—the sacred sycamore—she is shown catching water in her hands, as it flows in two refreshing streams from the jars that Hathor pours out from within the tree. The inscription on this painting reads, "She is giving the cool water of the Nile to the great one, Truth." Thruout the whole of the inner chambers where she was buried, there is a continuity of that deals with the next world and portrays the anticipation of the life to come.

Queen Nefertari—known as Nefertari Mer-en-Mut—is my favorite of all the queens, even tho so little is known about her (her tomb was discovered as late as 1904). The coloring of the frescoes in her tomb is extraordinarily bright and the paintings are very delicate—so much so that visitors are not permitted to touch the walls. The ceiling—a vivid blue—is adorned with the stars of the firmament.

There is one outstanding painting of the queen which—if it could be moved—should be hung in the world treasure house

of paintings. Here she is shown in a beautiful emerald-green robe which appears as soft as velvet, with a bright red cape or covering of some kind thrown over her shoulders; her graceful hands are extended as if in supplication; her head is slightly raised, eyes turned upward, and a trace of a smile is seen about her mouth. This is most unusual, for she was the only queen whose painting shows any sign of an expression, whatsoever. Her complexion is light brunette, and the soft tinting of her cheeks glows, after all the centuries. Apparently, her hair was dark, tho little of it can be seen, for in most of her paintings she wears an elaborate headdress, as was the custom of all the reigning women of her day.

Who was this queen for whom this splendid tomb was excavated and adorned? Evidently she was the most beautiful of all, for thruout the whole interior are inscriptions with "Nefertari Beautiful Companion", "Beloved of Mut (the goddess)", "Queen of the Coming of the Dawn".

Indeed, the carved epitaphs of this lovely little queen are not exaggerated. She was small of stature and her perfect features had a grace and charm which invades the whole of her portrait—in fact she appeared to me like an exquisite piece of Dresden china. But this adorable little queen must not be confused with the former Queen Aahmes Nefertari—a queen of the XVII dynasty—an ugly, rather grotesque character who flourished nearly three hundred years before, and whose deeds were in great contrast to those of the noble Queen Nefertari Mer-en-Mut.

Without doubt, Queen Nefertari Mer-en-Mut was the first and favorite wife of Rameses II—the long-lived, vain-glorious monarch of the XIX dynasty, during whose protracted reign Egyptian decadence most probably began, about 1300-1234 B.C. Her husband's name does not appear in her tomb, tho there is one temple scene where King Rameses is shown offering and pouring a libation to her and himself. But everywhere she is given great prominence, and many titles were given her: "Great Lady of the Two Lands", "Mistress of Sea, Air, and Sky", and "Royal Palm Branch" (a term of endearment).

History tells us that she had two noble sons, but some obliteration of their later deeds must have occurred, for they do not appear in either hers, their father's tomb, or elsewhere. This is strange, for among the bas-reliefs of her life, her sons are shown at various ages, as noble princes, and even in manhood, clothed in royal garments, addressing the people, with their mother always beside them. Nor is it known whether they survived her or she them, for her name is found alongside theirs in many of the portrayals of the magnificent constructions attributed to them in later years. The whole tomb testifies their affection, and during her lifetime her influence over them must have been great.

None of the other Egyptian queens, so far as can be learned, held such honor as she, for none had a temple dedicated to them —jointly with a goddess—as was the case of Nefertari. She shares this honor with Hathor in a smaller temple, and after her death it is known she was worshipped as Osiris—a divine goddess. Statues of her may be found figuring prominently beside the four seated colossi of her husband, Rameses II, which front the east—the dawn—and likewise it is known that no other queen shared such a privilege.

One significant epitaph, in particular, in her tomb reads: "Queen Nefertari reigned supreme in the hearts of all her people; she was the great and noble princess of every grace in the heart of her husband and family, the palm-branch of love, the beloved of the king, and united with the ruler." It is an authentic fact that in this awe-inspiring Valley of the Queens, beneath its majestic cliffs, the king had this sumptuous "House of Eternity" prepared for her, wherein to abide forever.

I was reluctant to leave this beautiful lady's tomb, but we had to make our way to the Kings' Tombs. The one we wanted to see, above all others, was the tomb of King Tut-ankh-Amen, and we were most fortunate, for this was the last day visitors were permitted to inspect this tomb, as Mr. Howard Carter—the Egyptologist—was preparing to remove all the remaining articles and the mummy case itself to the museum in Cairo, within the next few days.

Again, fortunately for us, there were few visitors that day, for many had been informed that the tomb had been closed. Months before we arrived in Egypt, B.J. had written for permission to enter the tomb of the famous monarch, King Tut, and he received word in return that the tomb would be formally closed on March twentieth. However, according to the letter, a few visitors would be admitted for a week after that date, but only

by special permission, and that would be given us upon our arrival in Cairo.

The day we entered the tomb was just three years from the time that Mr. Carter had opened the door—three years of hard labor and exacting research, for we were told that thruout this period, he had worked continuously.

King Tut-ankh-Amen ruled 3300 years ago. His reign belongs to the close of the XVIII dynasty, known as the Golden Age of Egypt. Being heir to the accumulated riches at a time when all the world was paying tribute to Egypt, probably accounts for his sumptuous tomb, so regal in its equipment—a real find, since, due to its recent discovery, all its riches were intact, as it had never been plundered.

In the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings there are something like sixty tombs of the past monarchs, but at the time we were there only about sixteen were accessible. The Egyptians thot that when a man died he would need all the various articles used during his life, thus they were stored in the tombs with him, for use in the hereafter. And they also that he needed a body—so they mummified their dead.

An interesting note as to the reason why the monarchs of that day selected such a remote and desolate valley in which to be buried, and why they were so securely hidden after the entombment, is perhaps pertinent at this point.

History tells us that excavation of the tombs of these ancient Kings began with the accession of the ruler and if he reigned several years, the tomb was lengthened and elaborated until in many instances it reached immense proportions. The task of the direction, building, and excavation was entrusted to a master builder, but the King, himself, was the designer. This valley was selected because its adjacent cliffs, from which the tombs were tunneled, are made of flint-like rock, unequaled anywhere in the world. Also, these great rock cliffs were a deserted place. for they were quite inaccessible, and furthermore, the quality of the rock made it impractical for quarrying. As the work was done by slaves and foreigners, the tunneled-rock suggests it was done with great rapidity, and the overseer must have used the whip-hand during the whole procedure. It is said that thousands of slaves lost their lives during the excavations.

The sealing of the tombs was entrusted to a select few,

chosen from the monarch's household, and since tons and tons of rock were used as a final covering, it was probably many months or even longer before the master builder and those selected for the sacred duty, were satisfied that the door was sealed completely, and perhaps—as they thot—forever.

Thus I could not help but think, as we entered the tombs—having some knowledge of the extensive work and time given to the burial of those long-ago potentates—what a pity that they should ever be disturbed at all!

The history of the opening of the tomb of King Tut-ankh-Amen is quite intriguing, for many are the stories related about the misfortune of those who have been connected with this operation. Forty years ago, Howard Carter, undaunted, planned to find this tomb—it being the only one, he thot, that had not been discovered. With the cooperation of Lord Carnarvon of England, his financial backer, he removed tons and tons of dirt, sand, and stone, without any result. Since he had delved into all the papyrus records available, he felt certain that the tomb of this famous ruler must be in the area around which they were digging at the time. At last, in 1922, he came upon the royal door of Tut-ankh-Amen, and found its unbroken seals which gave him the assurance that it had never been disturbed.

Lord Carnarvon shared in the glory of his discovery, but it was a real misfortune that his death from a poisonous infection, should have occurred soon after. And, as Mr. Carter states in his intensely interesting book, *The Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen*: "One shadow must inevitably rest upon it (the discovery) which all the world must share—the fact that Lord Carnarvon was not permitted to see the full fruition of his work."

Many stories and fantastic tales have been told regarding his death, some stating that he was bitten by an asp at the door of the tomb; others say it was caused by a poisonous insect in the tomb, which came to life when the tomb was opened; and there are those that still whisper of the curse that was placed on all the tombs of the buried rulers of Egypt, so when Lord Carnarvon opened the tomb proper, this curse fell upon him, hence his death was a horrible, lingering affair. They also affirm that the curse has been carried to his family and associates as well.

True it is that many insects—some poisonous—are found in

the crevices of old walls and caves, and perhaps even tombs, in these warm countries. Be that as it may, the exact kind of poisonous infection from which he died has been the subject of much conjecture, altho his family always contended that his death was due to an infection which followed a mosquito bite. Yet it would not be an uncommon result for his death to follow an infection—whether from insect, asp, or anything else that might have been found there; and that his family has, in two or three instances, suffered tragedy, is what could and does happen to anyone whether he be a prominent character, as was Lord Carnarvon, or just an ordinary person.

When we arrived at King Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, Mr. Carter was there waiting, and only three or four were admitted at one time, to view the interior. The entrance chamber was filled with crates and boxes of all shapes and sizes, containing chests and chairs—conspicuous was a royal or throne chair, inlaid with precious stones and gold, not completely packed.

Additional objects of interest were furniture in ebony, ivory, gold, elaborate ceremonial alabaster vases, jeweled scarabs, cedar wood pieces, a child's high chair with ornate decorations, taborets with leopard skins thrown over them, gold walking sticks, carved beds and other pieces of furniture inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian, and such precious stones as rubies, emeralds, sapphires, as well as many semi-precious stones, the topaz, spinels, garnets, tourmalins, etc. Mr. Carter said that carefully packed in one case was a robe with 3500 gold sequins and pearls; it was so delicate that he did not know how it could be unpacked at the museum, in fact, he added all the fabrics were so fragile that they needed to be handled with the greatest of care, lest they crumble into dust.

The Egyptian government, according to the law of Egypt, would receive half of the entire contents of the tomb. This, no doubt, has been placed in the museum in Cairo, and Mr. Carter has determined the disposal of the remainder.

The walls of the tomb in which King Tut-ankh-Amen lay were covered with intricate figures in low relief, exquisite carvings and elaborate scenes. Paintings here decorated the ceiling as well. Inscriptions had been delicately chiseled and richly colored. We did not have half the time we wished to study all these, for our attention was centered on the coffin in which the

great monarch rested. A large red sandstone sarcophagus had been removed months before, and was resting against the walls of the ante-chamber.

The mummy case in which the King rested was shaped to conform with the figure inside, the face modeled, and the whole case ornately carved, engraved, and adorned with ritualistic emblems—and made of solid gold. A plate glass covered the mummy case, and an electric light with a shade had been placed over it.

The mummy of the great King lay before us. It was swathed in linen and had been evidently prepared with the greatest of care. There was silence in the tomb as we looked at this little monarch, for he was a small man, slender as a boy. It was all so impressive that no one uttered a word. Indeed, we felt that we were looking beyond the ages.

As I stood there gazing, one object fascinated me—a tiny wreath of faded flowers placed on the center of the forehead of



the King. Who could have put it there, over 3000 years ago? What emotions were in the mind of the one who tenderly placed it where it has never been touched by human hands since that day?

As we left the tomb, Howard Carter closed the door, for B.J., Dave, and I were the last visitors admitted.

And so we went back to our hotel in Luxor, still carrying with us the memories of that past age. As we sat on the veranda of the hotel that evening at sunset, we looked over to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings and the Queens, now enveloped in beautiful lavender-pink haze, and our meditations went on and on . . .

Some of the guests on the porch were talking of one thing or another about the trip, but somehow I saw just two things:—the lovely little figure of Queen Nefertari, with her hands raised in supplication, and the faint smile on her face—and the dear little wreath of faded flowers placed on the forehead of King Tut-ankh-Amen.



The Amah

E had boarded the S.S. *Angers*, Messageries Maritimes, in Saigon, Indo-China, bound for Singapore. The ship was French-owned, and a French crew manned the boat.

The trip out from Saigon is always an exciting one, for the Saigon River—forty-eight miles long—tho quite placid in some part of its way, becomes a rushing torrent in making numerous bends. During these times, in the whirling waters, when it seems that the ship is about to turn over at its end before it is righted, one realizes that it requires steady nerves and a crew in charge that has had not only experience, but is in complete control of all that is necessary that the passengers may not become alarmed.

Fortunately, we had made that trip previously on a United States liner and also on an English vessel, and all who have traveled on ships manned by Americans or English know what a cool-headed lot they are. But French crews are like most French people—emotionally unstable—and they run their ships the same way.

So, on the *Angers*, we recognized at once, when going down the river, that the whole atmosphere of the boat would be in a turmoil until we arrived out in the open sea again. Besides, the boat was an old tub, and should not have been permitted outside of a mill pond.

There were perhaps only six English-speaking people on

board, and as only French was spoken by the whole ship's company—not even the stewardesses or stewards would attempt to understand our English—we few grouped ourselves into a clique and made a lark out of our voyage to Singapore, for we had little consideration from the French crew.

This short story is not to belittle French maritime service, but to tell of an occurrence that happened before we boarded the ship, while it was on its way from Hong Kong to Saigon.

We had been out on the river but a short time when one of the Americans and his wife took us in charge, and later he remarked, "Well, we had this trip on this boat up the river, and we might just as well be prepared for a tumbling about on our going back, for you will soon find out how inconsiderate this outfit is. But the experience we had shortly after we left Hong Kong might explain some of their present erratic actions. In fact," he said, "we are all still jittery from the episode."

This is what this fellow American and the others in the group told us:

An English woman, her two children (one nineteen months and a baby of four weeks), and their Chinese nurse, known as an amah, came on board at Shanghai. She was going home to England, and was attempting to do what many others before her had found unsuccessful—taking her amah for the children, back to England to live.

The amah spent the first two days weeping violently, and the English woman could do nothing to calm her. Another English woman on board told her that the amah was homesick, and that she might as well put her off at Hong Kong and send her back to Shanghai, for she would never be worth anything to her away from her homeland. She had seen this experiment tried before, and invariably these Chinese servants had to be sent home, or in many instances they became mentally unbalanced from grief.

The morning of the third day out, while this English mother was on deck talking with the group of passengers, and the amah was in the stateroom with the children, one of the crew ran frantically to her, and with wild gesticulations said, "Dépêchezvous cabine"—or something to that effect—and even tho she did not understand French, she knew, from his frantic behavior, that something terrible must be happening in her cabin. Those near by realized, too, that something must have occurred, for

suddenly the ship was slowed down, as if about to anchor, and the crew were rushing around excitedly.

When this mother reached the cabin, she found it filled with officers and other members of the crew, with the amah on the bed hysterical—her mind was a blank. The mother screamed for her children, and then the officers had to tell her the awful truth.

Hurriedly, and as well as he could in broken English—much interspersed with French—he told her that the steward had passed by the door and heard a most horrifying laugh. He stopped and saw the amah on her knees on the bed, just as she was pushing the baby out of the porthole into the sea. He rushed inside, but could not see the other child, and became so alarmed that he left and went at once to one of the officers and reported his findings.

"Of course," said the American, "by this time everybody who could was pressing toward the passageway to learn the cause of the excitement in that particular cabin. It was some time," he continued, "before the crew recognized that order must be restored among the passengers, for many were eager to assist the

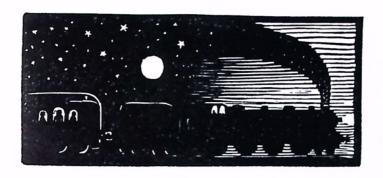


distracted mother, while others, with great anxiety, were crowding the deck rails, to watch the boats which were lowered to rescue the children. However, they were never found.

"The ship's surgeon took charge of the mother, and the friendly English woman who had talked with her about the amah, earlier in the voyage, was her constant companion.

"When they reached Hong Kong, an English physician, with his nurse, came on board and they removed the mother to a hospital. From here they planned to get in touch with the husband in Shanghai. The English woman went with them."

It took some time after leaving Hong Kong, our fellow American said, for all to become composed, and still the tragedy was so fresh in their minds that from time to time they kept referring to it. Wouldn't we all, if we, too, had witnessed such a tragedy?



Strange Bed Fellows

E took the night boat from Shimonoseki, Japan, to Fusan, Korea, on our way to Seoul. We didn't get much rest, for it was a rickety old scow, tossing us here and there, and, too, we were up and down several times during the night, when the inspectors examined our luggage.

When we arrived at Fusan—tired from the hectic night—we hoped to ride on a good train, and, fortunately, it was a first class one—well-upholstered in sky blue velvet and finished in chrome. As few were on the train when we left Fusan, we thot: what a fine trip we'll have, without the customary crowd of orientals. Tho they were usually courteous, it just seemed a relief to have the coach to ourselves.

Besides the three of us and Major Bunbury from London, our traveling companion, there were three dignified Chinese officials, four Japanese, and a Frenchman on board; but as we sped on our way, each station stop brot more passengers—Koreans and Russians, more Japanese and Chinese—and by evening the coach was filled.

The "berths" were tiny rooms that usually had four or six beds. Our party secured a compartment with four beds, for the night. We knew that when one made reservations for sleeping quarters, the signed slip—or contract, one might call it—

stated that the berth was for the bed only, but we did not, at that time, realize that anyone, besides our own party, could occupy the additional beds in our "stateroom". A very sheer curtain was all that separated each bed from the other. The sliding door of each compartment locked the room, but not securely, for a press on the button from the outside opened the door easily.

We stopped at Seoul, Korea, for several days. When we boarded the train to proceed to Mukden, Manchuria, we noticed an English woman sitting near us, and later we met a Mr. Dotson—a newspaper man from New York who was traveling alone. The train became crowded, as it had on our previous trip, and again when night came the coaches were filled.

This time we found that our compartment contained six beds—Mr. Dotson having the fifth one. Before retiring, I had talked with the English woman mentioned above, and she said she had a compartment to herself now, but that the attendant on the train had told her that before the night was over she might have three other passengers in there with her. I invited her to share the extra bed in our compartment, but she was certain, she said, that only women passengers would be sent to her compartment; and then, with a very set, smug attitude, she said, "It will be quite satisfactory." I imagine she didn't like the idea of being in the same room with B.J. and Dave and the other two men.

The train stopped at a certain station during the night, and several people came aboard.

Later on, I heard loud talking in her compartment—which was next to ours—and I knew the attendant was talking with her. She kept saying, "Yes, but I have this room for myself, sir, and no one but ladies can share it. No, No, these people cannot come in." As we had seen no other women on the coach earlier in the evening, and could hear only men's voices, we surmised that the attendant was going to put some men in the room with her. Evidently she consented—or was obliged to—for soon all was quiet.

We were awakened again, about two o'clock in the morning, at a station where the train crossed the border. The Customs officers went thru the train and told us all to get our luggage out on the platform. Altho we told them that our lug-

gage was in the baggage car, and that we would give our key to the attendant, the officials ordered us to get up and remove the things ourselves. B.J. told me it was not necessary for me to go, but the official gruffly said, "She go—everybody out!" Then we knew it had to be done, so we got up, dressed hastily, and went out on the platform.

Even tho it was very cold, we had to lug all our baggage out of the car onto the platform, which was covered with deep snow, and there the officers hastily went thru the contents. Then we had to see that all was put back on the train again, and after that, we went back to a cold bed, but had little sleep.

I saw the English woman while on the platform, and noticed that she was fully dressed—hat and all—but didn't talk with her, for she went aboard immediately after her baggage was examined. We did not see her again until the next morning, as we neared Mukden, then she told us about her "harrowing experience," as she called it.

She said that the attendant insisted that, according to the rules of the train, the two men who had boarded the train in the night, having made reservations, should be put in with her, so she had to let them in. They were either Chinese or Japanese, she said, for she had peeked thru the curtain of her berth and saw them; and, she added, "They looked horrible." The attendant had told her that he would be near by and, in case she felt nervous about them, to call him—tho, as she said to me, "How did I know he could be trusted? He was as yellow as the others." She never undressed, she said, and so was up long before those two in her compartment were awake.

As we left the train, in the hustle and bustle that takes place with the porters at any station or boat landing in the Orient, we were delayed in getting to our taxi. While waiting for the officials to separate our luggage—their system of identification is most inefficient—we saw five fur-hatted and fur-coated men, with lofty important airs, rush up to the coach where we had been and, pushing everyone aside, enter the coach and soon come out with a man. They had rope coils about his wrists, and practically dragged him out.

As we knew all this commotion must be for some special reason, B. J. asked the attendant what had happened. He calmly replied, "Oh, he is a robber. He, with some other man, got on

the train in the night, and the police told me to watch him until we got here to Mukden, and then the police here would come for him. So they came for him—see?"

I asked him if the robber was in our coach all night, and he said, "Yes, yes, I put him in with the woman—she not know the difference."

We asked him how bad a robber he was, and he replied, "He is a bad robber. He is like you say in your Chicago country—'Boom, boom, and they fall down'."

We looked around to see if the English woman were in sight. I wanted her to know who her near by bed fellow was, that she might add to her "harrowing experience"—but she was gone and we did not see her again.





The Island of the Blue Horizon

HIS time I write of Ceylon, that charming and picturesque island in the Indian Ocean, at the extreme tip of India, separated only by a narrow and shallow strait. Ceylon, because of its unique industry and legendary lore, has many names, so it is often called The Pearl Island, The Lost Garden of Eden, The Island of Pearls, and The Island of the Blue Horizon.

It is called Pearl Island because for centuries it has been the center of the pearl fisheries, and has furnished more pearls than all the rest of the world together.

The Lost Garden of Eden—so called because, according to the Persian poet, Wassaf, "When Adam was driven from Paradise, God made a mountain of Ceylon, the place of his descent, to break the force of change and to assuage his fall."

This pear-shaped island is about 270 miles long, 100 miles wide, and contains over a million people. The principal race—the Singhalese, also known as the Cingalese or Ceylonese—comprises around seventy-four per cent of its population, and as far as is known, they came from India, early in the sixth century, B. C. Its original inhabitants were pure Aryan, but during the centuries they have become mixed with Arab, Portuguese, Indian and Tamil stock (Hindu origin). Other races found here are the Dutch, Parsees, Afghans, Malayans, and the Mohammedans—the latter known as the Moors of Ceylon.

The Singhalese are a small people; their men are easily dis-

tinguished by their gentle, almost feminine manner, which is intensified by the peculiar custom of wearing their hair long, put up in a Psyche knot on the back of the head, and often crowned by a large tortoise-shell comb. It is not uncommon to see the men with painted lips and cheeks, and eyes enlarged with black lines like crow's-feet. Too, they have a weakness for bracelets, necklaces, and earrings. Fortunately, most men wear mustaches—one certain trait that separates the men from the women.

Both men and women wear skirts made of four or five yards of bright colored material, tightly swathed around their slender hips. These skirts are fixed at the waist line by cunningly folding in the ends and tucking them into the waist, independent of buttons, tapes, or pins. The men wear spotless white shirts which hang on the outside of their skirts.

The women are attractive, rather shy and modest, and always have a broad smile of greeting. They also wear their hair long, but theirs is parted "Madonna-wise" on either side of the head, and brushed back smoothly, in exquisite simplicity. With their skirts, the women wear a tight-fitting bodice with the neck line cut extremely wide and low; this enhances their beauty as it reveals their lovely satiny-smooth, sloping shoulders.

Seclusion, the manner of many of most orientals, is rare here, for there is no purdah or veiling except among the Mohammedan Moors and, possibly, among some of the Malayans who have adopted the Mohammedan religion.

The Singhalese women walk with ease and dignity, and all—from the bluest-blooded Kandyan to the little plumbago girl—can boast of fine little hands and slender feet. One often sees these little workers as they leave the Colombo graphite mills in the evening, or as they work in the early morning hours at the tea plantations. Indeed, their features are very regular, and among the high class there is a certain nobility of countenance and intelligence which, combined, forms an almost statuesque beauty.

Perhaps much of this is due to their graceful native clothing and the absence of head and foot gear, for the Singhalese, like many of the women in the Orient, lose much of their charm when they try to emulate the occidental dress.

Ceylon is full of gems, so magnificent and so costly that

it seems unbelievable to see sapphires and zircons used by the wealthy women for buttons on their dainty muslin jackets of snowy whiteness; and one marvels at their bracelets, earrings, necklaces, and hairpins, of rubies, sapphires, cat's-eyes, zircons, moonstones, and pearls.

Never did I see so many children—a veritable paradise for them. Every place we went, especially up into the hill country, we saw large families of pot-bellied little folks, whose only attire was a string around their waist, with a "modesty piece" about the size of a maple leaf, made of small pieces of silver-like mesh, which hung down in front. They were happy looking groups, indicative, as we were told, that all Singhalese love children and surround them with kindness, and almost err in their indulgence.

Ceylon is in reality a treasure island, with its spicy breezes, its abundance and variety of precious stones, its towering palms and giant bamboo trees, and its varied landscape of flaming flowers; all made beautiful with the luxuriance of tropical foliage. Can one question the many artists who call it The Dream Island?

Surely nature has lavished much beauty on this island. The Persian poet, Wassaf, again says of it: "The charms of this fair country, the softness of the air, the sweetness for miles out to sea, languid with spices and perfumes, are beyond telling. Its tropical sun and dewy moisture stimulate plant life into a passionate luxuriance of fragrant beauty. The sea is as the jewels—all light and glitter amid the broken glories of the rolling surf."

We loved the trees that formed great bowers all along the highway. I cannot begin to name them, but I did jot down some, on several of our motor trips thruout the island. There were so many kinds of palm trees—great forests of the palmyra, a most remarkable palm tree which exceeds one hundred feet in height. It yields enormous leaves, employed for more uses than perhaps any other tree—eight hundred in all—for furniture, house building, mats, ropes and twine, fans, umbrellas, baskets; also it is used for food, as sugar, sago, palm wine and arrack, and for fuel. Many of the other palms are a species of the palmyra, so it is often called the Mother Palm.

The cocoanut is another quite productive palm; the jaggery or kittul tree, a species of the palmyra, yields a sap like raw

sugar, the pith furnishes sago and its fruit is eaten. The talipot palm is a beautiful tree which rises from eighty to one hundred feet in height. It bears handsome gigantic fan-shaped leaves that are used as writing paper, fans, and umbrellas—excellent to shade one from the sun, and a sure protection against rain. This palm is rather remarkable in that it blooms only once in fifty years—the lifetime of the tree—at which time it presents a gigantic pyramidal flower, greenish-yellow in color, with a most powerful and disagreeable odor. Peculiarly, as soon as the tree begins to bloom, the leaves fade and fall; in about a year's time, the fruit (not edible) is matured, and the whole tree dies—having lived only to produce its single crop.

The areca—one of the loveliest of palm trees—often fifty feet high, with slender stems, is still another important tree, as one of its species—the betel palm—yields the betel nut, which, when wrapped in leaves of the tree and mixed with a little lime, furnishes the native with his chief masticatory delicacy. The juice of the nut, pungent, astringent, and stimulating, stains both the teeth and gums a bloody-black. When made into a tea, it is active as a vermifuge and a mydriatic.

Among the other beautiful trees we saw were the fragrant cinnamon and the cacao tree—the latter produces yellow flowers which later form pods, whose seeds yield a yellowish-white, fatty oil—the source of cocoa butter and chocolate.

Along the roadway were groves of ebony and satin rosewood, the breadfruit, jackfruit, the cashew, the frangipani, the indigo, and ironwood trees. There are some coffee trees, but tea and Cinchona trees grow in profusion.

We admired the glorious rain trees with charming pink blossoms, which resemble a showery bridal wreath. These run from the topmost branches to the ground, and many of the tendrils trail for some distance on the ground. And one can't forget the spathodias with their very large, vivid, red blooms; the huge flame trees, covered to their tips with crimson and yellow blossoms; the Lagerstroemis, with flowers in purple pyramids; and the monster groups of bamboos.

Thousands of smaller shrubs and plants lent additional fragrance to the roadways, where the cardamon, an aromatic plant, was also abundant; citronella grass grew in profusion, the jasmine, honey flower, poinsettia and hybiscus hedges rambled over

everything; and lovely calla and Easter lilies grew as wild as our violets. Tobacco, too, is grown extensively on the island.

Many times during our motor car rides, we would find ourselves inhaling a most heavenly scented breeze, which we learned was the wild lemon grass, found all over the island. As the car would swish by, against the grass, it would send the perfume our way—almost overwhelming at times—yet most delightful when not given in too large a dose.

Occasionally, tho, we ran into a most loathsome odor—the Stercula foetida plant, which had colorful blossoms. Indeed we were always pleased when our driver avoided bunches of this plant, as we went rolling along the highway. However, the allspice, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, cloves, vanilla, and camphor trees more than made up for this one vile-smelling shrub.

And the lavish fruit! Mangosteens, mangoes, papayas, oranges, the duku—with a pulp that tastes like a grape—the jambu or rose-apple which has a strong rose flavor, the lime, and the rambutan—shaped like our red plum, with a soft sweet-acid pulp, its reddish and thick rind covered with numerous coarse, bristle-like spines. The bananas were in all colors and sizes, with delicious flavors, and the pineapple, paw-paw, persimmon, pomelo, the pomegranate, and the sapodilla were all found in abundance. This latter fruit has a yellowish pulp which tastes like the custard apple; it also yields chicle gum. In fact, almost every kind of tropical fruit known can be found on this Island of Pearls.

Certainly, Ceylon could truly be called the Jewel Island, for such a wealth of gems is found here! No wonder the nabobs of India have such stores of precious stones in their vaults, and take them out for display on special occasions. We were reliably told, when in India, that one Maharajah not only has a collection of pearls, estimated at five million dollars, but also has rubies and sapphires valued at seven million dollars.

We were glad that we had decided to go to Ceylon, after our trip thru India. Having spent several weeks in India, tho it was a most interesting country, yet it was a rather arduous trip, for the heat was so intense during the day and our itinerary was so full that it kept us going from four o'clock in the early morning until evening. We had two bearers (men servants) thruout our trip, for the standards of sanitation force tourists to carry their own bedding; too, just looking after the luggage is a problem without a native to assist, if one considers the vast area to cover in a given space of time. So, all in all, adapting ourselves to the varying accommodations that are necessary there, had given us little time for rest and relaxation.

So when we entered Ceylon, we did not realize the delightful contrast until we arrived at Colombo and were housed in the most comfortable Galle Face Hotel. Here were luxurious beds, spotless bedding, excellent food, and—a beauty parlor with upto-date equipment such as I had not seen since I left Shanghai.

As a little personal issue, let me picture B. J., Dave, and myself, the morning we arrived at the Galle Face Hotel.

Thru our travel in India, we wore only washable clothes, for the heat demands that clothing be changed several times a day. Therefore, in Singapore, we bought a quantity of wearing apparel. Dave and B.J. ordered several suits made of a fine quality of linen, and I, several dresses of silk. There were no ready-made clothes in shops, so one morning we bought the material and went to a Chinese tailor—who had an army of helpers—and by evening the three of us were supplied with our apparel—the workmanship perfect.

When we went to the tailor, I asked to see a book, in order to choose a pattern, and he abruptly said, "No picture—I make all like you have on," which he promptly did, even to the uneven hem-line of my dress. In the meantime, he sketched something on a paper, that looked to me like a jig-saw puzzle, and I went away, fearful of the dresses I would have—but when I called for them, they were exact copies of the one I was wearing, and fit in the same manner. I then knew the meaning of the phrase, "Chinese Copy."

After spending several weeks in India and having our clothes washed daily, one can imagine their appearance about ten weeks later. The men's clothes were shrunk up to their ankles and wrists, and out of shape at that; and mine—they, too, looked very much the worse for wear. Then there had been no place to have my hair taken care of—fortunately, I was wearing it short, but I couldn't even inveigle a barber to cut it for me—thus, it looked very ragged.

As both B. J. and Dave had had the same difficulty, they, like myself, needed attention badly. Tho we wore topees—our

sun helmets—our skin was parched and brown and glazy looking; our shoes, tho comfortable, were flat-heeled and showed the results of our tramping around. Surely, that morning when we arrived at Colombo, with the above description and with the great amount of luggage about us, we must have looked like immigrants landing at Ellis Island!

We had become accustomed to seeing ourselves look so tacky—other tourists, too, looked much the same—but when we arrived in Ceylon and found that three de luxe liners had arrived in port—the *Belgenland*, the *Empress of Asia*, and the *Franconia*—with the majority of their passengers Americans, on a leisure, luxurious, round-the-world cruise, we hied ourselves to our rooms and began quickly to take an inventory of our personal appearances. We soon realized what a straggly looking trio we were.

The Americans were groomed to the *nth* degree, as they had come direct from New York, and had had all the best, on board ship, to keep them the last word in style and perfection. We, on the other hand, had left America months before. I could hardly believe that styles changed so fast and furious, for when I left home my dresses were, I thot, quite short—this was the beginning of the short skirt era. Imagine my surprise then, when I saw that the women from the boats had theirs up to their knees. Of course—woman-like—as soon as I could get into my luggage, I ripped out the hems and up mine went, also.

After our inventory, B. J. and Dave went to the barber shop and I to the beauty shop—all of us to be made over into human looking beings. I shall never forget what that hairdresser—a Frenchman—said to me, and if I had not been so desperately in need of hair care, I think I would have turned around and gone right out the door. Waving his hands, he said in broken English, "Ah, Madame, such a moppy looking head. You, an American? Why the best women there, are chic in dress and coiffure, and mon Dieu! such a looking crete-shoor."

This did not raise my spirits any, I assure you, but I just tossed my "moppy head", and said, "Well, it's up to you to make me over." He then became quite solicitous and after a good scrub, a wave, a facial, and all that goes with a beauty treatment, I emerged from the shop, much changed—I presume—for he said, "Ah, Madame, you look angelic." With that, I fairly floated out the door and to my room, where I once more

put on some real clothes—those I had brot from home. Later, Dave and B. J. came in, looking as pink as blossoms, from their care at the barber shop and the bath house.

The Franconia that had landed that day brot its orchestra to the hotel, and again we were with our own people. But with the new music—we had forgotten all about the development of jazz—and the quick tempo in dancing, we soon began to feel that we had stepped back centuries during our journey thru the Orient, especially after India.

How quickly one can slow down and forget the things left at home, and how soon one realizes more than ever what a swift, pace-setting race Americans are.

It did not take long, of course, for Dave to get into the swing of things; soon he was dancing with the young girls and was whirling gaily as the others. However, when he asked me for a dance, I could only say, "Why, Dave, it makes me dizzy to even look at you all," for I had not yet come back from the timeless oriental method of living. The cruise liners stayed in Ceylon but three days, so, very soon after they set sail for Bombay, we dropped back into our regular sightseeing schedule.

One day our itinerary took us for a drive to Ratnapura, and afterwards we were indeed glad that we had included this city. Many tourists do not go there when in Ceylon, as they feel that the scenery on the way to Kandy and Nuwara Eliya (also in our itinerary) is the same. But we have always felt that the drive to Ratnapura, the city and its environs well repaid us, for it is situated in the midst of the most delightful scenery on this island.

Here the magnificent mountain walls rise, all but perpendicularly, to the height of many thousand feet, and so from this city one obtains the finest views of Adam's Peak. This mountain peak, 7,300 feet high, is famous because at its top there is embedded in the rock a massive footprint, said by the Buddhists to be the footsteps of the Buddha. The Mohammedans, tho, claim it is that of Adam, "the father of humanity who fled to this spot on his exile from the paradise below the mountain, and passed many years there, weeping over his sins."

Ratnapura, known as the gem city, is the headquarters of the gem industry; all the surrounding country is dotted with pits from which the gems have been removed. Along the river's

bed, in the rich alluvium which has been washed down from the adjacent pits, there is a peculiar gravel. When this is dug up, carefully washed and sifted, many genuine, tho small, stones may be found. However, the large marketable stones are rare, as they are usually located in the more inaccessible places.

Gems are found in abundance in Ceylon—topazes, amethysts, cat's-eyes, rubies, sapphires of many colors—it is the home of the star sapphire—zircons, garnets, spinels, moonstones, cinnamon stones, aquamarines, the lovely alexandrite, and, of course, pearls.

One of the richest Buddhist temples in Ceylon, possessed of considerable estates, is located a short distance from Ratnapura. The temple, itself, is rather picturesque, yet nothing unusual. There are, however, some relics of Buddhism which are of interest, and also several monuments left by the Portuguese when they owned the island in the sixteenth century. Portuguese arches and gateways and gigantic figures of the Portuguese warriors are frequently seen about the temple grounds.

But the Buddhist Temple that is of special interest, is in Kandy. The distance from Colombo on the ocean shore, to Kandy up in the hill country, is approximately seventy-five miles. It is a lovely drive thru great avenues of the breadfruit, cashew, jackfruit, camphor, the frangipani and the spice trees, and the various forms of palm trees—the cocoanut, areca, kitul, and the gigantic talipot palms.

All along the way was terraced paddy land of the most vivid green, amidst the misty valleys. From these terraces we looked down for miles and miles on the hillsides—covered with vast tea plantations. Tea culture is one of the most productive industries. We learned that its cultivation has existed in Ceylon since 1870, and that some of the finest tea comes from this island.

The tea plant is really a tree. It has an average height of three feet, but if it were not pruned it would reach a height of over twenty-five feet. Grades of tea vary, we were told, according to the leaf grade and not thru variety. First, there is the flowery orange pekoe which is the choicest, but seldom exported; this is chosen from the tea buds and tips. Next in quality is the orange pekoe, the youngest leaves, close to the buds. Then there is the pekoe—the outer leaves.

Early in the morning one sees the great army of busy tea-

gatherers—mostly women—who go before sunrise and gather the tea while it is still dewy. By six or seven o'clock, all is picked for that day.

The tree, which resembles a bushy shrub, has numerous leafy branches which bear small clusters of white fragrant flowers. When some tea trees are placed near the jasmine, or orange trees, or near rose bushes, they take on their fragrance by their close contact with those blossoms.

The city of Kandy lies in a valley about 1600 feet above sea level. The beautiful scenery and the increasing coolness of air all the way there, makes the journey most enjoyable. We passed by several stations—villages—on the way, which had something of special interest. I recall very well one station, Peradeniya, where we stopped for lunch in a native rest house. Here several boys kept huge punkas—fans made of the gigantic palm leaves of the talipot palm—waving to and fro above the table, sometimes using their arms and hands, but more often lying on the floor and manipulating them with their toes.

At this particular station, we found the Royal Botanical Gardens—said to be unrivaled. Approaching the gardens is a row of an unusual tree, technically called the Amherstia Nobilis. It has immense leaves and long pendant clusters of the most vivid red flowers, spotted with yellow. Then there are a few of the seventy-year-old Rambong rubber trees which have enormous trunks, but they are rapidly dying from old age. It is said that it is quite difficult to replace this species today.

The Brazil nut is a fragrant tree; the kola nut tree has a bitter nut which contains caffeine and theo-bromine; and the upas tree, called often the deadly arrow poison tree, has poisonous milky juice, but not so poisonous, we learned, as former stories have made it. Then, it was supposed to be so powerful that it could destroy any living thing that came near it.

Very predominant thruout the garden was a gorgeous, yellow-flowered creeper, sprawling profusely and covering the gateways and pillars, and sending forth a delicate scent like that of the tuberose. Many varieties of palms are found here; in fact, it is said there is almost every known palm in the world in these gardens.

The spice collection was most fascinating. One can inhale the cloves, cinnamon, allspice, vanilla, cardamon, ginger, and nutmeg scents to his heart's content. Some of the nutmeg trees are nearly a hundred years old.

And I must tell of the orchid house, filled with all varieties of exotic orchids, many species of fern, and flowering climbers. We had seen orchids growing wild in the jungles in Java and Sumatra, but in this garden they were being cared for as tenderly as in a conservatory back home. It was in these botanical gardens that we learned that the orchid family—consisting of over 12,000 species—should never be called "parasites", for these plants thrive best on limbs and trunks of healthy trees, in mid air. However, there is a species—known as the Epiphytes—which grows in the ground.

Orchids—often called air-plants—vary in every shape and size imaginable, and in these gardens were some growing with stalk and bloom six feet in height, and another specimen was so small we had to use a magnifying glass to see any detail in the flower.

Colors range from those of the deepest velvety black to the most fragile, in purest white. One orchid in particular I remember—known as the white dove or pigeon orchid; it is supposed to bloom on the same day and hour everywhere, and we were told that some of these specimens were taken to several European conservatories and they actually bloomed the same day in all places.

One tree which interested us was the cannon-ball tree, bearing along its stem a profusion of curiously-shaped flowers that are followed later by a brown fruit—resembling tiny cannon balls.

Thruout the gardens we saw many pools filled with giant water lilies, in all colors—the bright red water lily is particularly beautiful. Edging the gardens were enormous clumps of bamboo and the talipot, the palmyra, the cabbage, and the royal palm trees—many of them so old that their great roots meander all over the surface.

As a fitting climax, I must mention the fine view from these gardens. Here, the vast areas of tea, coffee, rice, vanilla, cocoa, rubber, and cocoanuts and other plants of economic importance to the tropics, under observation in experimental stations, seemed endless.

Everywhere along the way to Kandy we could see elephants

working; indeed, they do most of the heavy work in this area, such as razing trees and, by their trunks, carry them to their destination, with the greatest of ease and care. Then we saw them towing ferry boats across small streams; also we learned that they are used extensively for road building, for they can bring enormous stones, weighing hundreds of pounds, down the ravine and up the steep inclines, then they place the stones at the side of the road, almost in perfect alignment.

The city of Kandy is located on the shores of a lovely lake and surrounded by beautiful woods. This lake is fringed with flowering trees, and several varieties of palms. Kandy is especially famous for its temple, called The Temple of the Tooth, as many devotees treasure the idea that a priceless relic, a tooth of the Buddha, is enshrined there. It is very carefully secluded until the month of August, when a great religious festival is held, and then, on this gala occasion, it is publicly shown. The only other occasion of display is during a visit of a Royal personage.

The temple itself is not imposing, but its setting is most picturesque, as it stands with its back against the greenest wooded hills, surrounded by a long moat, alive with enormous turtles. These turtles are kept there as sacred, and they are fed by the Buddhist pilgrims who come by the thousands to this temple yearly, from all over the island and from India as well.

In the center of the temple's courtyard, is the sacred building; and there, in its center, on a huge lotus flower of pure gold, hidden under seven bells or pagoda-shaped caskets, each embellished with rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and other precious stones, reposes this sacred relic—the tooth of the Buddha.

Many fantastic legends have sprung up regarding this tooth. It is said to have been brot to Ceylon from Benares, about 300 A. D., by a Princess who concealed it in the folds of her long hair. It had previously been secured from one of the disciples after the Buddha's body had been cremated. Later, the relic was supposed to have been stolen and taken again to India; then recovered and brot back to Ceylon. But during the Portuguese conquest of that island, it was taken to Goa and there, supposedly, destroyed by the Archbishop and Viceroy and his court; for it was during this part of the sixteenth century—the time when the Inquisition was at its height in Portugal

and Spain—that the intolerant Archbishop ordered all Buddhist relics brot to Goa to be destroyed.

However, the Buddhists deny this. They assert that the real tooth was hidden in Kandy, and a false one was taken by the Portuguese, and thus they claim that the original is now in the temple at Kandy.

We were told that the tooth, which resembles the tusk of a crocodile, is two inches in length and less than an inch in diameter. Of course it is not the original, but one soon learns that in India many things are symbolic, and so the size of the tooth has little significance, for it serves the Buddhists the purpose they attach to such a sacred relic.

From Kandy, we went to Nuwara Eliya—rather disappointing—for we found it just a typical English hill station where many go to escape the heat. We felt afterward that we could have spent that time much more profitably in the native part of the island.

We returned to Colombo, enjoying the drive back as much as we had coming, for now we took several by-roads which led us thru some of the jungle of Ceylon, the wild part of the island—thousands of acres covered with mighty forests, broken only by the narrow roads which appear driven thru it. On either side of these, rises the dark and secret wall of trees, that seem knitted with blind undergrowth—impenetrable for miles. Towards evening, one feels the breathless jungle is filled with sinister eyes and dangerous mystery—and oh, how the night comes quietly down and hedges one in.

When we arrived at Colombo, we were glad for the few days' rest before going on to Egypt. We needed those days to catch up on our notes and to write letters home. Overlooking the Indian Ocean, the roomy veranda at the Galle Face Hotel was our favorite place to write.

Sitting there one morning, we saw one of the wandering fortune-tellers come up to the side of the veranda. Of course, he wanted to read our palms. Now we had met so many of these wandering natives, all thru the Orient, that it was nothing unusual to see this Hindu come up to us, quietly, and say to me, "Mem-Sahib, want to know the future?"

When in Singapore, we had amused ourselves, like many other tourists, in having these soothsayers read our palms.

Some of their statements were quite surprising, as they coincided with much of the past, but we had long ago discountenanced all such, as coincidental that could apply to anyone in our circumstances. And then all thru India, too, we found these fortune-tellers strolling around every hotel. As they were always unobtrusive, and as the hotel management always vouched for their honesty, it was interesting to listen to their predictions. Oddly enough, some of these predictions, tho told in far different cities, were quite similar, but then that, too, could be explained—they probably struck a responsive cord in us.

When this Hindu came to the veranda that morning while we were sitting there, something kindly about his face and manner attracted me. He had a rather light, sepia complexion; large, deep-set eyes that showed depth of intelligence. We noticed, too, that his spotless clothes, as well as his snow-white turban wound perfectly around his head, were in keeping with his carefully brushed white beard and mustache.

He wore the red circle mark—the Hindu symbol—at the center of his forehead. Certainly, I thot, a character study for an artist! But as there were no artists available, Dave took a snapshot of him with his kodak, which resulted in an excellent likeness.

I said to him, "Read Sahib's (the master) and Chota Sahib's (young master) palms first." So he looked at their palms, not touching them whatsoever, and told them several things that were amusing and rather startling at that. In B.J.'s (the Sahib's) prediction, he related a circumstance, at home, which had given us some concern before we left, and about which we were waiting for news, some place on our journey. He said to B.J., "Do not worry, Sahib, you will get no good word about this until you are back in America, seventy-six days." Let me state here, this was true; we arrived home the 18th of June, and the word we had long waited for came to us on September 2nd—just seventy-six days.

When he came to me he said, "Have palm face me, Memsahib." He did not touch my hand—it lay upward on my knee; he stooped and read it with a quiet voice, scarcely moving his black eyes. He said, "Mem-sahib write." I laughed and said, "All Mem-sahibs write—see, I'm writing letters now." But he replied, looking serious, "Mem-sahib can write stories. Mem-

sahib be sure and tell stories of us people across the waters—bring true stories to your race; we are misunderstood people, we are not so fortunate to be born in country as yours; perhaps when we finish this Karma world, we will be one of you."

Now, at that time, I had not the slightest idea that the various notes I was jotting down, from time to time, would ever be in print. I made them merely to have a record to tell my family and friends when I returned home, for I was certain that I never could rely solely on my memory, as I knew I would forget many things. Each country was so different and our experiences so varied and unusual that I thot I would like to have these notes to fall back on when describing where we had been.

Then, this quiet Hindu went into several accurate descriptions of many events at home. He talked particularly of my father who was not so well when we went away. He said, "Mem-sahib's father will be there when you go home, but not for long—an open grave is before you in ninety days." My father passed away three months, to the day, after we returned.

At the time, we all gave little credence to what he had said. Really, while he was reading my hand—which was only a means to concentrate my attention on what he was saying—I was thinking more about a character study of this mystic before me, than of what he was saying, and yet he seemed far above the average so-called soothsayer we had met, for he conversed intelligently about many things.

The question might well be asked, "How did he get in touch with the unseen?" I know that there are all kinds of charlatans and frauds and fakes, and that only one per cent of those claiming cryptesthetic powers are reliable, and perhaps not even that per cent. Yet, undoubtedly there are some persons who can read events quite otherwise than by the senses. I make no attempt to explain it, for I do not know enough about it. All of us have had, at certain times in our lives, experiences which are unexplainable; thus it requires a level head and practical application to acquire discrimination between intuition and instinct. This probably should be done by making a scientific study of the means to an end.

I have mentioned this "fortune teller" to bring to mind the study of the occult in India. One sees much of it, from time to time, if one looks for it. Perhaps to them it is the law of

Truth that many of us in the occidental world have not, as yet, learned. The Indian philosophers call it the law of the universe, not looking upon it as supernatural, but as that which is divine within ourselves—but which we blindly ignore.

In one of their books I read, "There are mighty forces at work all around us, and by obeying certain rules, some of us know how to bend them and make them obedient. When you understand how to make the wheels go round, then these things are no more wonderful than telegraphy. As a matter of fact, there is nothing supernatural. There are only things which don't happen commonly because the rules are not known."

In all our travels we tried to place ourselves on the same footing as those who lived there, being tolerant of their beliefs and endeavoring to learn from their age-old ideas their philosophy of life, and, at the same time, trying to have a greater understanding of the people who live on such a different plane than we here in America.

Perhaps thruout some of these stories you have glimpsed some of the unusual findings I have related, not only from study and observation, but by talking with those learned ones whenever an opportunity presented itself, while we were journeying thru the Far East.

One instance which I believe I have not mentioned, happened in India, when we talked with a yellow-robed Buddhist priest. Tho he was old and wrinkled, his eyes were bright and keen. He was sitting on the steps of a temple, as if resting from worship. He seemed to be musing and looking sort of down into the world. For a long time there was silence, then we approached him and, after mentioning the many tourists, their coming and going, we asked what he really thot of the world. He said, "I have often wondered what aspect the great world would have for me; for years I have seen nothing but the tourist side, as they come and go. They all seem feverish; there is no coolness, only the portrayal of desire—no cessation of toil.

"When do they have time for vision or peace? There is an old knowledge in your country, I have been told, that desire may be tamed and yoked, and I have read that enlightenment comes when fasting and silence is practiced. I understand you had at one time in your great America a great sage, Emerson—he knew what peace meant."

It was not the first time we had heard Ralph Waldo Emerson mentioned in our travels, in fact we found him portrayed in poetry and stories in many of the classics by the Indian philosophers. I wonder if as many of our own people have studied this great poet as have those in distant lands. His essays and lectures and poems are part of our America, he is known and loved by many of us, yet for countless others it has taken all these years for him at last to come into his own, in his homeland.

As I look back over the notes I made on Ceylon, it gives me a feeling of restfulness. I hope I have brot to you some of the charm of that lovely island, and an insight into what can be found there by those seeking beauty.

Ceylon—a peaceful island today—and only few know of its past turbulent history, from its first significance, twenty-four centuries ago, to the present day. For several centuries it was ruled by the high caste of India, then Hindu newcomers brot the caste system and their own civilization to the island. Later, the Indian régime was again restored, and these potentates reigned in ancient grandeur for several centuries; then came Portuguese traders who were only in control until the Dutch arrived. Following this, a long and strenuous warfare ensued, in which the English appeared and occupied part of the island, while Holland was at war with France. This happened during the seventeenth century.

Later, by the peace of Amiens in 1802, the greater part of the island was ceded to the English who had served as a sort of godfather over the people; but there was one drawback to complete English control, for the King of Kandy, a Singhalese, had possession of much of the country. However, the British conquered this ruler, and since 1815, Ceylon has been in the possession of the Crown colony of Great Britain.

But still, the gentle Singhalese, now comprising about seventy-four per cent of the population, come and go in serenity. They are a mild and rather timid race, but extremely courteous and hospitable to visitors. Peculiarly, tourists feel closer to them than they do to the natives in India. There does not seem to be such a great wall between the Singhalese and the foreigner as there is in India—a wall that began to rise centuries ago, and it seems to be still there.

This concludes my story of Ceylon. Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the author, in his charming story of this island, says, "All the wealth of an exuberant tropical Nature seems to have been concentrated on the Island of Ceylon, which the Brahman poets called 'The pond of the red water lilies'; the Chinese, 'The land without sorrow'; the Greeks, 'The land of the jasmine and the ruby'; the bards of the Buddha, 'A pearl eternally unstained, resting on the bosom of India'; and, centuries later, the Mohammedans, 'Mankind's consolation for the loss of Eden.' "

But I like to think of it as The Island of the Blue Horizon, for the sky is a larkspur, sapphire blue, breaking thru the deep rich green of the giant trees, and the brilliant, flaming, voluptuous foliage—the sea an aquamarine of purest, sparkling, water, dipping here and there, forming deep azure pools that lead out to the paths of the exquisite pearl, hidden away in great pearl shells—and at night the glorious silvery-blue moonlight—a blue as deep as if hewn out of lapis lazuli—touches the surface of the whole island.

Only in color or music can this splendor be told.





Jade

URING the time we were in Peking, (Peiping) China, I was searching for a real, but not too expensive, piece of jade. I knew that in Peking I could be assured of finding it, for the Chinese rank jade above all other precious stones. It is known there as "Yu", and considered a sacred gem—Nature's lucky stone—which has five cardinal virtues: charity, modesty, courage, justice, and wisdom. It is supposed to prolong life, prevent fatigue, and strengthen the body, and it is endowed by the Chinese with many magic and curative properties, as it was by other ancient nations. Among the wealthy Chinese a piece of jade, placed beneath the tongue of the dead, is thot to prevent decomposition of the body and give the deceased royal entrance into the next world.

The study of jade is fascinating. Perhaps it is because its use goes so far back in history. In China where the present use of jade is closely identified, this stone can well be traced back to the Chou Dynasty in the eleventh century B.C.

Under the heading of jade, two gem minerals—both semi-transparent to opaque—are included by scientific mineralogists, as well as by the Chinese. These are jadeite or Chinese Jade, the most valuable, and nephrite. The finest jadeite today comes from Upper Burma—the home of the ruby—and another source of this stone is Lake Baikul, in South Siberia. Nephrite is either quarried in the mountain ranges of Khotan and Yarkand, between Mongolia and Tibet, or it is found in the beds of the rivers which flow between these mountains.

The most productive deposits are in the "jade mountains" eighty miles from Yarkand. Here the precipitous mountain sides are entirely made of jade, and the natives ride up on yaks beyond the snow limit, light fires to loosen the stone, and dig out large blocks with their picks, which are rolled down the precipice into the valley below. However, this source of supply is becoming fast depleted, but one can well realize this when we learn that great slabs of this stone, weighing over five thousand pounds, were taken out yearly for over a hundred years, when it was used for imperial ceremonies. One item worth mentioning is the gigantic monolith of the tomb of Tamerlane in the Gur Emir Mosque at Samarkand. This jade was quarried in the mountains mentioned above.

Jade was used extensively even among the primitive and prehistoric races. They made handsome jade ornaments and jade utensils, axheads, and amulets, which have from time to time been unearthed by archeologists. Jade has been found also in Alaska, Mexico, and Switzerland, tho sometimes an inferior quality. The best species, as stated above, comes from Upper Burma and is sent to Peking or Canton, China, where the finest carving is done.

This jade, brot from Burma to the great jade markets of Shanghai, Peking, or Canton, is in large blocks. These are then cut into smaller pieces by a "saw" worked by two men—the saw, since it has neither teeth nor sharp edges, is really a flat wire—and the process of cutting the block is long and laborious. The delicate carvings of landscapes or trees, flowers, and figures, are done with a circular steel knife; their perfection requires a workman, trained for years.

The Maoris of New Zealand have a type of jade—nephrite—which has been used there thruout the living memory of their

people. Out of this stone they carved various kinds of utensils, axheads, ornaments, amulets and other articles. But as this stone has, in the last fifty years, become scarce, it is now utilized exclusively for jewelry, small souvenirs, and the tiki (an image of jade or green stone of the legendary creator of man—often worn around the neck by the women).

Huge boulders of the rock are said to have been found among the ancients in the river beds of Turkestan. Some archeologists even claim that the jade found among the Peruvians came from Alaska, tho the source of it, among the treasures of the ancient people of the Americas, has never been known.

Jade of the present day varies from the semi-transparent, pure white, and silvery white, to the emerald or apple green—the latter, known as Imperial Jade, is sometimes as expensive as a diamond of equal weight. Some of the Chinese prefer the quality of the oily-yellow, but I understand this type is quite rare today.

Many imitations are found thruout the world. In Germany particularly, much artificial jade is made—mostly of soapstone—but this fraud, fortunately, can be easily detected, for real jade is hard to scratch, while soapstone is very soft.

Naturally, when I went to China, knowing something about this mineral, I felt that I should be able to find there not only an unusual, but also an authentic piece as well.

The city of Peking—more than two thousand years old—is unique; it is rectangular in shape, and made up of three cities, and tho they have separate enclosures, each surrounded by its own wall, altogether they comprise Peking proper.

The Outer part or Chinese City and the Inner or second enclosure, the Tartar City, are the business quarters. And the third enclosure, the innermost, is the Imperial City, formerly known as the Forbidden City, or the Imperial Purple Peking.

The walls surrounding the city cause it to be almost hidden from view when approached from a distance. Sixteen gates serve as entrances thru its walls. When we were there, the main gates were closed at night, so if one were on the outside at closing time, it was necessary to obtain special permission to enter.

I found shopping somewhat difficult, for the shops are scattered and tho there were several reliable places in the Inner or Tartar City, as well as in the Outer or Chinese City, where I

had shopped for jade, yet it was several weeks before I was able to rely on what had been told me as the best shop to find this sought-after stone. However, upon the advice of Mr. Chen—a Chinese of influence—we finally learned where to go. We had met him and his family on the boat on our way to the Orient, so when we were in Peking and told him of our shopping difficulties, he informed us where to purchase what we desired and, particularly, that which I had been looking for so long—jade.

The three of us, B.J., Dave, and I, started one afternoon for the Outer City, to visit the jewelry firm suggested by our Chinese friend. It was a bright, sunshiny day in late November; our jinrikisha boys were trotting along the street, and we were leisurely taking in the sights on the way. Suddenly we noticed the sun seemed to be less bright, as if it were shadowed by clouds, and soon it was obscured entirely. No cloud was visible, suggesting rain, but a peculiar, dull, dark brown haze became more and more noticeable. Our boys suddenly stopped, ran to us, and said, "Dust storm, dust storm, cover face." In an instant, it seemed, the wind was blowing a gale and with it came great clouds of dust, almost blinding us—the wind swirling and carrying everything before it.

Fortunately, we were near a building, so sought shelter there during the storm. It was dark as night, lights were turned on in the shops, and as we could do nothing except stay where we were, we watched the outside scene with interest. We asked our boys how long it would last, but they just shook their heads and kept their faces muffled. It must have lasted an hour; then, as suddenly as it had come, the wind abated, it became light by degrees, and the storm was over. Everything was covered with a reddish clay dust, spread on the ground from two to four inches deep. There was no rain, and we were surprised to find the air refreshed, as after a spring shower.

We decided to return to the hotel, as we didn't know whether we would encounter another storm that day or not—too, we were covered with dust from head to foot. When we reached the hotel, we asked the manager about the storm and he said, "No one knows where it comes from, why it comes at some times and not at others, or why it comes at all. Sometimes one will follow another the same day—there is no warning—it just seems to be an indisputable fact."

Our shopping was over for that day, but one evening shortly after this experience, Dave and I decided to try again to find the jeweler that Mr. Chen had recommended. B.J. thot he would rather stay in and write. We left by ricksha, and as we were going thru the Hashiman gate leaving the city proper, and had just passed thru the entrance, we saw coming pell-mell, at right angles to us, one of those wild Peking ponies. There were hundreds of Chinese walking, or in rickshas, going in and out of the gate, and my ricksha boy could not get out of the way fast enough to avoid the frenzied pony.

Dave and his coolie were ahead of me, so when the pony came dashing down an incline at the side of the gate, it struck my ricksha full force, causing it to upset, and throwing me about twenty feet into the mud. I was stunned for a second or two, but as soon as I could raise my head I looked up, and saw that I was dumped close to a camel which, with many others, was lazily standing by, having its evening meal.

It seemed to me as tho there were a thousand Chinese running toward me, but Dave came as soon as he could get thru the crowd and picked me up. Meanwhile, the mob of Chinese still were gathering around us, and doing a lot of chattering—they were all excited, but none of them offered to help me—all we could get out of them was "gendarme, gendarme," which we knew meant the police. Dave brushed away as many of the crowd as he could, and as soon as he found some empty rick-shas, we went back to the hotel.

I was not hurt, but I was badly spattered with mud; probably my fur coat and fur hat at the time, saved me from some scratches. We went up to our rooms and found B.J. still writing. He saw at once that something was wrong, but after Dave told him what had happened, and he found that I was not hurt, we had a good laugh about the episode.

While I was getting some of the Peking and camel mud from my clothes and face, our room boy came rushing in, and very excitedly said, "Gendarme here, gendarme here"—and before we had time to ask him anything, in walked three gendarmes (police) and two Chinese coolies—one of whom I recognized as my little ricksha boy; the two coolies were a cowed looking pair.

Upon questioning the police, who spoke in pidgin jargon, but understandable, we learned that the pony became tangled

in the wheels of my ricksha, and broke it to pieces, before the owner of the pony appeared on the scene. The police said they had taken the pony and the owner to the "policeman's house", and then they brot them to the hotel. He pointed to the owner, who looked as if he expected to be hung, and said to B.J., "Now what do you want done with him; how much money will he have to pay; do you want the pony killed; the pony is downstairs at the door—do you want to see him, too?"

He asked several other questions, and tho we could hardly keep our faces straight, B.J., serving as the judge, and Dave and I, as the jury, went more thoroly into the incident to see what had happened to the little ricksha fellow. We learned that his clothes had almost been torn off (which we observed when he came into our room), as he tried to extricate the ricksha from the pony, and that now it was broken beyond repair.

After hearing both sides of the story, B.J. said, "Well if the owner of the pony will buy this boy a new ricksha and new clothes, that is all I shall ask of him."

The gendarmes, acting as interpreters for the Chinese, told them what B.J. had said, and with big grins like rays of sunshine, both coolies bowed low several times, and then they and the others went out of the room. We looked out of the window as they were leaving the hotel, and there we saw the pony, its owner, and the others walk away.

One day about a week later, as we went out of the hotel, there was a bright, shining, new ricksha, its owner all dolled up in new clothes, waiting for us. He came over to me and proudly pushed his ricksha to my side as he gestured for me to get in. From that day on, it was my private means of transportation, and the little fellow would never accept a cent for fare during the rest of our stay there.

It was days later when we started once more for the jeweler and the jade which I had spent weeks trying to find; this time we reached the jeweler's shop and I selected an unusually fine stone. I felt I had been directed to the right place by Mr. Chen; he had told us about what we should pay for a good piece, but still there was much bargaining, the usual procedure in any shop in China, in which neither the shop owner nor I could arrive at a settled amount—my price was several dollars less than what he asked—I would go up a little, he would come down a little, there

it rested. Finally he said, "You come back tomorrow and I think about it," so there was nothing to do but go back to the hotel.

The next day we returned and, after more bargaining and raising the price a little on my part, and lowering it some on his, he said he would give it to me for a certain amount still above what I offered. As there was only a dollar or so difference, I accepted his price, for I knew that he had saved his face because he had received more than I had offered. This is the way merchandise is sold there today—the same system as was used centuries ago.

I never wear the piece I bought there but what I think of the effort and time we spent, just to purchase that apple-green jade pendant in Peking.





A Desert Night

URING our stay in Cairo, Egypt, the Sheik of a village on the edge of the Libyan Desert, had invited us to be his guests at his camp—which he called his tented city—some distance out on the desert. So one evening, about sundown, Dave, B.J., and I, with several others who also were to be his guests, waited near the Pyramids for the Sheik's men to come with their camels.

After they had arrived and helped us mount the camels, we started out over the sands. As soon as we had adapted ourselves to the swinging movements of the animals—backward and forward—we began to enjoy the indescribable beauty of the evening. The sun setting in the west seemed to put on a special display for us, and the brilliant hues as we saw them that evening were beyond words to express.

The undulating dunes of sand took on a different shade every moment, and when the sun finally disappeared, it seemed to sink into a bank of fire, giving the whole desert the appearance of being ablaze. Then the afterglow in the sky looked as if many rainbows had been gathered around us, forming a solid mass of coloring from the desert's edge to the heavens above.

As we watched the Pyramids disappear from view, they be-

came smaller and smaller until, thru the pale dusk, they looked like tiny cones in the distance. Tho the camp was out only twenty miles, it was dark when we arrived there, as travel on camels is rather a slow procedure. In the meantime, the air had become quite cool.

We could see, as we approached the Sheik's tented city, a large tent in the center, with numerous smaller ones leading out from it, that formed a large T-shaped arrangement. After we arrived and dismounted, the Sheik came out of the large center tent, and welcomed us in true oriental style.

Then we went inside and gazed in wonder at a picture that could be a replica of an Arabian Night scene. The floor was covered with beautiful, thick, oriental rugs, the walls were hung with kilims, and gorgeous Persian silk rugs—the whole interior as silent as a padded room. The place reeked with perfume—a brazier of tinned copper, full of burning charcoal, was on the floor, with benzoin, frank-incense, and aloes-wood sprinkled on the hot coals. Even the Sheik himself had a goodly supply of civet on his person—this was supposed to be a compliment to his guests!

After several varieties of cocktails were offered—the majority of them more potent than we cared to sample—our host asked if we would like to inspect the guest rooms. These were a series of over fifty small tents to the north and south of the main tent; each was equipped with heavy rugs, a bed, a small table, and a wash-stand—apparently, everything for a comfortable night's rest.

Then when we went back into the large tent, we saw at one end a long table filled with the food prepared for us. At the other end of the tent was an orchestra, comprised of several musicians called Alateeyeh. Their instruments were a kind of drum, a tamborine, a bow-instrument resembling a viol—about forty inches in length—a dulcimer that looked like a zither only much larger, a lute called the ood, the nay—a kind of flute—and an instrument similar to the mandolin.

The whole ensemble gave forth soft and delicate tones of a plaintive character, tho to the foreign ear they soon became monotonous, for each rendition seemed to be a repetition of the preceding number. Then, to add variety, the musicians decided to sing—all Egyptians love to sing, whether at work or alone,

and if they have an audience they sing lustily. There never seems to be a grand finale—they cease as if in the middle of a sentence—nor do they have musical scores before them. The songs are generally of a lyric, religious, or erotic description; occasionally, tho, some of them do present comedy and the pleasures of friendship.

Before we sat down to the table, a servant brot us a silver basin with a concave lid, and a pitcher from which he poured water on our hands; then the servant gave us a small serviette to dry our hands and to use at the table, as well.

Each person was served with food placed on a tray, surrounded with small round cakes of bread, cut in halves. This seemed an extraordinary large serving of bread, but we found that the custom was to break off a small piece and eat it with each morsel of food.

The meal that evening consisted of a stewed meat with chopped onions and other vegetables; a lettuce and cabbage leaf with a mixture of rice and minced meat, delicately seasoned with salt, pepper, garlic, and parsley, all wrapped up in the leaves; boiled cucumbers; small string beans; chick-peas; and a gourd—cut into small pieces and steamed. Very oily fish was served as an entrée. Boned fowl, the third course, was stuffed with raisins, pistachio nuts, crumbled bread, and parsley. The dessert was a small fritter covered with honey; a compote of apricots, peaches, and raisins; and a sherbet—extremely sweet and flavored with licorice root.

The coffee, which followed the meal, was very strong, thick as syrup, and strongly impregnated with the fragrance of ambergris—a stick of it had been put in the bottom of the cup—I fear the Sheik's guests did not find it the luxury he had hoped it would prove to be.

A wine table, containing many varieties of choice wines, was placed before us from time to time during the evening, and heavily perfumed cigarettes were passed between courses.

We arose from the table and went outside for a few moments to see the moon over the desert, which indeed was beautiful; also the fresh, cool air was most inviting from the scented and smoke-filled room inside.

When we entered the tent again, we were seated on roomy divans and huge ottomans, and soon we found that we were to

be entertained by the Awalim, or Almehs—the Egyptian singing girls—and by the Ghawazee—the dancers.

I have heard some Europeans say they were charmed with the Almehs—true, there is a plaintiveness not unlike the songs of our colored people of the South—but there is not the sweetness we find with the Negro singers, and, like the Alateeyeh, there is a monotony that soon wearies one, for after a time the songs become nasal and too high-pitched for the listener's ear.

Egypt has long been celebrated for its dancing girls; its most famous are a distinct tribe called the Ghawazee. But, to me, the dancing has not the elegance of the Siamese or Cambodian artists, or the rhythm portrayed by the hula of the Hawaiians, or the distinctive grace of the Balinese, the Geisha of Japan, or even that of the Nautch dancers of India. The



chief peculiarity of the Egyptian Ghawazee is a rapid, vibrating motion of the hips. from side to side.

They commence with a degree of decorum, but soon by more and more animated looks, by a rapid collision of their brass castanets, and by increased energy in every motion, they exhibit a spectacle similar to the performances of the female dancers of Cadiz—famous for such representations in the times of the early Roman Emperors. Yet withal it is a type of dance that one can well understand is enjoyable to the wealthy Egyptian who wants sensation, animation, bizarreness, and lasciviousness.

The girls were dressed in pale-colored, semi-transparent gauze trousers, and a very full, long, wide-sleeved blouse, opened the whole length down the front. To display the least spark of modesty, which they often affect to retain, is an indication that they wish to be supplied with brandy or some other intoxicating liquor, which usually is not given them until later in the evening—after these liquors, they dance as tho mad.

The Ghawazee as a rule are beautiful—some of them being the abandoned or exiled courtesans from the harem. They wear various ornaments, their eyes are borderd with the kohl—a black collyrium which enhances their beauty—and the tips of their fingers, the palms of their hands, their toes and other parts of their bare feet are usually stained with the red dye of the henna.

This tribe traces lineage back to the Pharaohs. They are proud of their ancestors, portrayed in the dances in the various ancient tombs of the Pharaohs, and they boast of being the descendants of Salome in Biblical days.

It was after midnight when the entertainers finished, and preparations were made for our return to Cairo. We had been invited to stay for the night, occupying the guest tents, but this we could not do, as our plans were made to leave early the next morning for the Holy Land.

So the men with their camels called for us and we started back to Cairo. The night was glorious and very cold, but intensely invigorating. Our caravan moved slowly and silently along—the soft padded feet of the camels dipping into the deep sands and occasionally the camel driver's voice urging the animal on, were the only sounds that filled the air. All of us seemed to want to drink in the beauty of the night. The full moon was like silver, and as we approached the Pyramids which loomed before us like mountains, they took on a frosted appearance that was enchanting. And there was a quietude about the great Sphinx—its head and face looking into eternity...

The trip back was all too short, so when we left the camels at the edge of the desert, we were reluctant to enter the cars waiting for us, to go back to the city.

Before leaving, I looked back, and I thot of the Sheik's tented city and its gorgeous setting; I thot of the Alateeyeh—the orchestra; of the Almehs—the singers; and of the Ghawazee—the dancers. And I thot that there were probably many other tented cities a few miles out, where there were music, dancing, and feasting, and also other caravans wending their way across the sands—all a repetition of those who lived in the time of the great Pharaohs—but today with far less splendor and grandeur.

Yet the desert was the same, and oh, the secrets it holds! I looked at it again, and even in the moonlight it seemed lonely, all darkening into forgetfulness and as lost as interstellar space—but filled with a beauty that was beyond expression.

There seemed, too, to be a challenge of pride, whose message faded, for the answer came only from the shifting sands, drifting over the dreams of those people of long ago, as the night drew solemnly on—and our view of it was soon lost as we drove back to the noise and glare of modern civilization.





The Salt Sea

E left Jerusalem early one morning for a trip to the Dead Sea. Since early childhood, I had had a vision of how it would appear, and I was not disappointed. In fact, there were few places I saw in the Holy Land that I found disappointing, tho many tourists seemed to think otherwise. But, somehow, the history of past ages came crowding upon my mind—that which I had learned when a school girl, away back in Illinois—and all was associated with the thot of now walking thru the streets or stopping at the roadside of familiar Biblical scenes, and awakened feelings too sacred to describe.

True, I saw most of the cities in a dilapidated condition, and many of the villages that were picturesque in my child-mind are no more, but when one looks beyond this and recalls the glorious history of these hallowed places, they still remain significant and impressive.

We were fortunate in having such a splendid guide all thru Palestine—Mr. Jamel, a Syrian by birth. He carried the Bible with him continuously from the time we met him in Haifa, and

thruout our journey in Syria and the Holy Land. When asked the reason, he told us that the Bible was his guide book to all that we would see, and it certainly was, for he brot to us, quite vividly, the old as well as the modern Holy Land.

When we arrived at the Dead Sea, Mr. Jamel explained that it was 1300 feet below sea level, while Jerusalem is 3300 feet above sea level. This oval-shaped body of water, known as the Salt Sea, or the Sea of the Plains, in Abraham's time, is forty-six miles long, five to nine miles wide, and has a depth of from three to thirteen hundred feet. It is fed by the River Jordan and other smaller streams, but it has no outlet—the surplus water being carried off by evaporation. As there is no rainfall in that vicinity, it is always very hot and dry.

There are numerous cliffs on each side, ranging from 50 to 1500 feet high, which are composed of limestone and ridges of rock salt, known as the "Ridge of Sodom." The whole area around the sea is desolate, dreary, and destitute of vegetation. Lava beds, pumice stone warm springs, sulphur, and volcanic slag take the place of anything that shows life, for the salinity of the water is adverse to all forms of living material—either animal or vegetable.

The water of this sea, characterized by large quantities of magnesium and soda salts, has a specific gravity of about 1200, while pure water has 1000. Its proportion of salt is twenty-six per cent, while in ocean water it is but two to five per cent. The water is clear and blue, almost like the Mediterranean, but it is horribly salty and fetid—tho if one can stand the biting salt, a bath is said to be refreshing. Few do this, however, for there is no place near by to wash off the salt with fresh water—it clings to one like a layer of crystals, and stings like nettles.

Owing to the specific gravity of the salt in the water—like the Great Salt Lake in Utah—it is impossible to sink, and no matter how one tries to submerge himself, he just floats on the top—and woe to the one whose head does go under, for it takes hours to get the brine out of the eyes, nose, and ears.

Major Bunbury from London, our traveling companion, who was with us that day, decided to take a "bawth" in the waters, so he disrobed and, with his long tight underwear for a bathing suit, went in for a swim. We thot we would wait and see his reaction before attempting it ourselves, for Mr. Jamel said

one would burn for days if the salt were not immediately washed away. As our itinerary was full for that day, we decided that, for comfort's sake, it would be better to just wade in the waters—which we proceeded to do.

At the Allenby Hotel in Jerusalem, we had met some fellow Americans, traveling together—two ladies who were widows. The Major did not care for them; he said they were typical American widows—always pursuing some man—and he felt that these were pursuing him, so when we arrived at the Dead Sea and found no one there but ourselves, he was quite elated.

While he was bobbing up and down like a cork in the salty sea, I saw a car coming towards us with a party of three—the two widows and their chauffeur. They stopped at the spot where we were basking in the sun and water, and decided that they, too, would like to wade, for an adventure. Just then, I saw the Major floating around—some distance from us—and noticed that he was waving frantically to me, so I went over to the edge where he was trying to get a footing—seemingly an impossible task, for the salt kept him buoyed in the air—but he finally succeeded in reaching the bank, and said, "Where in h—shall I go; those d—women would take a notion to come here at this time."

There was not a tree or shrub in sight for miles. The sun was blazing hot, and the Major was as red as a beet and rather amusing, for in his tight underwear he looked like a trapeze performer. Most uncomfortable, he exclaimed, "I am stinging to death by inches, with salt!" Looking around to see how I might help him in his dilemma, I suggested that he go to our car, and promised to send Dave with his clothes.

The car was a small ancient Ford and the Major was not a short man. I turned to that "trick bag" of mine—the bag that came in for a hundred purposes on our trip—and found a towel; I thot, at least he could rub off some of the salt.

The ladies stayed as long as we did—much to the Major's dismay. Later, he remarked, "Those women did not even have the decency to turn their heads away when I came out of the water; they stared at me as tho I were something that the sea had vomited up."

As the Major was becoming quite uncomfortable, and as it was very hot, we finally left the ancient sea and went on our

way to the River Jordan, where the coolness of the large shade trees along its banks soon revived us. But all we could hear the rest of the day from the Major was: "Ye gods, when are you going back to Jerusalem; I want a decent 'bawth'!"

That night, at the hotel in Jerusalem, when we entered the dining room, we were surprised to see the Major—in evening clothes as usual—seated between the two widows. Later, he told me that the ladies had been most solicitous of his welfare, and they were so concerned about his experience in the Salt Sea that one of them had gone to the chemist and brot him a soothing lotion for his skin—so he decided to invite them to dine with him that evening!



THE V-A-S-E.

From the madding crowd they stand apart, The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see, The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue, Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way, With an earnest soul and a Capital A.

Long they worshipped; but no one broke The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place, Who blushing said: "What a lovely vace!"

Over three face's a sad smile flew, And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise, She cries: "Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze."

But brief her unworthy triumph when The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas, Exclaimed: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill, Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

(From The V-A-S-E and Other Bric-a-Brac by James Jeffrey Roche.)

Two Satsuma Vases

N our home are two lovely crackled porcelain vases, commonly referred to as Satsuma ware. These we did not purchase while in the Orient. They were presented to us over twenty years ago by our professional friends when we were in New York giving a series of lectures.

How these handsome vases found themselves in our home might be interesting, before their history is given.

Our friends in New York had always given us something, as an appreciation of our work, and this time they wanted, again, to present us with a gift which would be a token of



their esteem. Our dear friend, Heinrich Duerringer—beloved by all our profession—who was on this committee, called me aside one day, toward the end of our work there, and asked me to go with him to see that which the committee had selected, but before the final decision, he wanted to know if we would like their choice.

As it seemed impossible for me to go with him at that particular moment, I told him that B.J. and I would be satisfied with anything they chose; that the value of their gifts had never been measured in the ma-

terial way, and that their love and appreciation meant more than anything else.

However, Heinrich insisted that I go with him, for, he said, "What we have selected this time is so large you may not feel you have a place for it in your home."

Accordingly, I soon found myself in an art salon, and Heinrich introduced me to the owner—a loyal patient and friend for many years. This gentleman took us to a room on the balcony of his apartment, which faced the Hudson River, and without a word, went over beside a window and stood between two beautiful vases.

I did not quite grasp his gesture at the time, for I was bewildered at their beauty—they had the appearance of burnished gold. So I waited for Heinrich and the owner to say something about our mission; then I looked at Heinrich, saw that dear little twinkle of pleasure in his eye, and said, "Now, where is 'that something' you have brot me to see?"

The art dealer exclaimed, "Why, Heinrich, haven't you told your Ladv Doctor about these?" Well, all of us who knew Heinrich were aware of his brusqueness and his way of doing and saving things straight to the point, so I was not surprised as he said, "No, for I know Mabel and B.J., and I wanted to see how she looked when she first saw the vases."

A few moments passed, and I still could not quite understand this byplay, and then it dawned upon me that these lovely pieces of art must be what he had wanted me to see.



That evening, during our banquet at the McAlpin Hotel, the two gorgeous Satsuma vases were presented to B.J. and me.

Their brief history, which follows, was given to the art dealer by the executors of the estate of E. H. Harriman, from whom they were purchased.

"These pieces of genuine Satsuma ware are two of the largest and finest in the world. The two vases were presented by the Mikado of Japan to the Emperor of China, centuries ago. They were housed for many years—perhaps centuries—in the Imperial Palace, later taken from there to the Imperial Museum in the Forbidden City of Peking, China, and remained there until the occasion of the Boxer uprising in 1900, at which time the Museum was looted, not only by our American soldiers but English troops as well, and among the valuable things carried away by our soldiers were the priceless Satsuma vases.

"They were taken with other booty to the Legation Quarter, and turned over to United States Minister there, who, upon returning to the U.S.A. after the uprising, brought them to his home in Washington. As consular possessions and antiques, they were entered duty free, so it was impossible to estimate their value. How the consul disposed of them is not clearly understood, but eventually the vases were purchased by E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, and remained in his valuable art collection until his death."

As you can understand, B.J. and I were at a loss just how to send these valuable treasures home safely. However, upon the advice of the art dealer, we insured them for a goodly sum and left them in the laps of the gods and the hands of the express company. Fortunately, they reached here safely, and we are very proud to be the owners of such priceless treasures, and furthermore we are ever grateful to Heinrich and our other friends who presented them to us.

Possessing only the meager description included above, I began to study Satsuma. By making an extensive search into the subject, by visiting museums, and by talking with connoisseurs of pottery and porcelain, both at home and abroad, I felt that I had learned much of this ancient ware—tho I was still somewhat incredulous of the real value of our own possessions. Thus, it was not until we were in China and Japan—and had made contacts with reliable art scholars, and visited several

ceramic artists in the latter country, that we realized the vases we owned must surely be genuine.

Later, while we were in Peking (Peiping) China, we went to the National State or Imperial Museum, which is considered one of the greatest in the world. It contains a very complete collection of all forms of Chinese art in existence, including jade, porcelain, carved ivory, cloisonné, paintings, furniture, laces, lacquer, silk embroideries, and bronze which can be traced back many centuries.

We talked with the curator about "two Satsuma vases which were once on display in the Museum," and we asked what became of them. He opened the vault, and took a folio out of the records. which illustrated the two vases with their detailed history. Later, he told us of their theft during the Boxer uprising. After studying these illustrations carefully, we were definitely convinced that they were authentic reproductions of our vases.

Then the curator said he would like to show us the handsome tabourets which had held these Satsumas. Casually, we remarked again, "What became of them after the United States Minister took them home?" And he answered, "We understand they are in the home of a wealthy art collector in New York City."

B.J., Dave, and I seemed to have a tacit understanding that the best thing was to say nothing more about them—somehow, as we looked at the deserted stools upon which these almost ageless treasures once rested, we felt that we, too, had participated in the loot—way back in 1900.

Before I give the story of Satsuma and of these two vases in particular, I shall attempt to describe their beauty, tho I fear I will fall far short of an adequate portrayal.

They are considered perfectly matched—and they are, both in size and in design—but each of their quadrilateral sides depicts a different scene. They measure 36 inches in height, 10 inches across the top, and 11 inches across the base. Each of the four sides has a width of 16 inches.

Their background is a hard pâte of light buff tint, covered with bright crackled glaze, but as most of the surface is encrusted with hand-beaten, hand-hammered, 18 carat gold, little of the crackled glaze can be seen, except where scenes of the

sky, or the shading between the trees, leave open spaces. Their interior, however, shows the crackle perfectly.

Their decoration is of a rich and bold design, and depicts objects ranging from flowers, trees, foliage, rice ears, birds, fish in streams, waterfalls, mountain sides, deer and antelope, horses, lions, dragons, and the tortoise, to the Emperor and Empress in gold and jeweled robes, as they entertain guests or stroll in their gardens. Surrounding these scenes are borders and fringes of conventional, ornamental, geometric figures—artistically styled—in bright red, blue, and green enamels, and gold.

At the center of each of their sides near the wide gold band at the top rim, is the Kiku—the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum—the Imperial Crest of Japan. Only royalty may use this crest—the sixteen-petaled flower.

Other flowers used besides the chrysanthemum—called the royal and the grandest of flowers—are the peony, wisteria, lotus blossom, and the iris. The trees portrayed include branches of the ume or plum tree, with its showy, deep red flowers—favorites in ornamentations; the cherry blossom tree; the paullownia imperialis—a small tree with violet-purple, tubular flowers, which resemble the common foxglove; and the fir tree—known as the matsu—which is held in the highest estimation by the Japanese people, because it symbolizes super-natural longevity, and also exercises a beneficial influence on mankind.

These firs which always surround the temples of the gods and shade the chapels of saints and patrons, are also used along with the ume or plum tree before the palace of the Emperor.

Much skill is shown in exhibiting the birds of these scenes. They include the stork, falcon, peacock, golden pheasant, raven, hawk, wild duck, crane, and the phoenix—the latter being called the king of birds, hence its frequent appearance in paintings and sculpture, not only in Japanese but in Chinese art as well.

As the phoenix—a mythological bird—is supposed to appear on earth at or near the birth of a good ruler, it represents here peace and good government. On these vases, the feathers of the phoenix are beautifully enameled in green, yellow, turquoise blue, and a dark red—all deep-set in gold.

The long-tailed tortoise, also symbolic of longevity, and the dragon, a fabulous creature, both familiar objects in Japanese

art, are enameled in yellow, violet, green, and red, set in gold relief.

All of the characters on these vases are elaborately portrayed on a raised surface of gold in which they seem to be embedded. It must have required hundreds of furnace-firings to attain the great sheen and brilliancy which has lasted during all of these centuries.

In my research on Satsuma, I find much legendary fame concerning the ceramic art of Japan but little of its actual data. Of this, the most authentic record dates back to the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. By this time, ceramic art in Japan had passed from the crude pottery stage to that of the refined porcelain era—an era which includes, of course, the perfection of Satsuma.

When in Kyoto, we talked at great length with an art scholar who claimed to be a descendant of Nomura Seisuke, who was known to Japanese posterity as Ninsei, the famed seventeenth century artist of crackleware and fine porcelain painting. This scholar—I do not seem to have his name in my notes—has spent most of his life delving into early Japanese art and has furnished much of the data one finds in the chronicles of literature on Japanese art. He told us that the Japanese knew the art of making pottery and the manufacture of earthenwares, such as vases, and other articles, long before the settlement of the Yamato race—the ancestors of the present Japanese.

Nevertheless, he stated, there is no doubt but that Japan was influenced by the Chinese and Korean artists, for during the sixth and seventh centuries, sculptured statues, bronze and enameled objects, pictorial art, and pottery were introduced in Japan from both Korea and China, due to the harmonious relations and exchange between these countries at this time. This friendly intercourse between China, Korea, and Japan existed long before the western traders attempted to open communications with Japan.

It is regrettable, tho, that, owing to the almost universal absence of the potter's marks, and the excessive scarcity of early examples, it is extremely difficult to trace the exact dates of the early porcelains in China. In many instances, the potters did not place their mark on their product until finished; then, as this mark had just the final furnace-firing, it was worn away

over a period of centuries, or perhaps effaced for some particular purpose.

Fortunately, the dynasty seal and the pictorial marks and symbols, as well as the hall-marks in which the characters do occur, are on some few pieces. But even these characters may be confusing, for some may indicate the factory or the nom de plume of the artist-decorator; while on others they may represent the hall or palace of a person for whom the porcelain has been made, or in just as many instances, the imperial pavilion for which it was destined.

Further research in Kyoto, Japan, and later in Seoul, Korea, and Peking, China, brot us to the realization that the manufacture of pottery in Japan was no doubt introduced by the Koreans and Chinese as early as the sixth century. This information was deduced from the fact that the promulgation of a religion from one country to another has invariably been attended by the introduction of new manners, customs, and arts; thus it is reasonable to suppose that the introduction of such a delicate and refined art as porcelain would occur at a time when some very important religious communication existed between China, Korea, and Japan.

In reviewing what is known regarding Japanese history, we find that Buddhism was introduced from China, thru Korea, into Japan, about the middle of the sixth century. This planting of a new religion would, of necessity, bring in its train certain numbers of its priests and scholars—that is, men who were highly educated and personally acquainted with those arts and manufactures, whose aids were sought for the purpose of beautifying and adorning their temples and their religious services.

It is, therefore, highly probable that during the century just alluded to, considerable religious intercourse existed, more or less direct with China and Korea; and that many valuable specimens of manufacture reached Japan, relative to various industrial arts and, in particular, with reference to the art of fabricating articles of pottery.

In China, even during the Chow Dynasty, 1122-249 B.C., the potter's wheel was known, as books of that period clearly describe the difference between moulded pottery and that made on the potter's wheel.

Chinese pottery differs from that of any other country, large-

ly owing to the higher temperature at which it was fired, which produces a hard, vitrified ware. Likewise, the Chinese were the first to discover that, at high temperature, pottery could be glazed with powdered felspathic rock, mixed with limestone or marble, and out of this discovery the Chinese porcelains mark the highest development of this ancient art.

But it was during Ko Yao of the Sung Dynasty, 960-1280 A.D., that the industry really began to flourish, as it was at that time firmly established under Imperial patronage. There were many potteries in China during the Sung Dynasty, but Chinese writers always refer to four ceramic production periods. One of these, the Ko Yao, 1000 A.D., introduced the early crackleware, which was fabricated by a potter named Chang, the Elder.

The characteristic feature of this ware—later known as Satsuma in Japan—is its crackled glaze, and the early Ko Yao period was distinguished especially for its crackling. This process produced a surface which looked as if it were broken into a thousand pieces—somewhat like the roe of a fish. During the following centuries, the Chinese developed this ware to a high state of perfection.

When we were in Kagoshima, the most important city in the southernmost part of Japan, the capital of Satsuma Province and of Kagoshima Prefecture on the Island of Kyushu (Kiushiu), we visited the porcelain kilns in Tanoura, a suburban city, where the celebrated Satsuma ware is manufactured. Also, we made a trip to the potteries of Ijuin, a few miles west of Kagoshima, and at both places we learned much about how the old and the modern Satsuma is made.

There is a colony of potters, of Korean origin, in each of these localities. We learned that these people were taken as hostages during a rebellion when Korea was ravished by the Japanese and practically all Korean ceramic art was destroyed there at that time. (I will explain more of this invasion later on).

However, going back to the time when Korea was conquered, made a vassal state, and then was annexed to China, indeed, thruout these years and up to the time of the Sung Dynasty in China, art and literature progressed and prospered in both of these countries.

But it was really during the reign of Tai-Tsung who es-

tablished the Tang Dynasty, 618-906 A.D.—known as the golden age of art—when the frontier of China was extended to eastern Persia and the Caspian Sea—the time of its greatest height as an Asiatic power—that literature, poetry, painting, and the development of porcelains arrived at their highest perfection.

Empress Wu Hou, one of the consorts of Kao-Tsung, 668 A.D., who lived during this dynasty, did much to further this development, for under her influence, the Taoist and Buddhist paintings, as well as the other arts, became famous. She revived the Buddhist and Taoist teachings, and encouraged inspiring, religious, unknown artists to come to the fore. Some authorities cite this period as the spiritual awakening in Chinese art.

From that time on, Buddhist monasteries became great schools of art. Buddhist and Taoist artists were Indian pilgrims or Chinese bonzes who had been trained in the early monasteries, and there devoted themselves to painting, literature, poetry, or pottery as a work of piety. Thus their productions, imbued with religious feeling, were veritable acts of faith and adoration.

Sincerely religious, they reached a high poetic standard, and penetrated far into the realms of morality by the sincerity of the emotions, seeking to convey by their heartfelt earnestness, their nobility of thot, and their idealism.

In the early part of the eighth century, when the Emperor Wu-Tsung abolished all nunneries and monasteries, and ordered all these learned people out of the country, many of the scholars of art took refuge in Japan. These artists quietly appealed to the Mikado—the Emperor of Japan—for the privilege of remaining in some province where they might carry on their chosen—dedicated—work. Granted this, in time they began perfecting such masterpieces that several were selected as Imperial artists and placed under the exclusive patronage of the Emperor. Then they began to make articles for the Royal family and the higher ministers of state. Among these objects of art was the famous crackled porcelain.

I mention the above because all this has a bearing on the Satsuma vases of this story.

In the fourteenth century, Korea, which had developed rapidly under the Chinese influence, began to feel her own power and,

as the result, split into three princedoms. Soon these divisions tried to become separate kingdoms, each vying not only for supremacy but with an intense determination to seclude themselves from foreign influence.

Later strife and internal discontent brot about the severance of their relations with China. About this time, Japan, as a rising nation under the Japanese Shogunate regimé, sent an army into Korea, and rapidly conquered it. This was the latter part of the fifteenth century.

'Twas at this time that Korean ceramic artists were taken as prisoners to four different provinces in Japan, establishing themselves as potters and makers of finer porcelain. However, one particular colony of Koreans—those who had specialized in crackleware—was taken to the Island of Kyushu. For, Yoshihisa, Prince of Satsuma of the Satsuma province, instrumental in the invasion of Korea, had been given, as his spoils of war, many of the prisoners who comprised this colony of ceramic artists. Here, in this province, they were forced to take the name of Satsuma, thus erasing from the Chinese-Korean historical records, the origin of the crackled porcelain, for it became known thereafter as Satsuma ware.

These Koreans, who were accompanied by their families, established comfortable homes and soon adapted their lives to this new environment. Then speedily they set to work endeavoring to duplicate their arts with the inferior materials obtainable in their neighborhood. At first they had to resort to making brown pottery, but after repeated trials, and after the discovery of white clay in a near by island, these ingenious workmen succeeded—about the year 1630—in producing the faience which is now known by the name of Satsuma ware.

This brings my subject up to the time we visited the Imperial Museum in the Forbidden City in Peking, China. Having had the above background as to the introduction of crackleware in Japan, about 1600, we naturally were most eager to learn what—if anything—the archives in Peking might have recorded about the vases which were presented to us in New York City.

As I stated in the early part of this story, we visited the National State or Imperial Museum and there interviewed the curator who gave us the detailed history of the two Satsuma vases as illustrated in their records. He also verified the story of their having once been in the Museum, and their theft during the Boxer uprising in 1900.

The following is the history of these vases, related to us by the curator of the Museum:

In the early part of the ninth century, the Emperor of China of the Northern Sung Dynasty, selected from among his treasures, three bronze ceremonial pieces, as he wished to bestow a gift upon his neighboring sovereign, the Emperor of Japan—of the Taira family reign. This gesture was twofold: first, to again bring about a harmonious relation with Japan, as for some time there had been a certain discord, due to the preceding erratic Chinese regents that had caused a wide gulf of friendship between the two countries; second, to reencourage trade with Japan, and ward off any friction with China's vassal state, Korea.

These magnificent bronze vessels, selected by the Emperor, were in gold and silver design, and had a rich green patina, with fabulous animals as decorations. They consisted of a huge incense burner, accompanied by two tall candelabra. Perhaps bronze was chosen as it represents the oldest form of art in China. It is stated that its development can be traced approximately for 3,000 years.

A hundred convoys were sent to present these gifts to the Emperor, the Mikado, in Kyoto where they were received with great pomp and ceremony—the day being set aside for the populace as a festive holiday.

Later, the Mikado, wishing to return this magnanimous action, decided to present two of his finest porcelain pieces—two vases—which had just been completed for the Imperial Palace. Almost a half century had been spent for their design and completion. The Japanese Mikado knew that porcelain, with its characteristic crackle, had originated in China, centuries before, but recognized the fact that he now had several expert Buddhist scholars and artists under his command, who had been ejected from China during the reign of Wu-Tsung; so with a desire to surpass anything ever produced in China, he selected these imperial vases to be sent to the Chinese Emperor as his gift—his gesture towards cementing the friendship of the two countries.

Many Buddhist priests and exalted officials made the jour-

ney to Peking where the vases (known in China as urns) were presented at the Imperial Court. From far and wide, dignitaries came to witness the ceremony, the day they were placed in the Imperial Hall of the palace.

A chronicler relates: "They" (the vases) "were of such huge proportions and dazzling beauty that none could but marvel at such artistry. Each urn, measuring over half the stature of a man, was concealed almost entirely in gold, with painting of such grandeur that could be produced only by those skilled in such fictile art.

"The urns were underground of mottled crackle glaze of creamy tone, the surface decorated with archaic dragons, raised flowers of the four seasons—the prunus of winter and the lotus of summer, the ume and tree peony of spring, the kiku of autumn.

"The decoration in bold relief, painted in enamel colours in millet-coloured glaze, in purple, green, coral red of the muffle stove, brilliant vignetted blues, and rose, with pictures posed upon the rich floral ground.

"Figures of the Emperor and his consort, and members of his court, in raised decoration executed in relief gold and diverse bands of fret and diaper work, alternated with pictures of land-scapes of mountains, streams, wavy clouds, waterfalls, and birds, featuring the elegant and graceful phoenix, emperor of birds—its feathers elaborately enameled with the symbols of the five cardinal virtues on its head, wings, body, and breast—and last but not least, surmounting the border, was the Kikumon, the Imperial Crest."

After hearing the story of these two lovely vases, I had an intense desire to learn even more about them. How I wished I had a way of knowing the many palaces, halls, pavilions, or rooms they had enhanced from time to time. I've longed to know the numerous emperors and empresses who, at one time or another during the past centuries, had possessed them; and the many times I have looked at them I've yearned to know their complete story, wondering about the many hands which have cared for them, and what they could tell of the sadness and joys in the households in which they have rested, and what intrigues and secret passions they have silently witnessed.

In our quest for knowledge about our Satsuma vases-both

in our own country and abroad—we have visited museums and art galleries, always hoping to learn more about the age-old pieces of art which are contained in such places of beauty. And tho we have seen larger and more ornate vases, never have we seen such exquisite pieces as those we own.

From far and wide, connoisseurs have visited us, for the sole purpose of studying these lovely works of art. As I recall, their time was spent with numerous magnifying glasses and other paraphernalia, trying to determine the history and authenticity of the vases. Also, we have had Japanese and Chinese scholars call and ask if they might see the Satsuma vases which they have heard we possess. The Japanese never fail, after examining them, to bow in deference to the royal symbol—the Kiku-mon, the chrysanthemum, the Imperial crest—that is found on them.

At one time a committee from a well-known museum visited us, stating they had been in New York City and had traced the vases by their sale to the committee who presented them to us. We that this would be an opportune time to ascertain their value—the figure they gave us was staggering. However, they were not in a position to buy; they merely wished us to loan them to the museum, indefinitely.

I have studied books on Chinese works of art; I have delved into the history of the old regimés of China, which included the descriptions of the interior of their palaces, their home life, their architecture, and their works of art, hoping to find some place where unusual potteries were mentioned, always thinking that perhaps in this way, I could further identify our Satsuma vases.

At one time when in London, we visited the Victoria and Albert Museum, which houses some rare and priceless Chinese porcelains. The curator of this Museum was most gracious and gave us much helpful information on the story of crackleware. During our conversation, he told us of an English woman, Mrs. Strafford, who was a former landscape painter, living, at the time, in a certain district in London. He said that when she was in China many years ago, she had been given permission by the Empress Dowager to do some landscape scenes in the gardens of the Imperial Palace. (Peculiarly, I had an address of an influential woman, Lady Manby, in that same sec-

tion of London, whom I had planned to interview regarding the formation of a Quota Club in London.)

As the curator very kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Mrs. Strafford, the artist, I telephoned her for an appointment. She said she would be glad to see me, and would I come the next Monday afternoon. I then asked if she knew Lady Manby who, I thot, lived on the same street with her. She said, yes, indeed, and she would ask her to join us at tea.

In the meantime, I decided to have a separate interview with Lady Manby for discussion of my Quota Club plans, so I invited her to come to the Piccadilly Hotel; and one afternoon, soon after, we had a most enjoyable visit. During our conversation, I asked her about Mrs. Strafford, the artist. She informed me that I would find her a very charming and remarkable woman for her age, and especially delightful because I had struck a most responsive chord—my interest in her work at the Imperial Palace in Peking, when she was there as a guest.

I arrived on the day set for the appointment, and entered a large white stone building, which, I later learned, was a home set aside by the government for women who had rendered an outstanding service for their Mother country, and who were now pensioned. I found the number of Mrs. Strafford's flat—for so it was called—and a plump, little, Irish maid, after a cordial greeting, escorted me to a room which I saw was a studio. Over by the window, in a chair, was a lady with snow-white hair, who said, "Come in, Mrs. Palmer, it is charming of you to come to see me."

I went over beside her, for she did not come toward me as I entered—at once I knew that she was blind. After I was seated for a few moments, she said, "So you are interested in Chinese art?" I shall never forget her radiant expression when I told her that my interest was particularly in Chinese porcelains. "That," she said, "and landscape painting, have been my life's interests."

I then told her how and why I became interested in Chinese ceramics, and asked her to tell me about the Imperial Palace, and something about the beautiful treasures which she must have seen many times.

She said she went to China in 1895. Thru people of affluence and influence, she was granted an audience with Tsze Hsi

(Tze Shi) the Empress Dowager, who at that time was the dominating figure in all governmental affairs. She had received directions from the Empress Dowager as to the procedure necessary to paint the particular gardens, parks, lakes, and other attractive places within the Imperial Palace grounds. She had only expected to be admitted to the palace for the interview, but, much to her surprise and delight, she was invited to occupy a set of rooms in the Royal household, where an elaborate studio was placed at her disposal. At great length she related the wonderful characteristics of the Empress, who I had always thot, up to that time, was a ruthless, cold-hearted person. However, Mrs. Strafford had me convinced in no time that, tho the Empress was a shrewd and dominant character, she was most benevolent in every way.

How I wish space would permit me to relate even a few of her many experiences while in the palace, or some of her vivid descriptions of Chinese royal life, and all the magnificence that was contained in this house of treasures.

The Empress Dowager had gathered together and preserved the choicest heirlooms that China possessed—and guarded them jealously. Apparently she had a keen foresight that the day was not far off when the present regimé would be a thing of the past. With that in view, she wanted the treasures to be kept intact, with the idea to have them later safely housed in a building especially erected for them.

However, she never saw this accomplished, for in 1898 her nephew, Emperor Kwang Hsu, took over the affairs of state himself. His reign lasted just one hundred days, then his visionary reform came to an end, and the Boxer uprising followed.

Peking suffered terribly from the Boxer activities in 1900. Fire destroyed a large part of the city. Foreign and Chinese homes, business houses, and the palaces and museums were looted, and many of the treasures that originally rested in the Empress Dowager's palaces were either taken away or demolished. The Empress Dowager died in 1908.

It would make this story too long, were I to tell of Mrs. Strafford's unusual experiences while a guest in the Royal Palace. The one thing I wanted to hear about was the vases—for she had said there were hundreds of them in the various palaces of her Majesty. She said that vases—or they preferred

calling them urns—were in evidence in all the buildings, in the courtyard, gardens, and on the bridges over the lakes that connected the palaces with each other. Practically all the urns, she said, were centuries old, many of them dating back to the beginning of the making of pottery before the Christian era.

She listened with great interest as I described our vases. She tried to remember all that she had seen during her stay at the Palace—and their number was countless—tho she said she saw only a few, in comparison to what she learned and could conjecture were contained in the Forbidden City, the Royal City.

It was while we were having tea, with five other ladies, that she interrupted the conversation with, "Mrs. Palmer, I believe I have something for you." She then said that while she was in the household there, she recalled there were several days when she was unable to do much painting except in some of the lesser corners of the courtyard, for the Empress Dowager was busy supervising the moving of several objects of art, from her summer palace, where they had been for years, to the Imperial Museum.

Later, Mrs. Strafford said, she went to the Museum and she well remembered, now, two lovely Satsuma vases that stood on elaborately carved stools in the main room of the Museum. She was told that they had but recently arrived there from the Royal Palace. Being a lover of porcelain, she admired them greatly.

As I described them more fully, she recalled, more and more, certain high points of their outstanding beauty.

"Oh, Mrs. Palmer!" she said, "if I could only see, I would have you send a picture of them to me, for I cannot help but feel you must have those wonderful values."

We have been asked many times what we will do with these treasures—some day—and indeed we have asked that same question of ourselves. In the meantime, we are enjoying them, and I am quite sure of one thing—we shall take the very best care of them, for in no shop or palace or art gallery or museum could they be more admired and treasured than they are here in the sunroom in our home.





Blow, Wind, Blow

EVERAL years ago, B.J. and I were in Devils Lake, North Dakota. This city is in the northwestern part of the state. The country there is a glaciated plateau, and Devils Lake, itself, is situated on a sloping plain of considerable height, from which a magnificent view can be had for miles in all directions.

The first day we were there, the great Ringling Brothers Circus came to town. One might think that this town, with a population of only a little over five thousand, could not support a circus of that size, but the day it was there, every available space was sold—not only were additional benches and chairs put

in the eight-pole tent, but hundreds sat on the ground around the circle—in circus parlance this is called "strawing the audience". Sixteen thousand people attended the afternoon performance, and the same number in the evening.

Early in the morning of the great day, we could see from our hotel—which was placed at a vantage point overlooking the entire territory—that great mass of moving humanity, coming from all directions. People came by automobiles, horses and buggies, farm carts, hay-racks, and wagons—many of them even walked great distances to see the big show. And Indians, by the hundreds, came from their various reservations, miles away, bringing their whole household with them. They must have spent not only the night, but days, traveling by foot, to be there on time.

The town was teeming with people. Those who had arrived the night before slept in tents that had been provided by the enterprising townsmen, while the Indians carried their teepees and set them up on the edge of town—one could imagine he was seeing scores of inverted ice cream cones on the grass.

Having arrived too late for reservations, or even to obtain a ticket for admittance to the circus, B.J. received ours thru the courtesy of John Ringling; so we had comfortable seats, a courtesy for which we were deeply appreciative. The day started out gloriously, but a few clouds began to appear on the horizon about noon, and the air became heavy and very sultry; indeed, it was quite suffocating in the tent during the afternoon.

When we came out after the performance, it was so close and hot that we decided to go out to the lake—eight miles distant—for a swim. As we had met and entertained several of the people in the show when they were in Davenport, we invited some of them to go with us. Among them were Bird Milman, the dainty, tight-wire dancer, and her mother, Mrs. Milman; Lillian Leitzel, the little Viennese lady, whose act was the giant half flange in which she threw her body over her shoulder one hundred times; Toto, the world-known clown; and May Worth, the famous equestrienne.

We left the town about five o'clock. The sky looked ominous, so we knew we could not stay long, for evidently a bad storm was on its way. We had not gone far when the atmosphere became stifling, and the sky, blue-black with streaks of yellow

and green, and ahead of us there suddenly loomed a huge, funnel-shaped cloud. Our driver shouted, "That's a tornado, and it is going to be a good twister." B.J. said, "Well, let's turn back so we won't get soaked." "Turn back", the driver yelled, "I should say not—we may have to get out of the car any minute and lie flat on the ground, but I'll see if I can make that farm house about a quarter of a mile down the road."

Luckily, we arrived there just as the tornado struck, but we did not have time to go to the door of the house—we ran, as fast as we could, to the first shelter we could see amid the debris and dust blinding us, and we found ourselves crowded into a small chicken coop, with all the hens, roosters, and ducks.

Fortunately, the coop was in a secluded part of the yard—partly recessed in the ground, and built of stone bricks—an old-fashioned type with only a few tiny windows at the top. Tho we could not see much, we knew the storm was furious, for the noise outside was deafening.

When it had subsided sufficiently to open the door, we went out and saw that the farmer's house was several feet away from its foundation, and that the roofs of the barn and other buildings were completely out of sight. The men of our party ran to the house to see if the occupants were safe. Well, they were safe all right, but the man, woman, and children were covered from their heads to their feet with a coating of black soot from the stove-pipe which had fallen to the floor. The family appeared rather dazed, and I suppose that seeing a group of strangers walk unannounced into their home, made them more confused than ever.

The man of the house did not know its condition until he came outside and found it sitting lopsided in the yard.

Such good scouts as these circus folk were during the whole affair! Their chief concern was not themselves, but whether the big top was still there and everybody safe—so we started back to town in a rainstorm, and arrived in Devils Lake with not a dry thread on us, for the car—an aged one—had no top. However, we did not mind that, for when we neared the circus grounds and the folks saw their home was still there, they breathed a great sigh of relief.

We drove up to the dressing-room quarters, and Mr. Ringling ran out from the side entrance. He was very much perturbed, and said he had been trying desperately to find out where we might be; and even tho Mrs. Milman had told him that she and several others were going for a short ride with us, he was "worried sick", for we had four of his prize artists somewhere out on the road in a tornado, in North Dakota. He embraced the girls and Mrs. Milman, and thanked B.J. for his care of them; then he turned to the driver and gave him a liberal tip for his thotfulness and precaution.

He told us that they had had an exciting time on the grounds during the tornado, for the big top almost keeled over, two or three times; the smaller tents were whipped into shreds; and many of their clothes, hanging out, had been carried away. Also, the animals had been difficult to keep in order—but circus people know how to take care of every emergency.

One can learn a great lesson from these knights of the open spaces—they are fearless, and they take every adversity with their chins up—in other words, they are good troupers.

They never complain about the hardships or inconveniences; they are appreciative of the understanding and kindness shown them by the public in general; they are generous to a fault; and they have an abounding faith in the Creator of the Universe. We have found them a very worth while people, and we have enjoyed having many of them for our friends.





Monkeys

AM not particularly fond of monkeys, but their antics and whimsical expressions always amuse me. No doubt many others feel the same, for at the zoos it is always the monkey cage which attracts the crowd, and around the hurdy-gurdy cart on the street the children gather from all over the neighborhood—and it is not the man with the hurdy-gurdy that brings them there—it is the little monkey with the red cap, that is the drawing card.

Of course, I had seen various kinds of these little fellows in our country, and then I knew something about the gorilla, the orang-utan, the chimpanzee, the baboon, and the mandrill, as well as a few other types of the ape family, but I certainly did not know that there were so many species until we made our trips to the tropical and sub-tropical countries, where I learned much about them. I tried to keep an account of the many kinds we saw when in India, the East Indies, Japan, China, etc., for indeed they were numerous and all so different—and it was then that I began to be really interested in them.

The ape family varies from the tiny marmoset to the huge gorilla. I learned that there are over four hundred species, and that because of their high intelligence and varying psychology, they form the highest of members of the lower animal kingdom. The gorilla, orang-utan, and chimpanzee—often called man's closest living relatives—have several things in common: they are tailless, have opposable thumbs, arms longer than their legs, and they confine their food to fruits, nuts, leaves, eggs, young birds, and insects. Also, each type has a vermiform appendix.

Peculiarly, Australia has none of these animals. While there, I was told that there were no monkeys in their country, so I asked some one, "Why?" and his answer was, "We have the kangaroo—the rest of the world can have the monkey."

And it is true that there is an entirely different form of animal life in Australia, from some other South Sea Islands. This is explained by Alfred Russel Wallace, who, after making an intensive study of the fauna in the Malay Archipelago, observed that they were divided into two classes—one typical of the Australian Continent, and the other of the Asiatic Continent. This sharp line of division of the Malay Archipelago into an Australian and an Asiatic section, has become known as the Wallace Line.

According to Mr. Wallace's records, he agreed with other scientists that the continent of Australia at one time included several of the islands, now a part of the Dutch East Indies, such as the Moluccas and New Guinea, and that Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and some lesser islands once were a part of the extensive continent of Asia. Formerly these two continents were separated by a vast sea, estimated to have been from 3,000 to 21,000 feet deep.

A few islands scattered in this dividing part of the sea, present characteristics different from other islands. Particularly is this true of animal life native only to Australia, New Guinea, and the Moluccas, and those native to Asia. This explains the

absence of the monkey in Australia as well as the difference in other animal life in that part of the world.

Just to keep the record of the various species intact, I am going to cite briefly some of my findings; then I will relate two or three instances during our travels when we found the monkey not only interesting but most amusing.

The largest of the apes—the gorillas—live in equatorial Africa. Of massive frame, they are usually six feet in height, and are noticeable for their strength and brutality when interrupted or aroused—at such times they give forth terrifying roars. Mary Hastings Bradley, who has hunted big game in Africa, tells me, tho, that they are shy and timid, and show no disposition to attack humans, when unmolested in their own surroundings. The gorillas have a blackish hair, which turns gray as they grow old. When not frightened, they move about in a stolid way, swinging their long arms as they walk; this gives them the appearance of using a crutch. They live in solitary families and sleep on beds of sticks constructed in trees, near the ground.

We saw the orang-utan in Sumatra—this island of the Dutch East Indies is their habitat—but they are found in equatorial Africa as well. These apes are from four to five feet in height, have a protruding jaw, large mouth and teeth, and, like the gorilla, have strong arms, with great crushing power. Their coat is reddish, with long, shaggy hair, and, again as the gorilla, they are not ferocious unless attacked; their fright, rather than their disposition, causes them often to be unfriendly, for orang-utans are easily tamed.

The chimpanzee is that to be that species of ape which most resembles man. It is easily distinguished by its unusually small ears, which are even smaller than man's. Their hands and feet are dark flesh-colored; their coat, a brownish black; their face, bald and yellow; and around the face are streams of hair downward, like a beard. They can stand erect, but when on the ground walk on all fours, using their knuckles with their fingers turned on the palm.

The chimpanzees are not as tall or as massive as the gorilla and orang-utan, nor do they have such a ferocious countenance. Their skull is rounder and higher, and their facial expression is gentler and wiser than that of most monkeys. These apes are easily tamed when young—indeed, they can be taught certain things that man alone is supposed to learn—but when they grow old they often become fierce—then they are a match for even the leopard at bay.

However, since many of them die in captivity—being susceptible to tuberculosis—few live to be old enough to show their ferociousness. Nocturnal by nature, they frequently give forth a long-drawn, terrifying cry which can be heard at great distances after dark.

Baboon is the name given to the popular dog-faced monkey. This type lives mostly in trees—they seem to have forsaken the ground. However, when on the ground they walk on all fours, and this, with their short legs and narrow chests, gives them the appearance of a large dog. The tails of the baboons are short, and the hairless region over the buttocks is brilliantly colored; their cheek pouches are usually chock-full, for here they store their food.

The mandrill is a species of the baboon. Its coat is dark clove-brown in color, its face is creased, with colored stripes, and the callosities on the bare regions are blue, surrounded by a bright crimson.

The guereza, an African monkey, has beautiful, glossy, jetblack fur, with long fringes of silky, snow-white hair on its back and flanks—this type is hunted for its valuable fur.

We saw many gibbons—known as the long-armed ape—in the East Indies, Malaya, Sumatra, Cambodia, and India, the largest being the Sumatran siamang. This strange fellow has black, shaggy hair, but no tail or cheek pouches. He has long arms, stands about three feet high and usually walks erect. The favorite abode of the gibbons is in the tree tops, where—like the orang-utan and chimpanzee—they can swing from branch to branch with the greatest of ease, resembling acrobats in the air.

Macaques are small, short-tailed monkeys—quite docile, intelligent, and amusing, and they differ from most of the other monkeys in their cries and actions. This is the type commonly seen in menageries or with trained animal troupes, also they are frequently kept as pets. They vary from twelve to forty inches in height, are active, full of pranks, and chatter constantly. Because the hair above the eyebrows of many ma-

caques is tufted and looks like a little hood or bonnet, they are sometimes called the bonnet monkeys.

The capuchin—one of this type—is a funny little fellow. His forehead is naked and wrinkled, and his hair forms a crown which, turned back, resembles a monk's cowl.

Another macaque—found in the provinces of the Ganges River in India—is the entellus monkey or hoonoomaun. He presents a remarkable appearance, for the hair on his forehead falls over the eyes in such a manner that it resembles a visor. Thruout India, this is the monkey that is regarded as sacred.

The catarrhine, which resembles the entellus, is considered the highest type of the macaque, and in Japan is portrayed on temples in carvings, and used in numberless drawings and paintings by the Japanese.

The wanderoo, a large macaque, native to Southern India and Ceylon, has an extraordinarily large head; their long, slender bodies are covered with black hair, and they have tufted tails. A thick ruff, and beard of gray and white stand out around the large face, and as the eyes are dull looking, it gives a most unusual expression—a look of slyness.

The guenons, considered the most ornamental of all monkeys, live in northern Africa, India, and parts of the East Indies—there are over fifty species of them, usually known by separate names. They are noticeable for their hair ornament and color patterns—the mona and diana especially have handsome coloring and are distinguished by their snowy fronts and chin beards. They are slender, have long tails, large cheek pouches, and are quite docile.

In many part of India, the East Indies, and Indo-China, the spider monkey is found. He has long slender limbs, no thumbs, and a very long tail; his face is black and his fur is reddish in color, except his belly, which is white.

The wow-wows—the howling monkeys—have a peculiar enlargement of their "vocal cords", which enables them to make a remarkable howling noise, like that of a human being in distress, and when heard in the jungle, at night, it is most startling.

The marmosets—whose habitat is in many parts of Indo-China, India, and the East Indies, are tiny creatures which look like kittens and behave like squirrels; their fur is soft and varies in color and pattern.

The tamarin, of India, a species of the marmoset, has silky fur which is often long about the head, but the ears have little, if any, covering; its tail is long and not ringed, so it hangs to the ground.

We saw the white monkey, the onke, in Siam (Thailand). He is a handsome and gentle little fellow, with bright black eyes, and snowy, silky fur, but such a little beggar—so cheeky that he will help himself to anything eatable, in sight.

Among some of the other apes we found amusing were the lar, a gibbon, found in all parts of Malaya, with white hands and feet; the slender langur—a leaf-eating monkey of Ceylon, India, and East China, which has a long tail, gray, bushy eyebrows, and a beard; the wau-wau, a silvery white gibbon of Java; the tarsier of the East Indies, related to the lemurs, about the size of a squirrel, with soft, grayish-brown fur, tufted tail, and very large goggle eyes; the saki, which has a bushy tail, hair around the face forming a ruff, as well as a long beard; and the hoolock—a small gibbon—native to India, which lives in the foothills of the Himalayas, and in Bengal it is considered sacred.

An interesting and unusually furred group, the lemurs, can be seen in Malaya, India, East Indies, Indo-China, and Ceylon. They have a much lower grade of intelligence than the monkey, but are allied to the monkey family because of their habits. Their queer, fox-like appearance and mysterious cries have given the lemur a large place in fears and superstitions among the natives.

As the monkeys are very clannish, many feuds take place. While in Jaipur we engaged elephants to take us to the deserted city of Amber, and on our way we encountered one of the clan fights which we have always remembered. We had stopped for a rest, before viewing some ancient gardens of a long-ago potentate, when, almost without warning, we were surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, lined up on two sides, with a space of about twenty feet between them. Our guide had brot some cereals with him, for he knew we would enjoy seeing them wage their warfare.

I never heard such chattering as took place among them;

when one side would get food, the other side would start a hubbub that was deafening, and when occasionally some brave ones from the opposite side would attempt to go over to the other group, then the fight would begin in earnest.

The army on one side would rush like football players into the melee, fighting viciously until the ringleader would apparently give a sign, and they would all rush back to their own side and line up like soldiers. Then the other tribe would repeat the performance, each side contesting the right of way. We were told it is not uncommon for two or three to fight to death unless they are called off by the leader, by some given sign, which no one seems to understand.

There were two distinct types of monkeys in that fight—one tribe having funny faces, with black fur and white whiskers, the other, tawny, almost yellow, fur, and black beards. Their noise and their chatterings—perhaps post-mortems—did not cease until we were well on our way and out of sight.

In Benares, we visited the Durga Temple—Monkey Temple—which is inhabited by great numbers of the mangy fellows. They keep themselves carefully concealed until feeding time—then they fly out from all directions. Tho they are tame and eat from the feeder's hands, they often become angry when one tribe appears to have more than the other.

One day, while visiting the brass shops in Benares, we had another unusual experience with monkeys. The streets were very narrow—not more than six feet wide—and people, cows, and dogs crowded the passageways. While we were in one of the shops looking at some articles, we heard a great rumpus outside. We all went to the door and saw, on the roofs of the shops opposite us, at least two or three hundred monkeys engaged in a tribal fight. The proprietor brushed us aside and hurried out the door, where he, with shopkeepers from all surrounding shops, proceeded to join the fight. Some of the men took one side and, with throwing of stones and loud shouting, rooted for one tribe, while others were for the opposing group.

The monkeys leaped from one roof to the other, screeching and clawing; then they would hop to another roof; in the meantime, the shopkeepers, who had been following them, soon began fighting among themselves. All stores were deserted, in that immediate vicinity, and the battle went on for about a

half-hour. Which side won, we never learned, but B.J. and Dave said they that it was a draw! After the proprietor of the store returned, he was so engrossed in the affair that it was some time before he was calm enough to wait upon us.

I think one of the most amusing experiences we had with monkeys was on a train going from Bombay to Madras. It was a long, hot trip—a thirty-six hours' journey—and the train stopped for some time at every junction on the way, where there was always a great exodus of East Indians either getting off, or coming on.

Upon our arrival at one of the stations, we were met by thousands of monkeys; they climbed on the train, entered the open windows, filled the compartment like magpies, and begged for food. When we went out on the station platform, they surrounded us, trying to find something in our pockets or handbags; if nothing was found, they would run madly to another group of people, hoping for some food from leftover lunches.

We were told by the station master—who was an English-man—that they have always met the train as long as he had been there. The town is located in a valley, and the crowns of the rolling hills or bluffs—called Monkey Points—have narrow, undulating table-land, covered with small tree growths. The monkeys live in this shrubbery on the bluffs.

The train arrives at this wayside station about noon, and twenty minutes—to the second—before the train arrives, they come to the station from all directions, sprawling over the hills like a waving carpet—and then they wait. They are usually quiet until they see the train in the distance, then the chattering begins. Should the train be late—and it is sometimes an hour or so late—the monkeys will begin a parade up and down the tracks. They will jump in the windows at the station, so the windows and doors must be closed, and should a passenger venture outside, they attack him with vengeance—nothing seems to have any effect in chasing them away.

When the train does emerge into view, they run half way down the tracks to meet it, with howls and shrieks like the whistles of sirens, that can be heard for miles. We were told that the train crews at such times find it necessary to carry several bags of food, for the monkeys will attack the passengers, should no food be forthcoming.

As our train left the station, we could see them starting in groups for the bluffs in the distance—all going slowly, each group seeming to have its own destination in view. Occasionally, some would stop and look toward our direction with an expectant longing, and I that as I watched them, how like human beings they are—so often anticipation is greater than realization, for our desires often disappoint us, and even the we meet with something that gives satisfaction, it rarely fulfills our expectation.





"Bikets" for the Lady

HE three of us—B.J., Dave, and I—were seated at the table in the dining room of the Hotel de Pékin, in Peking (Peiping), China, and our table boys—we each had one to serve us—were bringing in our food. I happened to glance at the table next to ours, where an American and his wife were sitting, and I noticed that their boys were serving them a plate of baking powder biscuits—large, puffy ones—the "just browned to a turn" kind.

I called my boy and said, "See that kind of food—biscuits—that boy is serving the lady there? Bring us some, too." He looked blank for a moment and then said, "scuse, missy, can do?" I repeated it carefully again, and he said, "Oll ligh, my savee, my catchee bikets."

He was gone for a long time, to the kitchen. We that probably they were baking some for us, so we waited and waited, knowing they would be a treat, because we had had nothing like good, old-fashioned biscuits since we left home. In about a half-hour, my boy came in, walking softly but quickly; his face beamed, for he carried a plate of what I anticipated must be nice hot biscuits, all covered with a white cloth, just—I imagined—like those I had seen served at the next table. With great pride, he placed the plate down beside me and said, "See, my catchee

bikets for missy—likee?" I took off the napkin that covered them, and before my eyes were—dog biscuits—American made—all piled up in nice arrangement!

I turned to the lady next to me and said, "Look what we have—for biscuits." She laughed, of course, at my plate, so I inquired, "Where did you ever get such delicious looking things?" She explained that an American woman who lived in the Legation Quarter had sent them the freshly-made baking powder biscuits—and how they were enjoying them!

By this time we were all laughing so that I could scarcely say anything to our table boy, and when I looked at him, he, too, was laughing and bowing, and so pleased that he had given me just what I asked for. Finally I said to him, "Where did you get these biscuits?" He replied, "My chop, chop to store, ask for bikets; say Melican lady at hotel want; man say takee, and my chop, chop here—no plopa?"

I then tried to explain to him, and said, "These are not like lady has at next table". He said, "Muchee likee—but missy's muchee flat."

By this time, those close to us in the dining room were joining in the fun, and it was then he began to see his mistake. He looked so dejected that I really wished it had been something I could have eaten so that he would not have felt so down-hearted about it. However, I could only thank him.

Then he came beside me and, in a most apologetic manner, said quietly, "Missy, my feel muchee loose hung, too muchee loose hung; please 'scuse my, missy—my loose hung."

(Note: "oll ligh"-all right.

"my"-me, I, mine, our, or we.

"savee"-understand.

"catchee"—will get, will take, etc.

"can do"-used for yes, or an interrogation.

"chop, chop"—hurry.

"plopa"-right.

"boy"-a male servant-regardless of age.





The Dilemma

E arranged to take a Dutch Liner—a beautiful ship—on one of our voyages in the Dutch East Indies. Having not inspected our quarters on the ship until we were aboard, we were delighted when we found we had one of the two most elegant suites on the boat. Our rooms were at the fore part and we could see far ahead, and this, with the anticipation of a picturesque voyage—for we had been told it was most scenic—made us eager to be on our way.

Before we left our port of departure from one of these islands, many people came on board to see their friends off on their journey, so we did not notice, at first, who were to be the occupants of the similar suite, opposite us. A huge balustrade, leading from either side of the steps to the floor below, separated us, but because of the necessity of keeping our doors open—for in the tropics it is very hot and all available air is made

use of—we found later that we were close neighbors to those across the way.

Before sailing, certain distinguished looking people were in and out of the door opposite us, but we gave little attention as to who was going to use the suite across the way. A little later we learned that it was occupied by a young woman, Mrs., and her mother—both English—who were on their way for an extended visit to England. After we were out at sea a short while, we saw a member of the crew enter their door, carrying in his arms a huge bouquet of red roses. We knew he was the first officer, because of his uniform.

Usually, during a southern voyage, much of our time was spent on deck, for the calm sea and the spaciousness of the deck which one finds on ships in tropical waters, made us reluctant to stay in our cabin. But on this trip our quarters were so spacious, and the view from our comfortable chairs beside the low windows offered us such a wide range of vision, we felt inclined to spend many days in our cabins—also, we found them a more convenient place to read or write.

Occasionally we saw the lady next door with her mother, but they were seldom out on deck as much as the other passengers. Probably we would have known but little about them, had they not been so near to us—our suites were the only two forward on the boat—and anyone using the wide stairway to either their suite or ours, could not help but be noticed by those in either cabin.

The day that the officer went to their door with the roses, made little impression on me at the time, and no doubt if events later had not brot affairs to such a stage, I would not at this time have had even a fleeting remembrance of that circumstance, in spite of the fact that he became a frequent visitor, bringing usually much gaiety and laughter. In the evenings, the younger woman and the officer would be seen on the dance floor, but usually only for three or four numbers.

Each successive day, fresh red roses were brot to the door next to us—always she wore a red rose. I saw the mother of the young woman on deck once in a while, but she talked with no one—apparently, she wanted to be alone.

The glorious days went all too fast, and there was scarcely a ripple on the sea. However, during this time, we could not help

but see that the first officer was a guest next door every moment he was free from his duties. Often late at night we saw him enter the suite, but we thot nothing of it for night life on board ship often continues until the wee small hours.

Night time, below the equator and in tropical waters, is a magnificent sight—the moon shining like a suspended silver ball in the sky; the stars bright and colorful—close enough, almost, to touch; the Southern Cross in definite detail outline; the numerous other constellations; and the deep violet-blue of the water for miles and miles all around—all this gives a sweep of the horizon far and wide, and one has a feeling of being very close to the heavens. The ship glides softly over the placid sea, following the moon's path, and as the night advances, quietness seems to pervade everything. I was always reluctant to retire, even the I knew there would be another night like it in a few hours.

A few days before we were to arrive at Sourabaya (Soerabaja), Java, I noticed that laughter was absent in the cabin across the way. The officer continued to come and go, but his stay would be short, and the talk always seemed to be subdued. Then the mother and daughter ceased going to the dining room. We had had but a passing acquaintance with them, all during the voyage; true, we had stopped and chatted a few times, but it was the usual morning greeting or just a brief conversation during the day—that was practically all the contact we had with them.

One morning it was unusually quiet when we went to breakfast, and their rooms were still closed and quiet when we went to lunch. Late in the afternoon, the officer came out of their suite as I was going to mine, and he did not look up to greet me as usual—he just hurried down the stairs and disappeared.

As I was entering our cabin the mother came to her door and called to me so I went over to their sitting room. As she was very much upset, emotionally, I waited for her to speak. Finally she commenced: "For several days, Mrs. Palmer, I have wanted to talk to you. Somehow, I feel you are perhaps the only person on board whom I could talk with." I told her I hoped nothing serious had happened. Brushing away a tear, she said, "Oh, nothing like illness or anything of immediate danger—do not look so alarmed—but have you a daughter?"

When I told her my one and only "chick" was a son, she said, "Well, anyway, you are a mother and will understand, perhaps, why we are so troubled."

She continued, "My daughter is prostrated with grief—almost inconsolable. She and Officer (I shall call him Smith) have renewed a romance of ten years ago. Of course, I had no thot of this when we started this voyage. My daughter and her husband have been stationed on Island for several years, and they have lived happily there.

"Now we come aboard this ship, meet Officer Smith again, and the flame continues where it left off years ago. The worst of it is," she added, "they really do love each other sincerely, and because of this, my daughter wants to return home and end her marital agreement—then meet Officer Smith later on, and be married. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

I couldn't help thinking, well, where do I come in, in this picture—but I only said something about its being a sad state of affairs and I felt deeply for them all.

She continued, as if to lift a worry from her own soul, "You see, the reason I feel this so keenly is, that it was I who caused their parting—years ago. I had no dislike for Officer Smith; I knew his parents—he comes from a fine family—but considering my daughter's youth, and realizing that the wife of a seafaring man does not always have the happiest married life, I used all my effort to bring about their separation. I succeeded—and later my daughter met her present husband, and tho he is much older than she, they were so happy together that I have always felt that, after all, my judgment was right.

"Now I find myself suffering with—shall I say—remorse, but I feel I must do what my daughter insists on doing; that I must let her husband know of my part in the past, and assist her in securing a divorce by means that are not, in my opinion, dignified. Because of this, our days on board are becoming unsufferable."

Finally I ventured a question, feeling that as long as I was in on this affair, I should say something, for I could see the mother was in deep distress; and also I thot: suppose I were in her place, away from friends and with such a problem to solve. So I suggested, "Why don't you continue your trip to England and have your daughter carry on the matter with her

husband from there, by correspondence? Perhaps when she is there and realizes how difficult it will be to write all these things to him—and, too, while there she may have a different perspective—then she will see that her judgment may have been influenced by the surroundings on board ship. Away from Officer Smith, she will be able to judge matters from an unbiased viewpoint.

Her mother replied, "That's just what I have been advising for days, but they cannot see the reason for delay and, as we will leave the boat at Sourabaya and go to Singapore, some decision must be made before we reach Java. What would you do if you were in my place?"

I said, "I can only repeat that I still can't see any better solution than what I mentioned before; but I would suggest that, by no means, should you and your daughter return on this boat. Wait over at least for the next one."

"Yes," her mother said, "I know that would be advisable, but as they are both resenting my interest now, I seem to have no influence."

The steward brot coffee to the door, and the Officer was with him—with roses—so we were interrupted a few moments. I said I would excuse myself until later, and would drop in again if she wanted me, or she could come and see me. As I was leaving, the daughter came out of the bedroom, smiled, and asked, "Won't you stay and have coffee with us?" I thanked her and said I would see them later.

The officer stepped over to a table where a tall vase held other red roses. However, when he turned to say something to me about staying, the vase fell to the floor and broke into many pieces. As I looked back before leaving the room, I saw the officer and the young woman picking up the roses from the floor, and the steward was trying to put the broken parts of the vase together.

Quietly, I went to my own cabin and sat there long, thinking of the drama being played behind that closed door, and wondering what would be its outcome, as I made some notes of the episode.

The next afternoon, the mother came to see me. She thanked me for being so considerate and patient with her troubles, and said they had decided not to make the return trip on this boat, but would go on to Singapore. They had cabled her son-in-law, she continued, to meet them in Singapore as soon as possible; then they would talk over their problem.

I saw them now and then during the few days before we were to land. The daughter talked little with me; she was always pleasant, but quiet and very much pre-occupied in her needle-point.

The mother said nothing more to me except on the morning we were landing. Then she called, as I was going out of our door, and again invited me to step into their cabin for a moment. "Mrs. Palmer," she said, "we are getting our boat at once for Singapore; won't you take these roses with you to your hotel in Sourabaya? They are still fresh and the last ones that the florist on board had. My son-in-law arranged for the florist to see that my daughter was supplied with fresh roses each day on our voyage; he also sent a vase, but we accidentally broke it the other day—perhaps you can find something for the flowers."

Of course, I accepted them, and had gone but a few steps when Officer Smith came in and saw me holding the flowers. Leaning over the roses, he asked, "May I have just two?" "Yes, please do," I returned. He took one, and gallantly gave it to the daughter, and the other—he tucked in his pocket.

The thot came to me:

"You may shatter, you may break the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will linger round still."





The River of Fire

"Kilauea—the Volcano. Patterns of Fury Etched in Flame." Don Blanding, from Vagabond's House.

O many travelers, the Island of Hawaii—the largest and the youngest—is the most interesting of the Hawaiian group. True, it does offer much that fascinates the visitor—the volcanoes which are its chief attraction, the beautiful flora and the tropical forests of tree ferns and giant hardwoods, as well as its near-typical Hawaiian life—all these are so delightful that it is not surprising that many like Hawaii best of the islands.

Of course, each of these islands has specific attractions which lure the tourist, and, tho I like Oahu best, Hawaii does make an impression when one considers its uniqueness, its natural wonders, and its historical relics. Too, Hawaii is the only island of the group with active volcanoes, and furthermore differs from all other islands of the Pacific, in that it contains the highest snow-capped mountains. It also possesses old and new lava flows, stalactite and stalagmite caverns, lava tree molds and

tubes, hundreds of beautiful waterfalls, historic caves of refuge, and many ancient temples of early worship.

Its thermal lakes and springs, its steaming and dead craters, its remarkable foliage and strange bird life, its splendid forests of koa trees, its fine sugar cane plantations, its thousands of acres of coffee—kona coffee—its quaint villages nestling along the mountain side, its miles and miles of drives thru tree fern forests—marvelous highways of finely powdered lava—all of these combine to make Hawaii a veritable Mecca and pleasure for the visitor.

The ancient lava flow has left numerous elevations on the island. Some are quite barren, while others are profuse with vegetation, for the erosion and organic accumulation have left, here and there, dense tropical forests—a distinct feature of this island. Then again, the climate varies more in Hawaii than in many of the other islands for, tho seventy degrees is about the normal temperature, on the snow-covered summits it is below freezing point. In spite of all this range of temperature, almost everywhere one finds an abundance of foliage, and a freshness of air, in all parts, that is exhilarating.

It is said that, viewing Hawaii from an airplane, it appears as a vast pile of lava—the overflow of many craters in years gone by—the former lava flows resemble long, thick, dark tongues, stretching down the mountain sides. On a bas-relief map, it gives the appearance of a huge octopus with its arms extended across the entire surface.

But, after having visited this island, it was the crater of Kilauea—the largest active volcano in the world—that left a lasting impression on our minds. On our first trip, the volcano was more active than it had been for many years. We had heard much of this pyrotechnical display, and tho tourists and writers had endeavored to give a description of it, their words did not convey to us, by any means, just how wonderful it could be. And after seeing it on three occasions, we find ourselves in the same category as all the others when attempting to give a word-description of this pit of everlasting fire.

Since our first visit to Kilauea—many years ago—we have seen other world-famous volcanoes, some quite active, others merely showing their great craters—reminders of past destruction—some recently, some ages ago. Mt. Vesuvius in eruption

is tame compared with Kilauea, altho spectacular when seen from Naples, Italy, at night, or on a trip to its summit during the day, where one can view the boiling lava near the crater's edge. It is that that venerable old Vesuvius has about spent itself during the last few centuries, as its crater is filled with lava, which has formed numerous small cones. Occasionally, however, even these break forth and spew their contents out of the crater wall, but never enough to cause much alarm to the natives.

We have also seen Mt. Aetna, a celebrated volcano in Sicily. It is the highest active volcano in Europe; its activity goes back over centuries, for the earliest eruption is recorded at about 428 B.C., while the latest was in 1928. This volcano, fashioned like a circular cone that is flattened at the top, has a base that is ninety miles in circumference. Its many overflows have formed protruding, high cones, which often erupt and cover acres of land below.

Mt. Stromboli, on the Island of Stromboli in the Mediterranean, has been in almost constant eruption for 2,000 years, and is another awe-inspiring sight when seen miles out to sea. We did not visit this volcano, but one night we coasted close enough to see, for hours, the lightning-like flames that reached high into the air and sent flares for miles.

There are several active volcanoes in Japan, one of the most remarkable being the volcano Sakurajima, whose highest peak, Mitaka, caused so much destruction in 1914. It must be seen to be appreciated. Its great lava flow, like black, sprawly tongues, has caused much desolation and havoc to the villages in the vicinity, as it rolled down the mountain side—15 miles out to the sea. Its two craters, about 250 to 300 feet deep, are very imposing, and the view from its rim is magnificent, for here one can sight other mountain peaks, cities in the distance, and the lovely bay below.

The worst eruption of Sakurajima happened in July, 1779—a date the Japanese observe as a festival day, and at this time no visitors are allowed on the island where the volcano is located. For the past few years it has been only slightly active, but it is so erratic that it can be expected, at any time, to belch forth in all fury.

We had a memorable experience in Java. Once, while motor-

ing from Djokjakarta to visit the great temple of Borobudur, we stopped by the roadside to watch some traveling dance artists. One often sees these semi-professionals thruout the main traveled roads of Java, going from city to city where they put on their plays. Later, while B.J. and I were taking some movies of these dancers, we noticed, in the north, great volumes of smoke coming from a mountain peak, several miles away.

At first, we did not think so much of it, as we knew there were several active volcanoes in Java, and, as far as we had learned, were not a serious danger. However, we watched that particular mountain, for the smoke and debris thrown out was growing greater and higher, and the roar was becoming louder; and with our binoculars we could see huge flames setting the near by forests afire, as the clouds of smoke grew in density.

When the natives who had been entertaining us looked toward it, they stopped immediately and tried to tell us something. But as our guide, Simone, had wandered on ahead of us, we could not understand what they were saying, so they quickly dispersed and left B.J. with his Victor movie camera, with a telescopic lens, taking reels and reels of the belching furnace in the distance.

Still we were not really alarmed, just excited because we were seeing a large volcano in action, so we stayed for a while to watch it. After a time, we quite casually put our cameras back into the car and resumed our journey. Later, Simone said he guessed it was Old Merapi busy again, and we let it go at that.

Much to our surprise, however, when we reached the city that evening and told the hotel attendants what we had seen, we learned that we had witnessed one of the rare eruptions of Mt. Merapi, which had been only periodically active, for years. This vehement eruption was caused when the lava started to rise in the crater; then, owing to the tremendous pressure in the earth's bowels, it broke thru the sides and spewed its contents for miles down the mountain slope—as an avalanche—and covered many of the villages at the foot of the mountain. Newspapers gave it much space, and called it one of the most violent eruptions of any volcano in Java, for years.

We are quite proud of the pictures we took of this volcano. In fact, when we learned that we were the first ones to photograph it, at the beginning of its eruption, we decided not to have that particular film developed in Java, and sent it on to Chicago for finishing. We had had some unfortunate experiences in having our films developed locally, for we had missed several negatives, of unusual scenes that we had taken thruout our journey—and to make the local firms explain about these missing films was like trying to get blood from a turnip. It was just hopeless.

Again, in Tosari, Java, we arose about three-thirty one morning, to visit the extinct volcano of Bromo. It was a cold morning of intense blackness when we started out, and even tho we were muffled in blankets, we shivered all the way until the sun came up. We had to take sedan chairs, and the trip was a long and tiresome one, if judged by the distance and the mode of travel, but it was most worth-while when viewed from the route covered. To reach the crater, we passed thru deep ravines, and, high up above us, a number of villages could be seen, perched on apparently the most inaccessible points.

We could see fields of maize—high as roof-tops—growing all the way from the bottom of the ravines to the tops of the cloud-capped peaks. We passed thru beautiful woods of the feathery casuarina. We were hedged in by menacing jungles; we saw acres of the deadly night-shade flowers—the source of belladonna—and many varieties of other flowers in beautiful coloring.

At sunrise, spread out before us and reflecting brilliantly the rays of the morning sun, was an oval plain of sand, called the Sand Sea—a rare and magnificent sight—a boundless area, like an African desert, the symbol of death and solitude. Shut in by abrupt mountain walls, lies this famous Sand Sea, out of the middle of which rises a beautiful ribbed cone, and behind it, dark and somber—a thousand feet below—the great yawning crater, Bromo, looking like a huge gash—smooth as a billiard table—swept lengthwise across the desert before us.

Several other volcanoes rise in the midst of the Sand Sea, but Bromo is the most weird and fantastic appearing.

Upon reaching the crater—a few hours later—we climbed about three hundred steps to the top of its rim, and looked down into this sulphur-coated, giant chasm. And, tho, there was not at that time any great activity—just an uneasy rumbling

—far down in the pit was a moving mass of molten lava, with jet-like streams forming a moving canopy of vapor of pungent, sulphur-laden gas. We were somewhat disappointed that it was impossible to descend into the crater, as was the custom a few months previous.

But, after seeing all these volcanoes in other lands, we are still of the opinion that the great Kilauea, in Hawaii—from a spectacular point of view—surpasses them all, for it is the only volcano where one can witness every movement, seated just two or three feet from the brim. Mark Twain, after seeing it in semi-action, and again when it was at its height of eruption, said, "One thing about Kilauea—when she puts on a scene it is fearfully dramatic."

As I said previously, words are inadequate to describe Kilauea. I call it the river of fire because in its deep pit—one thousand feet down—there moves a great raging sea of molten lava which, at times, rises four hundred feet, at the speed of a river that is stirred and lashed in a terrific storm. Its mass of fire-like waves leap forty to eighty feet in the air, and then plunge down with a terrific splash that reverberates like thunder; then, for a time, it rolls furiously along like a huge python, racing to get away from an enemy.

The trip to the volcano is delightful. We engaged an automobile at Hilo, the largest city on the Island of Hawaii, and for thirty-five miles enjoyed a variety of magnificent scenery. The smooth and wide road is covered with pulverized lava, and the grades so gradual one scarcely realizes there is such a steep ascent—four thousand feet—for along the route traveled were many fine cane plantations, waterfalls, numerous villages, dormant craters, miles and miles of giant tree ferns—seemingly endless forests—thickets of guava, patches of all kinds of berries, the size of walnuts, rambling bushes of fuchias, begonias, nasturtiums with flowers as large as a saucer, and the white and lemon-colored ginger flowers which grow in profusion. The fragrance of these ginger flowers fills the air at almost every turn of the road.

At the summit is a comfortable hotel, The Volcano House, which is managed by a genial host. He welcomed us as soon as we arrived, as if we had been long-expected guests.

In our rooms, we were surprised to find steam emitting thru

the crevices of the floor and the open windows, but later, when inspecting the grounds, we found the whole area spouting, not only vapors of steam but sulphur fumes as well, and the surface surrounding these openings in the ground was as bright as gold. One soon learned to stay on the "lee side" of these, for a whiff from the sulphur fumes caused a siege of coughing which was most distressing.

Of course we wanted to go at once to see the volcano, for even from the hotel we could see the smoke and vapor rising from it, and the roar seemed almost at our feet, but we found that a schedule was outlined for us. Later, we fully appreciated this arrangement.

We left the hotel about three o'clock—each having a well-filled lunch basket—for tho the volcano was but a few miles away, we motored thru forests of tree ferns, and stopped to see the great tree molds and tubes of lava on the way. We walked on fields of pumice and banks of yellow sulphur oozing out of the ground, which crunched under our feet like crisp snow. Also, we saw great masses of rocks, of all colors and sizes jumbled together, many of them forming grotesque figures.

The tree molds and tubes were formed long ago when one of the most violent eruptions in history took place. A certain historian relates that "In 1868, Kilauea burst forth in such fury that the crust of the earth rose and sank like a ship at sea, struck by heavy waves. The whole island opened in a thousand places, and there flowed from the mountain a stream of fire, five hundred feet wide and twenty feet deep. The lava cooled on the outside, encircling great trees and whole villages that lay in its path; the lava continuing to flow for two months, causing the sea to boil for miles out from land. The result of this is seen by the lava tubes where, in their hollow interiors, tree forms, like fossil deposits, are carefully preserved."

This overflow of lava which formed the tubes and tree molds, runs from twenty-five to thirty miles away from the crater, and one walks thru them as if they were underground caves. Peculiarly, fossilized animal life—unknown to naturalists today—is found embedded in the side walls of the molds; also, many kinds of plant life and fish and other species of sea life are found embedded in the tree trunks of the lava tunnels—these now appear like stone. Many cave formations are evi-

dent on the island; even the forests have unusual lava formations which show how the veins of fire honeycombed the whole land.

There are two kinds of the cooled lava. One known as aa, that resembles slag, is like clinkers from a furnace; the other known as pahoehoe, is smooth and contains spicules of glass. Lava rocks are porous as sponge, break easily, and since this rock crumbles between one's fingers without an effort, it can be easily pulverized. The glassy type is sharp, and its fine threads, which look like spun glass, are often called Pele's Hair.

Before going to the crater, we stopped and presented our letter of introduction to Dr. Thomas A. Jagger, whose home and laboratory is perched aerie-like on the edge of the volcano. For over twenty years he has studied every movement of Kilauea, as well as, to a great extent, volcanoes in the Pacific Ocean and other parts of the world. Professor Jagger is one of the pioneers in volcanology and an outstanding scientist of the world today.

He was most patient, and gave us much enlightening information on volcanoes and earthquakes—in fact, his forecast of the latter has been away in advance of most scientists. While in his laboratory, we watched the seismograph, whose fine needle pointed out the movements of the increasing violence of Kilauea.

Then he told us that this violence was growing in proportion every day, and that he looked for an unusual display before many weeks—a fact which was borne out later, for we were home but three weeks when we read that Kilauea had had one of the most violent eruptions in years. At this time the lava came to the brim of the crater and overflowed for several miles. Naturally, it held our interest, for we had sat near the crater's edge only a few weeks before, when the boiling caldron was at least three hundred feet from the rim.

Two imposing mountains, both volcanic—Mauna Kea (White Mountain), the highest peak in the Pacific, 13,825 feet high, and Mauna Loa (Long Mountain), 13,675 feet high—are just 20 miles apart, on either side of the crater of Kilauea. Mauna Kea is practically dormant, tho occasionally a few steam vents break forth, but Mauna Loa is periodically active. Professor Jaggar told us that this volcano has thrown out more

lava during the last one hundred years, than any other in the world.

The Kilauea lies on the eastern slope of Mauna Loa, it apparently has no communication with this volcane, for their periods of activity are entirely independent of each other. So it is of interest that when Mauna Loa is at rest, Kilauea is active, and vice versa; and when both Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa are quiescent for any length of time, then Kilauea becomes violent.

Snow is often found on the summits of the two mountains, except, of course, when Mauna Loa is in eruption.

After our ride, we reached the crater of Kilauea about five o'clock in the afternoon. It seems strange that Kilauea is occasionally mentioned as a mountain when it does not resemble a mountain in any way. In reality it is a great crater nearly eight miles in circumference which includes an area of over 2,000 acres that is filled with a solidified sea of lava. The center of the vast fire pit, nearly 3,000 feet in diameter, is known as Halemaumau, or the "House of Everlasting Fire."

Before sundown, we could see far into the depths of the pit, where great waves of a thick, gray, slaty, mud-like substance, rose and fell like the tide of the sea. This molten lava, with its volume of steamy vapors, moved rhythmically for a time, then from an unseen corner the liquid would well up like an artesian well and send forth huge bubbles with a terrifying roar, spattering heaps of lava up the side walls, almost to the crater's brim. Subsiding, it would roll like an undulating mass of mud, then again it would burst into uncountable fountains and geysers.

As darkness came on, the boiling lava's vapor changed into licking red flames, and the sunken pit below became a river of fire. We stood as near the crater's rim as we could with safety, for the banks were constantly changing and any moment weak spots might cave in, carrying all before it.

Professor Jaggar joined us later in the evening, and took us to many vantage points where, breathless, we viewed the fiery lake below. Our faces burned with the terrific heat—1700° F.—and our eyes felt as if hot irons had been placed on them, but, like ourselves, no one wanted to leave this raging sea of red molten lava, for its white-hot waves lashing and pounding

at the imprisoned walls, and its vast fountains of fiery metal eternally playing and roaring in awful, awe-inspiring grandeur, held us all entranced.

At times, its action was so violent that when the molten lava was thrown into the air to the side walls, a whole mass—the size of a cottage—would break loose and go tumbling down into the angry pit which engulfed it as a hungry boa grabs its prey—the tremendous roar and vibrations veritably shook the ground on which we stood.

The longer we watched this leaping, writhing, liquid fire, the more reluctant we were to leave, for there was a neverending change. That great, yawning, fiery pit fascinated us; we seemed to be witnessing an everlasting struggle between the interior and the exterior forces of the earth. For this is not a fire that consumes its contents, dies, and disappears—this is an ever-living, eternal, unquenchable burning—a melting world forever.

On our second visit to the volcano a few years later, we found this giant resting. It did not seem possible that such a fiery lake could be so subdued, for at that time it had deflated—the entire mass had sunk 1,000 feet—leaving just rolling mud streams.

However, on our third visit, we were thrilled to find the pit again a boiling caldron; this time the molten lava rose within 100 feet of the crater's brim. We could not get as near the edge as on our first visit, as the heat was too intense and the danger too great, but the spectacular display was just as marvelous.

May I interject a few words here about going to see this volcano. One may have the idea that it is always in eruption, as we have seen it on two occasions, but Kilauea often remains dormant for years and, should one go there expecting to witness it in eruption, as I have described it, it would be wise to learn in advance whether or not the mountain was in action. Having seen it at one time, ourselves, when inactive, it would have been disappointing had we not seen it before at its height of display. But I might add that the crater's pit and surrounding area are worth while making the trip to see, any time.

One hears many tales about the activity of Kilauea. All of the older natives believe that Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, is on a rampage whenever Kilauea begins its activity, and many sacrifices and propitiations are observed to still the anger of Madame Pele who, as the story goes, was a beautiful maiden that became enamored with a stalwart and handsome Wahailoa. For a time they lived happily, then one day her husband and lover, tempted by another more bewitching lady, deserted Pele and her children. Because of this desertion, she became so enraged that she started to search for her loved one.

Of course, at that time, as modes of travel were few, rarely did anyone leave his home, but eventually Pele reached the Island of Kauai. Not finding her husband there, she became so bent on destruction, and was driven to such a frenzy, that she enveloped herself in clouds of thick, black smoke and burst forth into such fury that fire emanated from her form. As she chose fire and water combined, the result was a volcano in action.

She then assumed the form of earthquakes, and so, could shake the earth at will. Thus, as she now could become a mass of molten lava, she became a revengeful pursuer, and when displeased would settle herself on one of the islands. In her restless wanderings, she visited all, set up at various locations terrific explosions, and would burst forth in all fury whenever her vindictive restlessness overcame her. Her last resting place in the Hawaiian Islands is said to be Halemaumau, in the crater of Kilauea, the "House of Everlasting Fire."

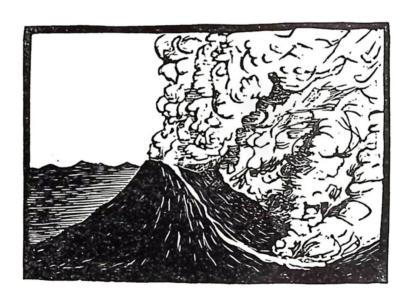
Thus, now, when this volcano begins its activity, the natives say, "Madame Pele is cruel again; she must be appeased." It is told that in years gone by, before the white people came to Hawaii, it was the custom to sacrifice the most beautiful maiden of the island by throwing her into the pit of fire to assuage the anger of Pele. And even today, natives can be seen throwing flowers or bits of papers, and ribbons, into the pit below.

Whether there still lingers in their minds the old legend, and how much authenticity they give to it, is difficult to learn. We were told by some that Pele is still being appeased, while others told us it was merely young people tossing such into the fiery lake below, as one would do when at a wishing well, or before a shrine.

It was after midnight when we left Kilauea and drove back to the Volcano House where our host was waiting for us, with a sumptuous supper and entertainment which lasted far into the morning. Before retiring, however, we sat for a long time on the veranda and watched the changes of the volcano in the darkness.

Great flames were still reaching out of the pit, and from the roar one might think any moment it would explode and send great sheets of lava from the crater's brim. The sky was luminous with the reflection from its glow—even the stars and moon seemed to stay in the background when the fiery tongues leaped high into the air. No artificial light was needed in our room that night, for it was bright the whole night thru, from the blaze in the distance.

Words there may be which can adequately describe this wonder, but they fail me in attempting such majesty and grandeur—one feels such an infinitesimal part of the universe when he stands before such a sublime manifestation of Our Creator.





Sack Cloth and Sables

E had been to the city of Nankow, China, where we had visited the centuries-old Ming Tombs, and to Nankow Pass where we marveled at that great masterpiece of masonry—the Great Wall of China—rambling over the mountains like a huge serpent. It had been a busy and rather trying trip, for accommodations were not those of the luxury-seeker, by any means, and, too, we found the temperature most of the time hovering around zero. So when we boarded the train early one morning around four o'clock, for our return to Peking (Peiping), we welcomed even poor train service, as it meant going back to the Grand Hotel dé Pekin, where we knew we would be comfortable and warm.

Our coach was small and crowded, with Chinese standing or walking up and down, chattering like monkeys, and stopping to warm their hands at the old iron stove in the center of the coach.

Opposite us, in the car, was a figure huddled up on the seat, whose head was covered with a huge, tall, black fur cap. A heavy scarf was wrapped around the neck, and several gunny sacks were thrown over the feet—sacks, black as pot, as if they had been in an ash heap. From all appearances, the person was sleeping. The dim lighting made it impossible to see clearly

just what the individual's nationality might be, but later when daylight appeared, we saw the figure stir, and then turn toward us.

As he raised his cap, the scarf fell from his neck, and then we saw his face—and such a spectacle! It was swollen in big lumps; great creases with open sores of a purplish-red color on his forehead and cheeks; eyes almost hidden beneath their swollen lids; and a beard, surely of four or six months' growth.

Since he did not have the features of an oriental, naturally all three of us set to wondering. Could it be a leper—surely lepers were not allowed in trains—or was it some other loath-some oriental disease? I asked B.J., "Do you suppose they let lepers or even other people with such skin conditions ride on these trains?" B.J. looked up from his book just long enough to say, "Well, you can expect anything over here." Just the same, I felt somewhat uncomfortable.

In a short time, the figure came to life and raised himself partly on his elbow, and then yelled something to a Chinese boy attendant, who brot a pot of boiling tea. It was while he was drinking the tea that we could see that one hand apparently held something down toward the floor. We looked more closely and there were three large sacks beside him, tied in a tight knot and fastened to his wrist with heavy iron links, like handcuffs.

'Twas then I wrote a note on the fly-leaf of B.J.'s book, "Aha, he is one of those bandits that's roaming around"—yet not Chinese, we knew that. He had hardly raised his eyes up to this time, but a few moments after he had had his tea, he looked, rather sleepily, across at us and, with a wry grin, said, "Hello there." We returned the salutation, and when he removed his high Russian cap, we noticed that his hair was a chestnut brown, and that also there were deep sores around the edges of his scalp.

B.J. said, "Brother, where in the world have you been and where are you going?" He then told us he had been sent by a New York wholesale fur house to Tibet, for sables. The rarest sables, he explained, were found in Siberia on the border of Russia, and the Gobi—that great trackless desert country, the sand sea of the Chinese, which is found in the center of the high table land of Eastern Asia, in Mongolia.

He said he had been away six months, and had gathered to-

gether the finest sables ever collected in one lot; that he had managed quite well until he and his coolies started across the Gobi in a depleted old automobile—a regular antique—but the only means of quick transportation, after they left their Tibetan ponies and camels in the largest town, one hundred miles from Nankow Pass.

He said they encountered frigid weather—fifty and sixty degrees below zero—and when the old wreck (as he called the car) broke down, they had had to walk miles to a near by village where they were taken in at a lamasery. He had frozen his face, ears, feet, and hands. During the short time there, the Lama priests had done the best they could for him and his three coolies, but he left when he was able, for he wanted to get to Peking as soon as possible, for hospital care. He told us he



had precious skins in these three bags, and that each of his three coolies in the baggage car—now almost paralyzed from the rigorous trip—had three more bags of these skins.

He opened one of the sacks and, if I live to be a hundred, there were the most gorgeous sable skins I ever expect to see! They were about eighteen inches in length, not measuring the tail, and such a beautiful deep brown, shading almost into the black—the fur smooth, glossy, and so dense that it could be pressed in any direction, and yet could scarcely be blown open. A few of the pelts had silver-tipped shoulder hairs, and all the skins felt like silk, and were softer than eider down.

We asked him what a skin like that would be worth in American money. He said, "Well, that would be hard to say. These sables are the imperial sables, so each bag should be valued at about one hundred thousand dollars." Whew! we thot, and he

is handling them like a ten-cent toy—nevertheless, he had them chained to his wrist.

He told us much about his trip over the great desert, and the hardships one has to endure to obtain these skins so dear to a woman's heart. He described the intense cold and severe snowstorms that had to be encountered, and also went on to say that the sables are such wary little creatures, and to trap them is most difficult, as they make their homes in dens or cavities in hollow trees.

We talked about many things, all the way to Peking; he seemed grateful for the chance to be with his own kind of people again, after the long weary months. When we arrived in Peking, he went to the Grand Hotel des Wagon Lits—the hotel in the Legation Quarter—and B.J. made him promise he would lose no time in going to the hospital, which he assured us he would do.

Before leaving Peking, we called the hotel and found he was still at the hospital. Upon inquiry as to his condition, we were informed that he was doing splendidly and expected to leave for Shanghai in about ten days, to sail for home.

I have often that about that young fellow on the train,



covered with gunny sacks and filth, and holding in his hands untold riches—and I have wondered if those women of wealth, while shopping for those priceless sables, would ever give the slightest that as to where those precious little animals came from, and the hardships the young man went thru to procure them for their selfish desires.

I doubt it—but of one thing I am sure, and that is: they would never know of the woman on the train who caressed those little skins and hoped they would be worn by lovely ladies—ladies who could wear the coat, wrap, or neck-piece, with an honest and happy heart—who would say, each time they looked at their possession, "You are so beautiful; I wonder where you came from, to give me so much pleasure!"





A Siamese Story

HERE is something about Bangkok, in the little remote country of Siam (Thailand), of southeastern Asia, that has a gripping and growing interest which leaves a permanent and most pleasant impression on my mind. Perhaps you, too, might like to know something about this city and its people.

It is difficult to set down in words precisely whence comes this elusive fascination of Bangkok, for its wealth of imposing temples, beautiful palaces, characteristic buildings and monuments, offer views which are most attractive. Besides these, the history of Siam; Bangkok's interesting people; its excellent motor roads lined with teak, ebony, rosewood, cedar, banyan, mangrove, and indigo trees, the overhanging branches of which intertwine and effectively screen one from the hot sun's rays; long, shady avenues which have an appearance almost cloistral; all leave an unforgettable impression on the visitor.

In addition, the charm and hospitality of those who live in Bangkok give one a feeling of having met old acquaintances.

One cannot help but note that behind and above the material attractions, there is in the air a sense of happiness that instantly and agreeably communicates itself to the visitor—and one can feel that in the very atmosphere of Bangkok, with its brisk, stirring, daily life, there is an impelling and pleasurable sense of more than mere contentment—a rare serenity and happiness everywhere.

Our first visit was in 1925, and tho we stayed but a month—about three weeks longer than the average tourist—we felt we had but scratched the surface of all that was there to see. So, when the opportunity of going again came, in 1930, it was like returning to visit an old friend.

This little country of Siam, which covers about two hundred thousand square miles, is an independent kingdom—an absolute monarchy. Little is known about its history prior to 600 A.D., altho the Thai people—as the Siamese people call themselves—figured conspicuously during the Khmer period in Cambodia. But the records which are given credence begin when the old capital Ayuthia was founded, about 1350 A.D.

Prior to this time, warfare waged between the early residents of Thailand and the Mon-Khmer tribesmen, the Chinese, the Burmese, the Indians, the Lawas, and the various other mixed races. But finally the Thai people assumed control of their country and established the capital at Ayuthia, and there then began an era of monumental building. For three hundred years, great brilliancy existed during the reign of the earlier kings of this remote country, who evidently endeavored to rival the glory of the Khmers at Angkor. Later, during a revolution, the Burmese destroyed Ayuthia, so the capital was moved to its present site, at Bangkok, the largest, most important, and most beautiful city in the country, located on both sides of the Menam River.

The great Menam stretches for hundreds of miles and has always been a most tortuous stream. In the olden days means to straighten its course were started, and therefore a large number of canals were dug, which served as short-cuts to facilitate shipping trade. These canals, called Klongs, are small tributaries of the Menam river. They all have special names and several of them run for hundreds of miles from Bangkok to other parts of the country. People live their entire lives on

the banks of these Klongs. They are used for waterways, just as in Venice. The postman goes along in his small boat; the children go to and from school, and look like little ducks paddling their small boats.

Life goes on, on the Klongs, just as it does in the streets; venders of all kinds, barges with charcoal, cocoanuts, rice, and timber, ferry boats, and all kinds of water craft—oil, steam, and motor driven—an entirely different world, but it is the real life of the Thai people. They swim, bathe, and fish in the waters of the Klongs.

This peculiarity, and the Siamese method of standing single oar sculling, which is similar to that used on gondolas, gives to Bangkok the name "Venice of the East."

The city, with a population of nearly 800,000, is made up of three parts—the town proper, the floating town, and the Royal Palace.

The town proper occupies an island seven or eight miles in circuit; the palace part of the city is surrounded by high walls; and the floating town consists of wooden houses, erected on bamboo rafts, moored to the banks of the river, in rows ten or more deep.

It was necessary (when we were there) to take a launch from the railway terminus across the river, in order to reach the hotels on the other side. And when one approaches the city at dusk, the colorful craft on the river; the gilded temples or Wats, with their pinnacled tops, half seen thru the haze; the rich gardens and palaces; the thatched roofs of the homes along the shore; and the lighted business houses, present a very picturesque panorama.

The temples—properly called Wats or Vats—over three hundred larger ones and innumerable smaller ones—are decorated in the most gorgeous style, as the Siamese take great pride in lavishing their wealth on them. Space will not permit me to describe all of the Wats, but I must mention two or three. All are distinctive—some more elaborate than others—but the Temple of the Emerald Buddha and the Porcelain Temple are exceptionally magnificent.

The Wats consist, generally, of several temple buildings together with a convent or cloister in which the yellow-robed monks spend their lives in quiet study and meditation. Buildings used for religious purposes are mainly of two kinds, namely, the Bôt or chapel in which laymen are ordained as monks, and the vihar or preaching hall. Also, a temple may contain one or several chedi (chetiya) or relic shrines; prangs, which comprise the modified Cambodian tower, a belfry, a library, and smaller buildings, such as those for sheltering images of the Buddha; and rest houses for the visitors or for the faithful who come to perform their devotions.

Wat Phra Keo, or the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, also called the Temple of the Precious Stone Buddha—so named because it contains the Beautiful Emerald Jewel of the Image of the Divine Teacher—the Buddha—is inside the King's court-yard of the Royal Palace. The main edifice, elaborately decorated with gold, has doors that are inlaid with pearl in most intricate and beautiful patterns, the door sills of bronze and brass. The roof, covered with glittering cobalt-blue tiles, has around its projecting eaves many small, sweet-toned bells, which consist of gold pieces shaped like the Bhodi or Bo tree leaves; their silvery tones may be heard to the farthest corners of the enclosure, as they swing to and fro with every gentle breeze.

The tall, spiral dome of the temple is covered with gold. Its galleries are built in the form of an irregular square, closed to the exterior but open into the courtyard. Its walls are painted with scenes from the Ramayana—an Indian epic—in exquisite colors.

In the center of the interior, known as the Holy of Holies—the shrine—there is an almost life-size emerald image of the Buddha, on a raised dias. There, in the background, in mysterious half-light, it sits enthroned under a golden canopy, high on the top of a gorgeous, decorated, gold altar, which rises tier after tier. At the base of this altar are arrayed gold and silver trees.

This carved image, in the process of time, has come to be considered the palladium of the dynasty and of the State of Siam; its history has been intimately linked with most of the principal people who go to make up the wide-spread Thai race. Tho it is reliably stated that the temple was built by King Rama I, in 1785, it remains today in almost exactly the same condition as it was then, due, largely, to the excellent attention given by the successive kings.

Some historians claim that the Emerald Buddha rested at one time in the Holy of Holies at Angkor Wat, during the Khmer reign, and that it was taken later by the Siamese to their country when they sacked the city of Angkor after fierce wars in the twelfth century.

The Porcelain Temple—the Wat Po, or Wat Phra Jetubon—is the loveliest of all the Wats. Also, it is the most extensive temple in Bangkok and presents a colorful picture with its glittering tiled roofs, enhanced by their carved and horned ornaments, their gold gables, and numerous slender spires set among the big, leafy trees pointing towards the sky.

This temple, whose base is one hundred feet square, stands in a courtyard, the yard itself being enclosed by a tall brick wall provided with sixteen gates—their entrances surmounted with curiously-shaped, tiered spires, encrusted with gaudy-colored bits of porcelain that resemble the pointed head-dress of the Siamese actors. On the inside, the gates—which can be closed with huge and heavy, red-painted doors of teakwood—are guarded by pairs of stone statues representing ancient warriors.

The most important building is the Bôt—a chapel—which is situated in the middle of the square-formed courtyard, and enclosed by double galleries that shelter 394 images of the Buddha. This building is easily recognizable, as it is surrounded by eight boundary stones, planted in the eight chief directions of the compass. These stones resemble the leaves of the Bo tree—Bodhi—the sacred fig tree under whose shade Gautama Buddha is said to have obtained his enlightenment.

The exterior of the Porcelain Temple is dazzling. Each of the three-tiered roofs of red and yellow tile is edged with gold, and encrusted with patterns of small spicules of glass and porcelain. When the sun strikes these fragments, they glitter and flash as the emitting lightning, when seen from far away. The beauty of this temple lies in its prismatic sparkle which is almost blinding, yet it is in the sunshine that it must be seen to fully appreciate its magnificence. It might be likened to a million clusters of opals placed in a huge pyramidal mass.

All of the temples, or Wats, should be mentioned, for each has distinctive features unlike the others, but I shall have to forego their description and mention some other interesting places in Bangkok. One of these—the Grand or Royal Palace—

is of unique interest and splendor. It covers an area of over one square mile, located near the river's edge, and is, in reality, a small city in itself.

It is enclosed within a battlemented wall, interrupted by bastions, several feet high. Gigantic doors of iron-studded teakwood give entry, and within may be seen superb buildings, palaces and temples set in smooth lawns and stone courts. These are adorned with dwarf trees, shrubs grown in the likeness of birds, and ancient statues of granite.

The Grand Palace, with its whitewashed, castellated walls, its tall gate buildings, its cluster of many-tiered, colored roofs, its flashing spire and golden phra chedi, presents a most picturesque and charming view. It is best seen from the river, in the early morning or at sunset, for then the rising or sinking rays of the sun transform the spires of the palaces and temples into flames of molten gold, while the inlaid gables flash and glitter as the they were encrusted with diamonds.

On one side of the Palace is a beautiful reception room—a small, carved and gilt palace in itself—which opens into a fine esplanade with green lawns and shady trees, leading to the river. Here His Majesty, the King, departs or arrives by water on his handsome Royal Yacht, often seen moored in front of this pavilion.

The Grand Palace may be divided into a northern, central, and southern portion. The northern part contains the Wat Phra Keo or Temple of the Emerald Buddha, the golden chedi, some adjacent buildings surrounded by galleries, and a group of Ministerial and Departmental buildings. The central part contains a row of palaces, and the southern part—to which the public is not admitted—contains the courtyard with the private gardens, and the dwelling pavilions of the king, the queen, and their royal household.

I have forgotten how many enclosures are in the Grand Palace. I speak of them as "enclosures", when actually they are separate buildings or palaces themselves, for they include special structures where receptions and state balls are held; a pavilion for holding audiences with visiting royalty and diplomatic representatives; palaces where special ceremonials take place; and a building for ordinary visitors.

In the inner courtyard is the Chakri Palace, three stories in

height—an imposing building constructed in the style of the Italian Renaissance except for its roofs which are purely Siamese. It is approached by a monumental marble staircase with flights of steps on either side, that lead to a throne room—a large room with a glass ceiling. At one end stands the old-fashioned throne, under the white, nine-tiered Royal Umbrella. From the center of the roof hangs a magnificent crystal chandelier with garlands of iridescent pendants hanging from all sides. Chakri means "powerful", and is the name given to the present Thai Dynasty. Their reign followed that of the great kings of Ayuthia and, indeed, the "House of Chakri" is a royal and noble race.

To the west of the Chakri Palace stands the Dusit Maha Prasad Palace—one of the gems of modern Siamese architecture—considered to be the finest building in the palace enclosure. It is used for ceremonial purposes, the coronation of some kings, and for the lying in state of the royal remains.

Among the other outstanding features to be found in Bangkok is the Throne Hall, also known as the Throne Palace, a spacious structure built of white marble brot from the famous quarries of Carrara in Italy. This is considered to be the finest example of Italian Renaissance east of Suez. In this Hall, grand state functions and all cabinet meetings are held, His Majesty's birthday is celebrated, and Ambassadors of foreign states are sometimes received in audience.

Besides these magnificent palaces, Bangkok has a splendid university, many beautiful residences, the Royal Theatre, several churches and convents, two hospitals, and two museums. One of these contains many photographs, drawings, valuable maps, books of the Sanskrit, and rare manuscripts—unrivaled in any country. The other museum has exhibits of all native arts, manufactures, and products.

Then there is the fine race-track, the Royal Turf, where we saw some splendid and exciting races, several lovely parks, and some very well-laid-out golf courses.

On our first trip to Bangkok, we stayed at the Royal Hotel, which at that time was considered one of the best; but in 1930, we were housed in the Phya Thai Palace, a magnificent hotel, from which the city can be viewed at every point. This hotel was formerly a Royal Palace, and a palace it still remains in all

essentials, as only slight alterations have been made to adapt it for its use as a hostelry.

Most of the rooms are de luxe suites with marble floors, enormous windows, high ceilings, and every comfort and necessity that one could desire. The hotel, set amid gardens full of beauty, is placed in a park-like part of the city that is open to breezes from all quarters, and yet far enough from its din and dust to give one comfort as long as one remains there.

The people of Siam are small in stature, bright, intelligent, lighthearted, open and frank, kind and hospitable, and unusually polite. Their complexion is lighter than that of the other Asiatics—a yellow-brown shade—tho there are many of the Thai people who are quite fair—almost a Nordic fairness.

Their hair is black and coarse in texture; the men, and most of the women, wear it cut very short—the ends stand upright in a blacking-brush fashion. However, the women of the royal household and the higher class wear their hair in European style, or like some of our own country—softly waved and rolled at the nape of the neck—and they adorn their heads with handsome jeweled ornaments or flowers.

The men and women work side by side in the business world, but among the lower class the woman is the aggressor, and so one often sees, in the floating town, the woman rowing the boat or at the wheel, and the man lazily lolling and smoking, enjoying the scenery. The women have been known for their valor and courage thru the ages. A certain instance related to me was this:

Once upon a time a Siamese walled city was besieged by the Cambodians, when the men of the city were out fighting elsewhere, and only women and children remained behind. Defense was out of the question, so in this emergency a wise woman arose and proposed to her sorely perplexed sisters that they should all cut their hair, short like that of the men, and appear upon the castle walls in men's apparel, bearing swords and bows and arrows. They hoped thus to frighten away the enemy. They succeeded. For while the Cambodians were hesitating to take the city by storm, the Siamese men came back, and the Cambodians, who found themselves between two fires, took to flight, suffering great slaughter.

Many of the older Siamese women and the peasant class

have acquired the habit of chewing the betel nut—a wide-spread habit, regarded by many of them as indispensable—which they say serves as a tonic and causes them to live to a ripe old age. The betel nut is a preparation made from the areca palm, mixed with lime, and sometimes, also, with tobacco and betel pepper. It is acrid, astringent, gives a blood-red color to the saliva, and blackens the gums and teeth—rather distasteful to the foreign eye.

Both men and women wear the panung, a garment about two and one-half feet wide and seven feet long. This is draped around the body, and forms a covering from the waist to just below the knees; then it is gathered up in front, so that two ends hang down. These ends, twisted together into a rope effect, are next passed backwards between the legs, drawn up, and tucked into the waist at the middle of the back.

This garment resembles a pair of knee breeches when seen from the front, but at the back, a little above the knee joint, the thigh is left bare. The material used for the panung is usually a colorful cotton cloth, except among the better class and nobility who use a lovely bright-colored silk of excellent quality, and worn in various combinations—the effect is altogether graceful.

There is a custom that is still retained by many, namely, that each day of the week calls for a different color of panung; for instance, Sunday, a pink; Monday, a somber gray; Tuesday, bright red; Wednesday, green; Thursday, variegated; Friday, a light blue; and Saturday, the Royal blue.

On the upper part of their body, the women have a wide band of bright-colored material tightly swathed around their breasts, their sloping shoulders and arms being free from any covering. On cool mornings and evenings, they sometimes wear an additional, light silk scarf or thin shawl—often fastened with a handsome brooch.

The common folks, and those in the country, go barefoot, and wear little or nothing except the panung.

Many of the ladies of the royal household, and the better class as well, have abandoned the panung and now wear American and European clothes, thin silk hose, and high-heeled shoes. As they have a gift for good taste in dressing, they are very pretty and attractive. A few of those of the middle class, nat-

urally, are following them in style, but they still use a pale yellow face powder, and wear flowers as garlands in the hair. Many of the men also have adopted European dress.

There are a few things which might not interest visitors in Bangkok, and probably might take away some pleasure from their stay there. But somehow we had encountered so many so-called objectionable things in our travels, we were not surprised to find chameleons in the rooms at night, chattering like monkeys; the innumerable white ants that are found on the floors; the lizard—the gecko—about a foot and a half long, with his quaint cry of "toco-toco"; the frogs hopping about under one's feet; the heaps of insects; and mosquitoes by the millions. We learned to take all these in our stride as a part of our trip.

When staying at the Royal Hotel on our first visit, we thot we could not endure the mosquitoes, for none of the buildings has screens. But there was some provision for the guests' comfort, as large and roomy mosquito nets were placed around the beds, and a sack-like skirt with a draw-string at the waist, was provided for the feet. Then, by spraying ourselves with oil of citronella, and by furious fanning, we were able to eat in comfort or sit out on the porch or the lawn in the evening. We gladly welcomed the chameleons and the "toco-toco", for that meant fewer mosquitoes in the rooms or about the buildings.

We were not molested as much, when staying at the Phya Thai Palace. I presume its open location was one reason. Then, too, the many servants kept the floors well sprayed toward evening, for it is then that the insects come out in all vengeance. Peculiarly, by morning and during the day, none can be seen.

I should say something, I suppose, about the snake farm in Bangkok—one of the few, as well as one of the finest experimental stations in the world. Enclosed in cages are all types of the deadliest of the reptile family, where daily tests of their venom are made on rats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and worn-out horses, to discover the proper antidote. Their results are valuable to science the world over. This work is done by trained men, and carried out in a most scientific manner. They enter the cages, extract the venom with the greatest of caution, and carry it to the laboratory where the tests are made.

To us, as foreign onlookers, to see the rats, rabbits, and

guinea pigs so ruthlessly used for bait was a little difficult, I assure you; but when we learned that old faithful horses, and often old and neglected dogs, were used, it caused something within us to rebel to such an extent that we expected to be told to leave the premises and never come back. Protesting got us nowhere, as there was no Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to appeal to, so we either had to take it or leave it—and on our second visit, we decided to leave it.

I want to say something about the beautiful classical Siamese dancing—for song, music, and drama are the most ancient and cherished institutions of the nation. The dance consists of graceful movements of the arms and hands, with fingers turned back to the uttermost, the body swaying and writhing, while advancing or retreating with gliding motions performed in the most graceful and languid manner—all of this done with the utmost command over their supple and lithe bodies.

These actors, from childhood, spend an immense amount of time in training the body to the difficult postures and undulations which the art demands.

Their make-up consists of a layer of white powder, strongly marked black eyebrows, and painted red lips. They wear gaudy clothes made of heavily embroidered silks, patterned after the royal princes or princesses, and tall, spiral-shaped crowns covered with synthetic gems. Their arms are adorned with heavy golden bracelets, and they have jingling anklets on their feet. Besides all this, there are rings with large and colorful stones on each finger and toe. Their plays are from the old epics and legends, some serious, some humorous, but all perfectly portrayed.

The Siamese are proud of their drama, poems, proverbs, rhymes, and legends, and keep them before the younger generation. I think this a most commendable trait. All their legends have a moral, and many of their proverbs have a subtle wisdom.

One night, on the Phya Thai Palace Hotel veranda, our group included Mr. LeMay, a celebrated scholar and author of many Siamese Tales. As most of the guests that evening had gone to attend a concert, the few of us who remained, hoped Mr. LeMay would tell us some of his stories.

Finally, I asked him if he would relate one of the old legends, and very graciously he consented, so I will end this story of Bangkok as we listened to an old story of Siam, handed down from generation to generation, surrounded by the soft, warm evening, the moonlight like silver, in a sky filled with stars, green as emeralds, and the gardens of the old palace—sending forth delightful scents from their fragrant blossoms, to us who were thousands of miles away from home.

Mr. LeMay, M.R.A.S., the author, was advisor to the Siamese Government in the Ministry of Commerce and Communications. His book, Siamese Tales Old and New, contains some unusual and interesting stories of Siamese life of the olden days.

The following tale is called "The Four Riddles":

"An old slave and a loving wife—put not your trust in these."

Old Siamese Proverb.

In the golden days of long ago, there was a youthful, handsome King who was inordinately fond of women, and spent almost all his hours in the company of his palace ladies. But this let it be said: It was not only their beauty of grace and form that held his senses in captivity and bound them with silken cords; these, indeed, he worshipped, as do all proper men. But he put all his trust in woman's good faith, and woe betide the evil tongue that so much as whispered one word against them in his presence!

Now it happened one day that, attended by a company of beautiful ladies, the King rode out to a forest not far distant from his capital, and while galloping along a path, saw by chance a man and his comely young wife cutting firewood in a copse adjoining the glade. It occurred to him that it would be entertaining to inquire into the joys and sorrows of their lives, so he stopped the cavalcade and, dismounting near a shady tree, gave orders for the couple to be brought before him. When they arrived and had prostrated themselves before him, the King asked the husband what his means of livelihood was, to which the peasant replied that, as the court saw, he and his wife gained their simple living by cutting and selling firewood.

"And do you earn a sufficient living by this means?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the husband.

"And are you able to save any money?"

"A certain amount, Your Majesty."

"And what do you do with the money you save?"

At this the husband thought awhile, and then gave the following answer: "Your Majesty, all the money I am able to save, after paying the expenses of our frugal household, I divide into four parts. The first part I bury in the ground; the second part I use to pay my creditors; the third part I fling into the river; and the fourth and last part I give to my enemy."

At this unexpected reply, the King looked keenly at the man, who crouched motionless before him, and guessed at once that he was speaking in riddles, and excellent ones at that; so he ordered him to tell him the

answers to the riddles, as he had a mind to use them. The husband agreed to do so, if the King would send his courtiers away, and when they had gone, he spoke as follows:

"The money I bury in the ground is the money I spend on alms and in making merit.

"The money I give to my creditors is what it costs me to keep my father and mother, to whom I owe everything I have.

"The money I fling into the river is the money I spend on gambling and drink and opium; and

"The money I give to my enemy is the money I give to my wife."

Having written the answers down, the King read them carefully through, and then spoke to the husband thus:

"The first three answers please my mind, and I agree with them, but the fourth I condemn utterly, for I will not hear a word spoken against a woman. You are wrong to speak, or even to think, such evil thoughts."

Then he summoned the woman as well, and in her presence he spoke to the husband again:

"These four riddles must be kept secret—on no account tell the answers. If you breathe them to a living soul, I will have you arrested and shut up in prison for the rest of your life."

With these words, the King left his seat beneath the tree and, gathering up the cavalcade, rode back to the capital, pondering on the strange riddles which had been given him by the woodcutter. Reaching the palace, he caused them to be inscribed on parchment scrolls, and issued a proclamation broadcast that whoever should guess the correct answers to all four riddles would be rewarded with a nugget of gold as large as a melon. For he wished to test the intelligence and minds of his people.

The months went by, and still no one could guess the answers to the riddles, until at length one day the royal messengers happened to pass in front of the woodman's house, and called out the King's proclamation. As soon as the wife heard it, she recognized at once that the riddles asked were those propounded by her husband. She knew, too, that her husband had given the answers to the King, and she thought within her heart:

"To-night I will ask my husband for the answers, and if he will give them to me, to-morrow I will go straight to the King and claim the reward of gold. If I can only get a nugget of gold as large as a melon, no longer need I share the hardships of wood-cutting with this miserable husband of mine. No. I'll hide the nugget in the ground and say nothing to him; and if the King inquires afterwards how I came to know the answers to the riddles, I shall speak the truth at once and say my husband told me. Then the King will certainly have my husband arrested and put in prison for the rest of his life; but I shall be wealthy and able to find a new husband, much nicer than the poor creature I live with now."

With these thoughts in her mind, when her husband came home from work that evening, she told him what had happened, and begged him to tell her the answers, in order that she might claim the reward of gold. But he, fearing the royal wrath, would not tell her, and reminded her of the King's command. So she kept silent; but as soon as bedtime came, she

pretended to cry and to sob bitterly; and when her husband asked her the cause, she refused to answer. Then the wood cutter's heart began to melt, for his wife was young and beautiful, and they had not long been married. So he took her in his arms and, embracing her, said, "What is the matter, sweetheart? Are you angry with me, or is there anything in the world you want me to do? However difficu't it may be, I will try my utmost to do what you wish, only tell me what is troubling your mind."

This was her opportunity and, looking up at him, she said through her tears:

"All my love and gratitude is yours, my darling. Ever since we have been married I have worked with you and played with you, and shared your joys and sorrows, your troubles and hardships. You know that I regard myself as your child, and only look to our life together until the day we die. But it hurts me sorely that you cannot see into my heart and will not trust me. You will not even tell me the answers to your stupid riddles, as if we were not man and wife and true lovers. What sort of man can it be who will think such evil of his wife?"

Hearing his wife appeal to him to put his whole trust in her, the husband's heart became as velvet and he believed her words, for he loved her dearly, and she fondled him as only a wife can. So he told her the answers that night, and they slept in each other's arms.

But when the morning came, and the woodman had taken a loving fare-well to his wife and gone to his work, then off she sped to the capital and, entering the palace gate, told the officer on guard that she had come to answer the King's riddles. She was duly led into the King's presence and, as each riddle was put to her, she gave the correct answer just as her husband had told it. Then the King acclaimed her as the winner of the prize, and ordered that the nugget of gold should be given to her. But, as she was about to leave the palace, the King was fired by a sudden suspicion, and he ordered the woman to be brought again before him.

"Who are you? Have I not seen you somewhere before?" asked the King.

"Yes, Your Majesty, I am the woodcutter's wife," answered the woman.

"And how did you discover the answers to the riddles?"

"My husband told me them, Your Majesty," replied the wife.

At this the King frowned in anger, but he had given his royal word, so he dismissed the woman with her prize. Then he at once ordered guards to be sent out to arrest the husband and bring him to the palace. As the woodcutter lay bound before the King with guards on either side of him, the King questioned him, saying: "We warned you clearly of the punishment awaiting you if you gave to anyone the answers to the riddles. You knew you would be put to prison for life. Why did you tell them to your wife in defiance of the royal order, and thus bring down Our wrath upon you?"

The woodcutter at once acknowledged his fault and his disobedience to the King's command, but pleaded that he had done it because he loved his wife, and laid before the King all that had happened from the time when the royal messengers had read the proclamation by trumpet, and his wife had heard it outside their home. But the King was wroth and would not listen, and ordered the guards to take the woodcutter and cast him into prison, for he had disobeyed the royal command. As the guards stepped forward to seize him, the woodcutter gazed firmly at the King, and spoke as follows:

"Your Majesty, as I have said, the reason why I told my wife the answers to the riddles was because I loved her and trusted her. I believed that she would keep the secret even as I. But my wife has not acted faithfully towards me. She has betrayed me, and has thus borne out the the answer to the fourth riddle with which Your Majesty would not agree. You will remember, "The money I give to my enemy is the money I give to my wife." What view does Your Majesty hold of it now?"

At the woodcutter's words, the King's mind went back at once to the riddles, and he saw that all the answers were true, even as the man had said. So he was graciously pleased to pardon the woodcutter, and in place of punishment loaded him with fortune and honour in accordance with his due.

Note by Phya Manunet Banhan:—This is a notable example of the dangers which a husband runs if he tells his secrets to his wife. As the ancient saying goes, "A male elephant, a cobra, an old slave, and a loving wife—put not your trust in these."







Two Wayside Pictures

HILE touring Palestine during Easter week, we stopped late one afternoon at Tiberias (Tubariya) on the Sea of Galilee. We had thot that we might go on to Nazareth or Canaan for the night, but after learning about their hotels, we decided to stay at Tiberias. I have always been glad of this decision, for I witnessed, there, something I shall probably never see again.

Tiberias, an old Roman city, stands upon the western shore of the Sea of Galilee, and at the time of Christ, it was the capital city of all Galilee. The country surrounding was famed for its beauty, its fertile and rich pastures, and its luxuriant forests. It attained its height of prosperity during the reign of Herod the Great, credited with bringing in the mixed and foreign races, who brot with them the arts of Greece, and the idolatry of Rome. At the same time, the adventurers from Asia brot poverty and vice.

Today one sees the reflection of all this in the remains of phallic symbols, broken columns, hewn stones, sculptured slabs of marble, mounds of rubbish from the theater, the forum, palaces, and many Roman gods and busts of the deified emperors—all in imitation of those foreign nations.

After the Jews were dispelled from Jerusalem, they made

their headquarters at Tiberias, where the Sanhedrim and the School of the Talmud had been transferred. At present the town is in a dilapidated condition, and a large portion of its people are Jews who esteem Tiberias, Safed, Jerusalem, and Hebron as their holy cities.

The hotel where we stopped is said to occupy the site of St. Peter's house near the scene of the miraculous draught of fishes.

Early in the evening, I went for a stroll, and as the town is made up of several villages enclosed in walls, I entered one of these villages. I noticed that all the homes and shops, exterior as well as interior, were covered with a peculiar blue whitewash paint. Its narrow streets were crowded with people, donkeys, goats, and dogs.

But as I looked into the open doors along the way I noted that everything seemed to be deserted except a table or two, some chairs, and a cupboard full of dishes which looked like crude pottery—the whole interior having that same, peculiar, bluish coat. As the people live on their housetops, evidently everything personal or of immediate use had been removed from the quarters below.

I could scarcely pass thru the streets, for people were hurrying along with two-wheel carts, carrying piles of large loaves of bread—I learned later that this was unleavened bread—for that night was the beginning of the Jewish feast of the Passover; hence all the commotion. Also I was told that the custom, for centuries, has been that everything must be cleansed and painted, and a special kind of pottery used for that occasion.

Such a picturesque scene! The women carried huge water jars on their heads, and both men and women wore flowing garments that resembled those described in the Old Testament, and they all had bright blue bead necklaces. The little boys wore girls' clothing and conspicuous female ornaments, which are designed to attract the attention and thus avert the evil eye from their person. And the girls, whose clothes were like those of their mothers, appeared like little old-fashioned women.

Old and young—especially the children—wear amulets. This charm consists of a blue button that resembles an eye—an eye of a sheep with a turquoise setting may be used—and is most often placed at the center of the forehead and fastened with a

tight string that encircles the head; but sometimes this talisman is placed on the breasts, or it may be worn around the neck. The "eye" is worn as a means to ward off the attention of the evil lookers—those who are thot to have the power to cast a curse on children—and thus the blue object serves to distract the attention from the eyes of the child. Donkeys and horses also wear beads and necklaces. A camel's wool string—another superstition—is supposed to be efficacious in a minor degree.

It was rather difficult at times to make my way thru some of the narrow lanes. One time, at a turn of a sharp corner, I ran across a man leading a goat; a boy following him stopped to drain the blood from another bleeding animal whose head had been severed.

No one, apparently, paid any attention to me as I strolled along, so I took my time, wondering what it was all about. At last I decided that it was probably the usual daily routine of that village, so I went back to the hotel, feeling that I had been a part of a page in history—of two thousand or more years ago—everything was so quaint and old, and the scene was like many I had seen in my picture Bible when I was a child.

At the hotel, Mr. Jamel, our guide, told me what a special event it was, and that I had been most fortunate. It was a wonder, he explained, that I had not been asked to leave—for the natives resent strangers inside their gates when once their feast begins.

That same night, probably towards morning, I was awakened by the tramp, tramp of feet going by. As our rooms faced the Sea of Galilee, I looked out of my window and saw tanks rolling along, and troops of men—hundreds—stolidly marching by the hotel near the shores of the Sea. It was a weird sight, for the moon shone brightly and the soldiers, marching silently along, were silhouetted against the moonlit sky, as in a shadow play! I watched intensely until I could no longer hear the roll of the tanks and the tramping of feet—then I went to bed.

The next morning, I was sure that I must have had a dream of that scene, but when I told B.J. and Dave and Mr. Jamel about it, Mr. Jamel said that the troops did travel by night, from one place to the other, and that there had been many outbreaks between the Arabs and the Mohammedans, so the British

troops were being sent as protection against a probable uprising among them.

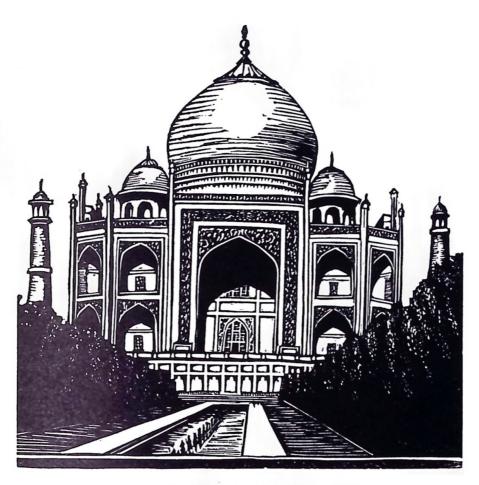
The Sea of Galilee, like Jerusalem, associated with some of the most memorable acts of the Christ, is enshrined in the heart of every follower of the Lord Jesus. On the shores of this body of water, He called Peter, Andrew, James, John and Matthew, to be His disciples. And it was on this sea that Jesus lay asleep in the boat while the waters were lashed by the tempest's fury, and when His disciples awoke Him, He bade the winds and waves be still!

It was on these waters that Jesus stood and taught the multitudes on the land. It was on the beautiful hills that surround the sea that Jesus healed the maimed and comforted the suffering. It was on these shores that He miraculously multiplied the loaves and fishes and fed the famishing multitude.

But to mention all the history connected with the life of Jesus Christ and His disciples about the Sea of Galilee, would be to repeat a large portion of the gospels. Such a place so hallowed in the life of this great Teacher cannot fail to awaken deep emotions of interest in the mind of one who visits there.

How I wish I were talented enough to draw a picture of that silent group of hundreds of soldiers, tramping by in the stillness of the night, in a Biblical town where the Christ and His apostles often preached, and where the same old Sea of Galilee, with its waters, is still rolling quietly along—after almost two thousand years.





A Gem of India

T was in the golden silence of the very early morning that the people crowded to the maidan (market place), for the heat would prevent their gathering later in the day. So still it was that not a frond of the palm trees stirred, not even a mango leaf lifted on the air, and the dew lay bright as silver on the grass and flowers; even the throaty voice of the shama thrush seemed to fill the air with subdued notes. Everything was filled with quiet except the thousands of shuffling bare feet thru the dust, and the tinkle of the palanquin bearing hidden beauties and their companions to the place of meeting.

As steadily as the running of the river, the people poured in

from the countryside—happy folk, dressed in their best. Towers near by were crowded with men and women, clustering like bees; the mounds by the trees, the windows, and the terraces were thronged with eager people.

Flowers were strewn ankle deep—all the length of the great avenue—the marigold, iris, jasmine, lotus, and rosebuds were scented with oils to increase their fragrance, as if the spirits of the air had rained them lavishly upon the glad earth, and their beauty shed such sweetness on the dew that even those of the lowly caste inhaled their perfume.

All eyes looked forward, for Shah Jehan, the son of the great Mogul Emperor, would soon pass by. Every woman's heart was aflutter, "For did he not on one occasion take the Brahman's daughter for his household—surely there is one among us to-day he may select."

Shouting, at the far end, warned those for miles beyond that their great ruler and King-to-be would soon be near. At the head of the procession were two proud snow-white horses, whose riders carried golden trumpets that announced the coming of the Prince Regent—Shah Jehan.

Soon he came into view, riding a horse so black—raven black—that in the night it could scarcely have been seen—so sleek and so proud in carriage, with its gorgeous trappings, that for the moment all eyes were on the charger.

The great ruler was tall and slender, his limbs were well formed, his whole figure in just proportion, and his tense and eager body portrayed alertness. He wore a handsome, stiff, brocaded coat, his breast was covered with pearl necklaces, and a many-colored turban, topped by a gigantic diamond clasp which held several white plumes, was on his noble head.

His tawny complexion, suffused with red, like the bright tint of the rose, added much to grace his countenance. His eyes were black and handsome, his nose well-shaped and prominent, and his beard, clipped short, was as black as his charger. He rode with such ease and regal carriage that all held their breath, as he graciously accepted their greetings—garlands of flowers thrown at the feet of his horse as he rode by.

Gorgeous was the retinue that followed: the attendants with blazing trumpets that almost rent the early quiet morning; the elephants—their bodies painted in vivid reds, canary yellows,

and cobalt blues, their trunks coated with gold—supported red velvet and gold-adorned howdahs, canopied in lace and gold, that carried royal personages.

The chariots, inlaid with ivory, spread with silks, flowered with gold, and fronted with glittering jewels, were drawn by four equal-pacing white stallions, whose arched necks, harnessed with splendor, exhibited their pride that was subject only to the pride of their masters. The charioteers were noble, princely young men—straight and tall. As they approached, the throng—with a whisper of awe and delight—swayed toward them.

It took hours for the royal parade to pass in review, and none would leave their posts until the last had faded out of sight. But suddenly the great pageant stopped. Eager eyes and gasps of an impending danger filled the throng as they looked far down the cortège, to find the reason.

Hours before this, a Persian maiden—poor, but of noble birth—was peeping shyly from behind a palanquin which held some royal personages. She was slight in build, her eyes deep blue, her skin of milk and rose, her hair a mass of golden strands, her clothes of cheap cotton print, her feet bare, and her little body aquiver. She, too, pressed forward in the throng to witness the great Shah Jehan pass by.

Unthinkingly, rapt before such regal splendor, she stepped forward toward the avenue and gazed up into his noble face, and stood enthralled—as if looking at an image of gold. Her heart left her bosom and seemed to fly into his, settling like a bird nestling with feet and wings, for there was none like him—none.

Those near by noticed his calm, regal poise, until his eyes saw hers; then he halted the procession at once. She fell, sobbing and weeping, at his charger's feet. Bewildered, he dismounted and gazed upon her—their eyes met and they were one.

For the first time in his life, he knew, in the solitude of his heart, the drawing near of another. For the first time, he recognized soft spring airs, the singing of birds, the pearling of young buds, the delicate tremble and thrill of life in green silences—and all the good things of the world. It troubled him, nevertheless, because he knew not what it meant; for with the calmness of pleasure, came a deep pain.

He lifted the kneeling figure, put his arms about her, then gently drew her head to his breast—thus they remained in silence. His touch was better than speech, and quiet healing as the moonlight; his calm folded her in the very wing of peace.

At last he spoke: "Who art thou, lovely Maiden of the Dawn? Thou art above me, lovely woman, for who could cloud my eyes with such serenity? Thou hast pierced my breast with snow-white thots. Thou come with me."

In great obeisance, she replied in a whisper, "I am Arjumand. My father is a Persian who came from Teheran to seek his fortune in India."

Thus was the meeting of Shah Jehan, soon to be the mighty emperor, the grandson of Akbar the Great, the descendant of the Mogul Tamerlane, the fourteenth century conqueror of all of Western Asia—and the little Persian maiden, Arjumand, the daughter of a merchant from Teheran.

All this took place near Delhi, India, in the early part of the sixteenth century.

The wedding that followed had never been rivaled, and such pomp and splendor had never been known, as when Arjumand Bano Begum became his Empress. Cold, haughty, silent, flattered, envied, but loved by none, was Shah Jehan before she blessed his arms. But the gift this lady brot with her was love, and this, shining like the sun upon ice, melted his coldness and he became, indeed, the kingly centre of a kingly court. Tho he bestowed many titles upon her, the choicest was Mumtaz-i-Mahal, which embodies "The Exalted of the Palace", "The Elect of the Palace", and "The Light of the World."

It might be well here—to clarify my story—to sketch briefly the character of the Mogul kings who wrote such a large page into the history of India.

Tamerlane, the direct descendant of Genghis Khan, was the cruel and barbarous conqueror of Western Asia. His grandson, Akbar the Great, succeeded Tamerlane to the throne of India in 1556.

Akbar was the greatest figure that ever controlled the destiny of India, and later he became one of the outstanding characters in the world's history of the sixteenth century. He lived and ruled during the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England. The first master builder of India, he projected a series of palaces,

forts, and whole cities which showed a marvelous mind and indomitable will.

He was a leader of vast armies, and later conquered great amounts of land. He increased his empire by many conquests, as became a distinguished soldier and statesman. He organized courts of judgments, proclaimed religious tolerance, and established an equitable system of taxes and land revenues. He gathered religious leaders and scholars from the whole world, that he might obtain their many-sided views—representatives of Jesuits, Brahmans, Catholics, Yogis, Buddhists, Parsees and Christians from Portugal—all came, bringing their respective religions.

Akbar, himself, took no position as to any one religion. Born a Moslem, he later in life instituted a new faith—a pure Deism—so comprehensive that it included all beliefs. He cultivated music, art, and encouraged the sumptuous display of dress. To the poor, he gave liberally, and dissolved the caste system. He was catholic in his choice of wives—he married a Turkish, a Mohammedan, a Hindu, and a Portuguese Christian.

The Turkish wife, named Mariam—the Golden One—was his favorite, and he erected a palace at Fatehpur Sikri for her; also he built another palace, rich in gold and frescoes, for his Hindu wife; and likewise, for the others, he built structures, rich in ornamentation of elaborate designs and geometric figures.

His son Jahangir, who succeeded him, was a vain, self-styled Conqueror of the Earth, who died in early life after a career of licentious and drunken living. Jahangir's son, Shah Jehan then succeeded him to the throne. Having been under the tutelage of his grandfather, Akbar, thruout the greater part of his life, Shah Jehan inherited few traits from his father, so he was well prepared when he ascended the throne, after his father's death, to carry on the things instituted by Akbar. Thus he began his reign by continuing the building of such exquisite structures as the Pearl Mosque, the Delhi Palace, and later the greatest architectural work in history—the Taj Mahal—a memorial to his beloved wife, Mumtaz-i-Mahal. So he, too, became known as a master builder, even rivaling some of those constructed by his famous grandfather, and his name looms up prominently as a great Mogul ruler of India.

The death of Akbar the Great which occurred shortly after

he ascended the throne was a great loss to the grandson, Shah Jehan. But not until Mumtaz-i-Mahal came into his life, did he really accomplish the marvelous structures that are credited to him in Delhi and Agra. She is known to have been his persuasive adviser, to have shared his undertakings, and to have been his constant companion.

Mumtaz-i-Mahal bore him fourteen children, but only six of them survived infancy. When only thirty-nine years old she died, giving birth to her fourteenth child, while in a camp at Burhanpur, where she had accompanied her husband with his army, waging warfare against the enemy.

It was the dawn of a sorrowful day when the great Emperor was summoned to the bedside of his beloved lady. The Hakims (physicians) reasoned with one another, the wise women surrounded her, all remedies were tried, but still little life showed in her veins. Shah Jehan was beside her in anguish of spirit, and seemingly suffered even more than she. The sweat ran off his brows; his eyes, sunk in their cavities, showed as those of a maddened man; he crouched on his cushions, pleading that her life be spared; but there was only silence from the voice he longed to hear—for she would not moan, lest the sound wound her Emperor.

As the evening drew near, a child was born, and the great lady—done with pain—began to sink slowly into that profound sleep that is the shadow cast by the Last. Shah Jehan rose to his feet unsteadily, supported by his faithful Kazim Sharif, and as one who was wounded to death, stumbled to his beloved's side. As he came beside her, a faint color rose in the cheek of the Lady Arjumand, but she did not raise her heavy lashes or move her hand. All left the room. He knelt beside her, his head fell forward upon her breast, and there in the shadow of God and the hush of the early evening, husband and wife were alone.

Minutes drifted by—falling one by one into eternity

At last she slowly opened her eyes and, as from the depths of a dream, in a faint whisper and in a voice as soft as the fall of a rose leaf, she said one word—"Beloved." But still he was like a dead man, and again she whispered the word "Beloved," and after a pause she said, more tenderly, "King of the Age, this is the end, but remember that tho all things pass, and I go, in

your heart I shall always abide, nothing can sever us. Take comfort."

And he answered from his agonized heart, "When shall I be united with thee? How long must be our separation?"

Said she, "Beloved, what is time? We sleep and the night is gone. Now put your arms about me, for I sink into rest. What words are needed between us? Love is enough."

And the Lady Arjumand turned into his arms like a child—and the night deepened.

Dawn began to break—morning with its pure breath, its sunshine of joy—morning divine—but in the innermost chamber of the tent was silence, where lay the beloved lady and, beside her, on the ground, a broken man—the great Emperor.

Shah Jehan's sorrow was overwhelming. For weeks he lay before the door of death, and had it been opened, he would have been blessed. Within a year, his hair and beard turned white, altho at the time he was but a middle-aged man.

Upon her death at Burhanpur, those who gathered about Shah Jehan to assuage his grief, were distracted when they learned he would not part with his loved one—his one desire was to join her immediately. He would not consent to her burial while he was alive. The sleepless nights and his tearful and heart-torn days were anxious times for those who were with him.

In time, he agreed to bury her, temporarily, in the lovely gardens of Raja Man Singh at Agra, where later a dome was erected. At once he began plans to build, in the gardens, a great tomb for her—the greatest mausoleum in history—the Taj Mahal—in which to inter the remains of his beloved lady. He intended this to stand until eternity, as a symbol of spiritual love to all womanhood.

So the months went by, very slowly his strength returned, but his eyes were cavernous and the bones in his cheeks protruded. But he resumed his throne and sat upon it kingly, white-bearded, eagle-eyed—terribly apart in his grief and his royalty.

The Taj Mahal is one of the greatest, as well as most beautiful, tributes to love that the world has ever known. The woman to whose memory the Taj was built, and the love displayed by the grief-stricken husband, that led to the building of this fairy-

like but substantial palace, may be studied to advantage by all people of the world—regardless of sect or creed.

Unquestionably the Taj Mahal is the most perfect creation that ever was conceived in the mind of man—and actually realized in visual form. It is overwhelming. It not only represents sentiment, but it is a dazzling effect of a sudden vision—the visualizing of all that is beautiful and holy and lovable. It seems too perfect to be real; it is as if some magical power had let a mirage down from Heaven, which would vanish as one nears it. It fills one with awe and exhaltation of spirit. Every step to its approach, inside the garden, shows the reflected glory of the Taj, in the placid waters of the pools below.

One enters the Taj, by the Taj Ganj Gate, which opens into a stately outer courtyard, 880 feet long and 440 feet wide. This superb gateway, made of red sandstone and inlaid with ornaments and inscriptions from the Koran in white marble, is surrounded by twenty-six white marble cupolas. A marble water-course reflects the beauties of the tomb, and this with rich vegetation, lavish in foliage and brilliant flowers, and the tall cypress trees which border the pools on either side, tend to idealize the noble setting of the Taj.

The size of the tomb is lost in its accurate proportion. Its restful purity of outline, and its transcendent grace and symmetry—all quite baffle description.

The beauty of the Taj changes each moment of the day. It is glorious at sunrise, magnificent at high noon, beautiful at sunset—and exquisite like a jewel in the moonlight. Every change of light seems to lend new grace to its enchantment.

The tomb is an octagonal edifice, 70 feet high, whose sides measure 130 feet. It is surmounted by a dome which gives it an additional height of 120 feet, making it altogether 190 feet; and at the four corners of the platform, centered by the mausoleum, are minarets 137 feet high. It is stated authentically that it took twenty-two years to complete the Taj, during which time 20,000 men worked continuously.

It is built of white marble—words fail to express the whiteness of this cathedral-like monument—spotless in purity, brot from Jaipur, 150 miles away, in carts and on the backs of elephants. The enclosing walls of red sandstone came from Delhi; the jasper from the Punjab; the crystal and jade from China; the sapphires and lapis-lazuli from Ceylon; the coral and carnelian from Arabia; the rubies from Burma; the onyx, amethyst and turquoise from Persia; the diamonds from the mountains in the northwest provinces of India; and the silver and gold from the world at large. Tho the cost has been variously estimated, no doubt it must have been well over several million dollars.

Nothing seems to be lacking; its simplicity, its flawlessness, its excellent workmanship and noble proportions give it a design that is perfect. The entrance to the tomb proper is a grand archway, 66 feet high. Around this entrance there is a border of verses from the Koran, in Arabic letters, made of black marble inlaid in white marble. Instead of windows, there are fret-like marble panels which furnish subdued light and refreshing ventilation. These wonderful lace-like screens, with their thousands of odd but symmetrical openings of wreaths and scrolls, separated only by their delicate divisions of fragile marble, form the most beautiful style of ornament ever adopted in architecture.

Equally wonderful and beautiful is the delicate and intricate work on the outer and inner walls. The floral designs in marble carving, and the inlaid arabesque mosaic work of precious and semi-precious stones, rank it a marvel in architecture.

Marble and gems have been worked into plant-life and bouquets, with uncommon nicety. Buds—some closed, others opening; flowers in full bloom or partly blown; and leaves bent with the breeze and casting a shadow, are all wrought almost to reality. They fill us with admiration of the masters of the art that lived in by-gone days. "A poem in marble," it has been called. This system of inlaying marble with precious stones is an exquisite example of the style that Shah Jehan instituted.

After the tomb for his lovely Empress was completed, Shah Jehan's intention was to construct a mausoleum for himself on the other side of the Jumna River, just opposite the Taj, and make it a replica—save that he planned to build his mausoleum of black marble; then the two mausoleums were to be joined by spanning the river with a magnificent marble bridge. The foundations were laid, and some materials had been gathered, but during a severe illness, Aurangzeb, his son—thirty years after the death of the Lady of the Taj—secured control of the army, made his father a prisoner, and assumed the throne, thus in-

terrupting the plans of his father for the separate mausoleum.

For nine years Shah Jehan was confined in the Jasmine tower in the Fort on the opposite side of the river from that palatial structure, but during that time he was solaced by his faithful daughter, Jahanara—the image of her mother. Cruel as his son may have been, he did allow his father to rest in the tower facing the Taj, where his eyes turned always toward the love of his life—Mumtaz-i-Mahal—across the river.

Shah Jehan died at the age of seventy-five, and his last wish was to turn his body that he might look once more upon the spot where his beloved was lying. After his death, rather than complete the mausoleum for his father—being unable to cope with his father's genius—the son, Aurangzeb, decided that it was fitting that the two who had loved in life should be joined in death—these two great figures of an historic love.

The two sepulchres inside the tomb are placed exactly in the center of the marble platform, and over these hangs a fine, silver Cairene lamp, which burns night and day—this a gift of Lord Curzon. Its inscription reads: "Arjumand Bano Begum, Mumtaz-i-Mahal, The Exalted of the Palace, and Shah Jehan Badshah Taba Sarrahu, the illustrious of his Most Exalted Majesty—May They Rest in Peace."

There are no words to describe the beauty of the central chamber as seen in the soft glow of the subdued light that reaches thru the distant and half-closed openings that surround it. A melodious echo in the rotunda—most unusual—gives a tone of silvery echoes, as of an invisible celestial choir, as if voices were calling out of the past—the echo fading into a whisper.

The two cenotaphs in the rotunda, made of white marble inlaid with inimitable mosaic designs of flowers fashioned together in a single rose, contain the bodies of the Great Emperor and ruler, Shah Jehan, and his Empress—his beloved Lady—Mumtaz-i-Mahal, lying peacefully together; and let us hope they may never be molested until eternity—when the world will be dissolved and time no more exists.

We saw the Taj many times, at various points of view: from the gateway, from under the shade of the mangrove trees in the gardens, from the Jasmine Tower in the distance—where Shah Jehan, before his death, could view it at all times—from the top of the minarets, and from the lofty platform overlooking the Jumna River; and each time when we closed our eyes and then opened them again, it seemed like a heavenly vision—something divine dropped from above by the celestial spirits.

At sunrise, this lovely structure seems like an opal on a plate of silver; the rose pinks that pervade the coloring of the white marble with the sun's rays playing upon it, leave an impression of a fragile piece of finest veiling spread over the entire edifice—sprinkled with dewy drops as diamonds might be strewn in a shower at dawn.

At noon, in the blazing hot sun, the Taj appears as a dazzling, pure white, snow-capped mountain top, as if a great cloak of ermine might be spread over its dome and minarets.

At sunset, the violets, bronzes, and roseate hues comprise a coloring that only the afterglow of such can portray.

But in the moonlight the Taj becomes so ethereal that it seems like a phantom. The moon seems to be dashing a luminous spray over the cupola and the walls, as if it were placing a pearly kiss on the tomb of these two who rest there. You reach for the Taj, and it seems to leave you—longing to catch it again. It is lovely—a loveliness that is queenly feminine.

We left the Taj about midnight. As we walked beside the pools in the garden and wended our way to the entrance, we looked back. The beautiful mausoleum was slipping from our sight—the minarets seemed to be slowly receding, becoming enclosed in a mist. We stepped outside the garden gate and stood there for some time—no one uttered a word—we hoped once more to get a vision of this gorgeous, incomparable edifice.

The last time we saw it, was as a beautiful, iridescent globule suspended in the air; a huge pearl whose colors unfolded as those of the rainbow, enclosed in a snowy white cloud as if heaven had dropped a mantle over it to protect it from even a breath of earthly air—thus closing from our view the most exquisite specimen of human architecture and the most glorious romance of wedded love, between the little Persian maiden, Arjumand Bano Begum, and the Great Shah Jehan, Emperor of all India.

"Resurgam"

Realization that many of the people and scenes described in these pages have since been subjected to the devastation of ruthless warfare, creates a feeling of sadness and regret, but I believe the spirit of these people and their countries will survive and endure. I would be faithless to them if I that their beauty and charm would remain a thing of the past. Time, only, will tell.

My belief that restoration, in large measure, will occur, has impelled me to publish these stories, because there will be those who, in the future, with some picture of the past, will marvel that these areas have survived.

My hope is that those who do travel these same paths will not only relive the scenes, but will also recapture the inspiration and enjoyment we experienced.

Bibliography.

NAME	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER
Americana, The		Scientific American Compiling Dept., New York.
Angkor-Madrolle Series		Libraire Hachnette, Paris.
Angkor the Magnificent	Helen Churchill Candee	Frederick A. Stokes Co., NewYork.
Around the World	THOMAS REES	State Register Company, Springfield, Illinois.
Autobiography, An	Annie Besant	The Theosophical Press. Wheaton, Illinois.
Baedeker's—Egypt		Karl Baedeker, Leipzig, Germany.
Baedeker's—Palestine and Syria	KARL BAEDEKER	Karl Baedeker, Leipzig, Germany.
Bhagavid—Gita	Annie Besant	The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.
Chinese Art	S. W. BUSHNELL	Victoria and Albert Museum, London.
Cultural Heritage of India, The (3 Vol.)	RAMAKRISHNA CENTURY COMMITTEE	r Belur Math, Calcutta, India.
Egypt and the Holy Land	THOMAS REES	State Register Company, Springfield, Illinois.
Four Faces of Siva	ROBERT CASEY	Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.
Four Great Religions	Annie Besant	The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.
Glory of the Pharaohs. The	Arthur Weigall	Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., London.
Great Pyramid of Jeezeh	Louis P. McCarty	Louis P. McCarty, San Francisco, Calif.
Guide to Antiquities of Upper Egypt	Arthur Weigall	MacMillan Company, New York.
Handbook for China— Carl Crow	CARL CROW	Carl Crow, Shanghai, China.
Hawaiki	S. Percy Smith	Whitcomb and Tombs, Ltd., Wellington, New Zealand.
India-What Can It Teach Us	F. MAX MULLER, First Edition, 1882	Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Bibliography

AUTHOR

NAME

Van Stockum's Dutch East

PUBLISHER

Indiscreet Letters from Peking	B. L. PUTMAN WEALE	Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.
Keramic Art of Japan	George A. Andsley and James L. Bowes	d
Last Paradise, The	HICKMAN POWELL	Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York.
Leaves From a Grass House	Don Blanding	. Patten Company Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii.
Lorenz Guide—The Round the World Traveler	D. E. LORENZ, Ph.D	Fleming H. Revell and Co., London-Edinburgh.
Murray's Handbook—Egypt and the Sudan	Ed. by H. R. Hall, M.A	Edward Stanford, London.
Murray's Handbook—India, Burma, and Ceylon		John Murray, London.
National Encyclopedia		P. F. Collier & Son., New York
National Geographic Magazine —Hawaii—Egypt		National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.
Novelist Tour of the World. A	VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ	E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Polynesian Mythology	Sir George Grey	Whitcomb and Tombs, Ltd., Auckland, New Zealand.
'Round The World With B.J.		R. R. Donnelly and Sons, Chicago, Illinois.
Ruines D'Angkor	H. MONOD	•••
Secret Doctrine, The	HELENA P. BLAVATSKY	The Theosophical Press, Wheaton, Illinois.
Siamese Tales—Old and New	REGINALD LE MAY	Noel Douglas, London.
Terry's India, Burma, and Ceylon		Houghton Mifflin Company, New York.
Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen, The	Howard Carter and	Cassell and Company, Ltd.,

Vagabond's House Don Blanding Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

Where the White Man Treads W. B. Otorhonga Wilson & Horton, Ltd.,

A. C. MACELondon.

Ltd., The Hague.

Auckland, N. Z.

